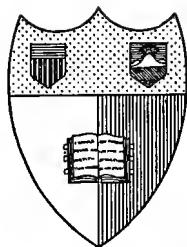


FROM REEFER TO
REAR-ADMIRAL 3
BY BENJAMIN F. SANDS

REAR-ADMIRAL, U.S.N.





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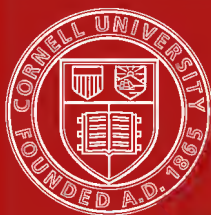
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Your Obedt Servt
B. F. Sands
Rear Admiral

FROM
REEFER TO REAR-ADMIRAL

Reminiscences and Journal Jottings

OF NEARLY HALF A CENTURY OF NAVAL LIFE

BY BENJAMIN F. SANDS

Rear-Admiral U. S. Navy.

1827 to 1874

NEW YORK
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INTRODUCTION.

FOR several years prior to the last illness of my father, Rear-Admiral Benjamin F. Sands, the members of our family had urged him to write out his recollections of his naval life, having often enjoyed listening to his descriptions of the incidents of his various cruises.

He had preserved copious notes of his service ashore and afloat, in journals and in his letters home, covering his entire career, and from time to time had fully outlined his sketches of particular matters of interest, thus having all his material well in hand.

It was, however, only when confined to the house, in 1881, that he yielded to our requests and entered upon the work.

In thus living over his life and jotting down incidents at first intended only to entertain and instruct the members of his family, he became more and more interested in his narrative, and with his excellent memory of dates, persons and incidents, supplemented by occasional references to the log-books of the many vessels upon which he had served, his narrative grew into somewhat of a history, though but simply told, of those days of naval service about which so little is known to the readers of to-day.

The narration of these recollections was made shortly before his death, and I trust it will prove interesting

through its recitals of incidents in the careers of the many distinguished officers named who have passed away, and in the descriptions of a naval life so different from that of the naval officer of the present day.

In the old brigs, sloops-of-war, and frigates, ship-board life was far different from what it is in the modern cruisers and battleships, and it is not well that all memories of the earlier days and life in our Navy should be forgotten.

With all the modern perfection of battleship and guns we do not forget the effective work of the wooden walls and smooth-bore guns of our forefathers ; and so, perchance, to those who are familiar with the naval life and history of to-day, a glance backward at the careers of those officers of our Navy who have passed from our midst, particularly when enlivened by sketches of personal incidents of the old-time shipboard life, may prove interesting ; whilst recollections of the early days of the Navy may be so revived, through the perusal of these pages, as to give even to the general reader some moments of gratification.

Apart from the incidents personal to the officers mentioned, throughout the narrative, the sketches of the author's experiences in the Mexican war, and in the war of the rebellion, as well as those treating of the origin and growth of our Coast Survey service and of the foundation and building up of the Naval Observatory, with both of which Admiral Sands was so closely connected, must be of interest to many.

F. P. B. SANDS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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FROM REEFER TO REAR-ADMIRAL.

CHAPTER I.

START WEST TO LOUISVILLE, KY.—JOIN MY UNCLE,
COLONEL JOSEPH H. HOOK, AT WASHINGTON,
D. C.—STAGE TRIP EAST OVER THE MOUNTAINS,
1827.

WHEN I was yet very young, my father and mother left the city of Baltimore, where I was born, and, going out west, located the family in Louisville, Kentucky. There I passed the early years of my childhood, receiving such education as could be obtained there until I was in my fourteenth year.

My two elder brothers had been started in business with bright prospects before them, and it became a question as to my future career.

In those days, when settlements were few and far between, there was but a limited choice of occupation for young men.

The professions of law and medicine, which in those days of honest devotion to the welfare and interests of client and patient, with but modest fees taken for valuable services, were not deemed by all

the surest roads to prosperity. In commercial life, all who could do so took honorable occupation, whilst the more adventurous struck out for themselves in the uncertain paths of the far west.

My parents had about concluded to start me in a commercial career; but "the best-laid plans of men and mice aft gang alee," and a communication coming to my mother from a bachelor uncle (Major Joseph H. Hook, U. S. Army, afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel and Assistant Commissary-General) changed my prospects. This officer was the favorite brother of my mother and was at the time stationed in Washington City, and his letter suggested that she send on to him one of her sons to cheer him in his bachelorhood, promising that he would care for his future.

In the family conclave this proposition was formally discussed, and it being concluded to accept the fraternal offer, I was the one selected to go; and at the first breaking up of the ice in the Ohio River, in the winter of 1827, I was on my way eastward with the first merchants who started from the west for their spring supply of goods.

Being known to most of those from Louisville, I was not entirely alone on the trip; and being so young I received kindnesses from the whole party.

How well do I remember our arrival at Wheeling, where I was among the first in the foot-race to the stage office to obtain seats. It was well known to all travelers that the number of stage-coaches then provided was not sufficient for the many passengers

going east at that season of the year, and the "first come" being the "first served," many of course had to stop over until the next coaches were ready to start.

I was amongst the fortunate ones on this occasion, and, being the only youngster, was probably helped by the elder portion of the crowd, for there was a regular rush up from the muddy banks of the Ohio River.

All these things made a great impression on my mind from the novelty of my position, being for the first time away from home looking after myself, and entirely filled with all the importance of being for the time a free agent, with all the world before me.

I have a vivid recollection of all the *minutiæ* of that eventful trip across the mountains cooped up in the shaking, swaying, jolting coach.

We were nearly three days on the journey, and it was a hard experience for one of my age.

I was, however, well cared for by my older fellow-travelers, and the time did not seem long ere I was dumped out of the stage at the door of my uncle's boarding-house on the southeast corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Fifteenth Street, kept by a Captain Peck, an old pensioner army officer, the old house standing where now is Randall's building, occupied by the Quartermaster-General's office.

I remember the odd appearance I must have presented to the lookers-on, in my western rig, with otter-skin cap and yellow overcoat with standing collar

and short cape, the February of that year proving quite cold enough to warrant my wrappings.

A most kindly reception by my uncle made me feel at once at home.

His associates being mostly bachelor army officers, he bethought himself of my loneliness amongst so many older persons, and sent for a young friend as a companion for me, and thus my first acquaintance in the east was William H. French (afterwards Major-general U. S. Army).

We two became fast friends from the start, and his family were the first I knew in Washington, he taking me to his home the next day and introducing me to his parents and his two sisters, one of whom became subsequently the partner of my life.

It may readily be imagined that I thought my new life was opening very brightly for me, and this house became almost a home to me, my evenings being spent in that family circle with my new friend, and I was as happy as the day was long.

My uncle had been wounded in an unfortunate duel, and was so disabled as to prevent his walking without the assistance of his cane and a friend's arm, and into this place I quickly stepped when I saw how welcome such aid was to him, thus becoming his almost constant companion on his round of daily visits. I accompanying him, also, in his horseback rides to and from his office, his body-servant always following at a respectful distance on a third horse, carrying the Major's cane, which he handed to him upon his dismounting, holding the horse on these

occasions, while the Major took my arm upon reaching the sidewalk.

As was natural for a western boy, I enjoyed my horseback exercise, the kindness of the Major having provided a fine animal for my special use. But he did not permit me to pass all my time in such pleasure, placing me soon at school with a Mr. Haskell, next door to St. John's Episcopal School in the West-end, and subsequently with a Mr. Jewett on F. Street, between 13th and 15th streets, where I remained for a year.

CHAPTER II.

1828.

APPOINTED A MIDSHIPMAN IN THE NAVY, APRIL 1, 1828—JOIN MY CLASS AT BROOKLYN NAVY YARD—MY ROOM-MATE MIDSHIPMAN ALEX. MCCLUNG OF KENTUCKY—ORDERED TO SLOOP-OF-WAR “VANDALIA”—FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH D. G. FARAGUT AND JOSHUA R. SANDS.

“A CHANGE came over the spirit of my dream” early in the succeeding year. Hon. John L. Davis, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Hon. Thomas H. Blake, the Commissioner of the General Land Office, who had been members of the legislature of Indiana with my eldest brother, becoming interested in my behalf, obtained for me, through their united influence with Hon. Samuel L. Southard, the Secretary of the Navy, an appointment as an acting midshipman in the United States Navy on the 1st day of April, 1828.

How I remember the feelings aroused within me by the perusal of the printed letter of appointment which was handed to me. There was no naval academy then, and a midshipman had to begin work

as such at once, as I found from that communication, which read:—

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
1st April, 1828.

SIR:—

You are hereby appointed an ACTING MIDSHIPMAN IN THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES; and if your commanding officer shall, after six months of actual service at sea, report favorably of your character, talents and qualifications, a warrant will be given to you, bearing the date of this letter.

I have enclosed a description of the uniform, and the requisite oath; the latter when taken and subscribed you will transmit to this department, with your letter of acceptance, in which you will state your age, and the place where you were born. Your pay will not commence until you shall receive orders for actual service.

I am, respectfully, etc.,
SAM'L L. SOUTHARD.

MID'N BENJ'N F. SANDS, of Kentucky,
Washington.

I promptly took the oath referred to and sent my letter of acceptance, and then studied carefully the description of the prescribed uniform, which I read from the general order enclosed to be as follows, for "midshipman's full dress":

Coat.—Blue cloth, with lining of same, the lapels to be short, with six buttons, standing collar, with a

diamond formed of gold lace, on each side, not exceeding two inches square, no buttons on the cuffs or pockets, the buttons to be according to the drawing No. 4. When in full dress to wear plain cocked hat, half boots, and cut-and-thrust swords, with yellow mountings.

Pantaloons and vest.—White, the same as lieutenant's, except the buttons on the pocket-flaps."

I am afraid that the prohibited buttons on the "cuffs and pocket-flaps" did not make me feel as humble as their absence should have done, and even now, when I read over that general order of May 10, 1820, and reflect upon the many changes of uniform with which the navy has been afflicted, and when I note how frequent those changes have been of late years, it sets me to wondering whether or not it is an indication that in those who bend their minds to the arduous task of designing the changes, the "tailoring instinct" does not predominate to the exclusion of more serious thoughts in connection with their profession.

But to resume the thread of my yarn. I was ordered to report at the New York Navy Yard for duty in the month of July following, and this gave me but a short time for a visit to my parents in Kentucky, to take leave of them prior to going on a cruise.

My return to Washington in the early part of June enabled me to accompany a party with my uncle, to witness the grand spectacle of the Proces-

sion of the Arts in Baltimore on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

Proceeding to New York and reporting to Commodore Isaac Chauncey, I was placed at once in a class of youngsters to learn the rudiments of navigation. There was no schoolhouse, so our class, with another of older midshipmen, preparing for their final examination for promotion, was located in the loft of one of the ship houses.

Our class was a large one, one hundred and twenty-five having been appointed, and we were scattered amongst the boarding-houses near the Navy Yard gate in Brooklyn.

My quarters were first in Sands Street, and afterwards, to be nearer the Yard, I moved to York Street, and then I had for my room-mate Alexander M. McClung, another Kentuckian, a wild, *harum-scarum* kind of a fellow. He was my bed-fellow, also, the midshipman's finances necessitating economy.

I remember his accusing me one night of taking his side of the bed, and he drew my sword from its scabbard to force me to move, when, seeing that he had not scared me, he sheathed it with a laugh, saying that he really believed he would have run me through the body if I had seemed at all nervous, or made any demonstration towards him.

He was a hot-tempered fellow and had to leave the service afterwards for fighting a duel with a messmate, whilst we were attached to the same ship. He was afterwards engaged in several affairs of

that kind, killing in one of them his adversary, a Mr. Menifee of Kentucky.

In the month of October following, our class was separated by orders to different ships then fitting out for sea.

I was ordered to the sloop-of-war "Vandalia" of 24 guns, one of the seven new sloops-of-war just built, and fitting out for sea at the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

We were quartered at a boarding-house on Front Street until our mess was ready for us; and as we were of very little use in our chrysalis state, we were required to be on board during the day simply to look on at the process of reeving gear and the other fittings of the vessel incident to preparing her for sea, that we might in that way learn something of our duties.

Occasionally while the crew would be on board of the receiving ship at their mess, I would steal aloft unseen, as I hoped, to try my steadiness of head, going a little higher aloft and a little further out on the yard-arms each day, until I was at home in the rigging and spars aloft. But I thought I never should be able to learn the uses of the numberless ropes around me when I was informed that each had its appropriate name and use, known to those who were initiated.

On one of these occasions of the meal-time absences of the other officers and the crew of riggers, a gentleman in plain clothes came on board, and in wandering about the ship came up to me and asked

caliber of the guns, of which I was totally ignorant; but, having heard talk of the late improvements in gunnery of the medium 24-pounders, I replied in a confident manner, not wishing to betray my ignorance, that they were "medium twenty-fours," which he smiled and thanked me.

The next day this same gentleman reported in uniform as the lieutenant of our ship, and was Joshua R. Sands, who became afterwards my warm friend, and to whom I was indebted for many kindnesses, and for his interest in teaching me my profession.

He afterwards became a rear-admiral. We used to spend while away many hours endeavoring to trace out our relationship, for he took a great fancy to me, and this day calls me "youngster," although both are young in the service, and he the oldest on the list.

On the 12th December Mr. George W. Slocum, Consul at Buenos Ayres, came on board for passage to the coast of Brazil.

By this time we were ready for sea, and dropped down the river to Chertter to be clear of the ice, which was expected to be forming soon. Our officers were as follows:

Master commandant—	John Gallagher, Comdg.	Died Captain.
1st Lieutenant—	Samuel W. Downing.	Cashiered Captain, 1854.
d "	Joshua R. Sands.	Afterwards Rear-Admiral.
d "	William H. Gardner.	Died Commodore.
th "	David G. Farragut.	Died Admiral of the Navy and Naval Hero of the war of rebellion.
th "	Joseph Mattison.	Resigned as Commander.
th "	Cadwallader Ringgold.	Died Rear-Admiral.

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Purser—Garret R. Barry, Died Pay Director.
Sailing Master—N. C. Lawrence. Died Lieutenant.
Surgeon—S. W. Bassett. Killed in duel.

STEERAGE OFFICERS.

Surgeon's Mate—R. D. Barnum. Resigned 1829. Succeeded by
" E. B. Hunter. Afterwards Medical Director.
Midshipmen—Joseph F. Green. Afterwards Rear-Admiral.
" A. C. Hinton. Afterwards Commander in Texan
Navy.
" H. S. Stellwagen. Died Captain.
" Benj. F. Sands. Afterwards Rear-Admiral.
" Peter Gansvoort. Died off Long Island returning
home.
" George W. Hurst. Died Lieutenant.
" Wm. J. Jenkins. Afterwards Yeoman and Seaman.
" Alex. M. McClung. Left ship because of duel
with Hinton.
" C. C. Barton. Died Lieutenant.
" John T. Williams. Resigned as Passed Midship-
man.
" Francis E. Joyner. Last heard of as Dock Loafer,
New York.
" Philip M. Box. Was clerk in P. O., Savannah, in
1853.
" John M. Buchanan. Resigned as Midshipman.
" John De Camp. Died Rear-Admiral.
" Robert Deacon. Died Midshipman.
" James Thruston. Resigned in 1836 as Midship-
man.

I was thoroughly impressed with the importance of the profession which I had adopted when I witnessed the maneuvers of "backing and filling" on an ebb-tide against a fresh head-wind, as we dropped down the river, shooting ahead at one moment to one side of the stream, and at the next backing

over to the other side, whilst the tide carried us down on our course towards the Delaware Bay.

I thought I had struck the career most congenial to me; and often since then have wondered how clearly I understood the object of each order at the time, and I recall my admiration of the skill required in its execution.

More especially was I convinced that I was in my element when I discovered that I was not to be subjected to sea-sickness, which overcame all my messmates of the steerage when we attained mid-ocean.

Mal-de-mer had lost for me its terrors, and *heimweh* was prevented by the very novelty of my situation. Coming as I had from the "bush," as the West was then called, and launched, as it were, upon the mighty ocean, I felt that I had grown at one jump into a man's estate, with happy, pleasant surroundings, agreeable duties, and a bright future before me. Everything was *couleur de rose*.

As soon as I had my sea-legs I reveled in going aloft and from the topmast-head gazing upon the vast expanse of ocean that surrounded us, which, with bathos I could not attain to, another reefer declared to be "*like dad's race-course*."

There is certainly a great fascination in the life, a charm in the very loneliness of the solitary ship as she gracefully glides through the sea; a charm that is intensified to a youngster on his first cruise by the extreme novelty of everything he sees and hears on shipboard and in the air around him.

What wonderment fills his soul at the vast amount of work following each terse, sharp order of the officer of the deck in language all Greek to the tyro ! He hears in seeming answer the shrill piping of the boatswain's whistle, and sees the men on watch swarming aloft and in an instant sails are furled or set as ordered ; and at another order down they speed to the deck, where again perfect quiet prevails, except from the singing of the wind in the rigging, or from the heavy swash of the leaping waters as they roll back hissing and surging from under the bows of the ship.

His eye takes in the graceful lines of the flowing canvas which clothes the ship from royals to the deck ; and the tapering spars and taut rigging sharply outlined against the snowy whiteness of the sails hold the gaze entranced awhile ere it falls upon the tossing billows, which near at hand would seemingly strive to o'erwhelm us as we pass over their crests, but which, as the glance nears the distant horizon, gradually appear to fall away until that faint line is reached, so level and unbroken, marking, as it were, where the waters end and the blue of the sky begins.

CHAPTER III.

CRUISE TO THE COAST OF BRAZIL ; OLD NEPTUNE TRIES TO BOARD THE SHIP ON THE EQUATOR, BUT FEAR OF CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS DETERS HIM—REACH RIO DI JANEIRO—STRICT OLD COMMODORE I. C. CREIGHTON—DIFFICULTY WITH NATIVES—ARRIVAL OF THE EMPRESS THE “BOSTON” SAILS FOR HOME IN VIOLATION OF ORDERS.

AFTER a pleasant sail without variety of incident, the best of possible weather for the breaking in of us youngsters, we entered the “Sea of Sargassa,” that wonderful sea-weed-covered surface in the middle of the great Atlantic, through which we ploughed our way when nearing the equator towards our destined cruising-ground—the coast of Brazil.

As we approached the imaginary “line” that divides the Northern from the Southern Hemisphere, we greenhorns were told of the ordeal to which, at the hands of the mystic crew of Neptune and his staff, all must submit who cross the equator for the first time—an event looked forward to with eagerness, as to a grand frolic, by those who had gone through it, but with quaking and trembling by the uninitiated.

At noon one fair day when the observation of the sun by the sailing-master indicated that we would cross the equator in a few hours (at 4.30 p. m., longitude $22^{\circ} 40' W$), all hands were startled by a hail, seemingly from under our bows, "Ship a-hoy!" "Hello!" was the reply of the officer of the deck: to which came back another hail, "Heave to! His Maritime Majesty Neptune and his staff desire to visit the ship to inspect her for new-comers into his dominions for the purpose of initiation." "Certainly," cried our captain, taking the trumpet from the officer of the deck, "I will be glad to meet and receive His Majesty at the gangway with a dozen of the cats on the bare back!" A gentle announcement to which we heard no distinct response; but from the subdued talking under the top-gallant forecastle, we could but infer that the reply of the captain was altogether so distasteful to His Majesty as to cause him to forego the contemplated visit, since we heard no more of him or his staff.

The mystic crew were some of our men dressed up in swabs and thrum-mats to represent Neptune, his wife, and accompanying Tritons, armed with tar brush and hoop-iron razors for the initiation. Their non-appearance was much to the disappointment of those who had themselves undergone such ceremonies, but entirely to the gratification of us youngsters and a number of landsmen, as they would certainly have fared badly at the hands of the Tritons, who with their tar lather and rusty hoop-iron razors were always inclined to be rather rough in the shav-

ing which had to be endured as part of the ceremony.

It was, indeed, a custom that should be "more honored in the breach than in the observance," for sometimes it grows into such license as to cause serious disturbance.

Our captain, doubtless, had some experience on other occasions as that which was in his mind when he gave his reply to the would-be revelers, and now we could calmly turn our thoughts from Neptune and his minions to the new life we were to live in another hemisphere.

Now that Ursa Major and the polar star had declined below the northern horizon, the Southern Cross and the Magellanic clouds were looming up above the southern, and a new world was opening to us.

The seasons reversed, we had just left the region of winter in December and January, and here those were the summer months. Up to near the equator the sun was south of us; now we looked for it to the north, although we would rather feel less of its heat in this torrid region in the times of calms and heated climate,—particularly with the prospect of having a long passage before us, held back as we were by calms and light, baffling zephyrs.

We learned from the older officers that on reaching the southeast trades they would carry us smoothly and speedily to our head-quarters in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro.

Youth is ever buoyant with hope; and even being

put upon allowance of water was not enough to dry up the ardor of young midshipmen on their first cruise at sea, so our spirits were not in the least affected by the long delay in the coming of propitious winds to waft us to our port.

At last indications of the sighed-for S. E. trades were noticed hovering over and along the horizon to the southward and eastward. Our passage had, already, been unusually long, and when the drinking water began to run short and means were adopted to prevent the diminution in daily allowance, by spreading sails and awnings with hose attached leading to the tank, to catch the rain that sometimes fell in "angel visits, few and far between," it was reasonable that the older heads should begin to show anxiety and grow impatient for the fair winds always expected thereabouts.

Still we youngsters, always light-hearted, did not take it quite so seriously, albeit there were some wry faces and tip-tilted noses at the stringy water which we strained through our teeth, its odors approaching those of sulphuretted hydrogen, for which rain-water so caught would be a delicious substitute. Our allowance "fore and aft" was but a gallon a day per man, to serve for cooking, drinking and washing, and it had to be husbanded until we struck the trades, which, as is known to mariners, when fairly filling the sails would take us to port without fail. Our one thought was, this wind will be welcomed when it does come, and "all the welcomer early," for the midshipmen's stores were not

supplied for a long passage, *economy* having been the order of the day when we sailed, we not wishing to have too much "dead horse" (as our advanced pay is called) to work out; and on this account the provisions of the mess were running so short that we had recourse to ship's rations to eke out our stores, the hard tack being rather animated, the "salt junk" a little rusty, the salt pork a wee bit rancid, and the butter tasting of the oak of the keg.

But what of that! what cared we, having good appetites, which were not sharpened, by the by, by the tough yarns related by the oldsters of the mess, who, according to their accounts, have (in the larger experience of two cruises to our one) seen by far greater hardships, and like all who go down to the sea in great ships, they see the wonders of the world.

Our mess-boy, dignified by the title of steward, because of his cunning in the divine art, was a gem of a *chef*, and we verily believed he could make soup of the sole of an old shoe; the lively bread was made a palatable dish, and the life therein overcome by soaking in boiling-water, or frying in fat-pork, or by baking in the hot oven. The "salt junk" was disguised by making it a savory hash, and even the pork, if not too rancid, was delicious to a hungry reefer when covering a good cake of hard tack and topped by a coat of red-pepper!

But Jim Anderson was capricious, and had his favorites amongst the middies, who came in for the largest share of his "tid-bits."

As the "indications" of change in the weather grew to be almost a certainty our spirits arose accordingly, some "cats'paws" approached the ship, and then a veritable breeze filled the sails, and we braced up on the larboard tack as the breeze was still too much to the southward to permit running free; and we were soon to be bowling along at a good rate with checked braces and flowing sheets, as we learned by listening to the comments of the wise oldsters, who seemed to know everything, and, filled with admiration of their attainments, we copied after them in discussing the weather.

By the end of January steady trade winds were at last met, and, the ship heading on her course, with pleasant weather and the hope of being soon in harbor, our crew were all in the best of spirits, getting the ship in harbor trim inboard. Our appearance outboard, although we had experienced no very hard weather in our long passage, was altogether weather-beaten and rusty, but the judicious application of a little paint here and there made her quite presentable. No very fresh winds except in squalls had been experienced during the cruise until we made the northeast trades, north of the equator, when the ship made her fastest time, bowling off 257 miles in the twenty-four hours.

Off Cape Frio we had a hard puff of a squall, which reduced the ship to double-reefed top-sails very suddenly; and being on deck during the flurry I had a good example of cool and confident seamanship in the officer of the deck, Lieutenant

David G. Farragut, who (although the captain, himself a thorough sailor, became somewhat excited) gave his orders through the trumpet calmly and distinctly, and, with no confusion, the ship in a little while was under snug sail. Young as I was, I was struck with admiration, and breathed a hope that I would some day make just such another sailor and officer—as he was my very beau-ideal.

On the 6th day of February, 1829, we made the land, and with the seabreeze entered the harbor of Rio de Janeiro in the afternoon, reaching our anchorage by 3.30 p. m., making an unusually long passage of fifty-one days, during which time I had learned practically a great many points in seamanship which proved of incalculable benefit to me in my subsequent career.

We found several English, French, and Brazilian men-of-war in port, and interchanges of salutes and civilities were in order for a couple of days, after which we commenced the work of refitting and putting the ship in order. We had fitted out in winter in a northern port, and in this southern climate the lower rigging had become so slack that an entire refitting was necessary. Indeed we had found it necessary in the neighborhood of the equator to “swifter in” as we could catch the opportunity, so as to prevent danger to the masts from anything like bad weather.

Being in port, this work of refitting became the general occupation of all hands; and our second-lieutenant, my namesake, asked me to go on shore

with him to camp out on Rat Island, a barren rock further in the harbor, where all the gun-gear was to be taken to be refitted, blocks painted, etc., and there we lived under a maintopsail supported by stunsail booms, as a tent, for a couple of weeks, our meals being sent to us from our mess on board ship; and we were glad, when our experience was over, to return to our comfortable quarters on board.

This refitting of the ship occupied a couple of months, when we were again ready for sea. About a week before sailing the U. S. frigate "Guerrière" and the sloop-of-war "St. Louis" (a sister-ship to the "Vandalia") came in, bound to the Pacific, and from the "St. Louis" we received a lieutenant of marines, Richard Douglas—an elderly gentleman, a veritable polyglot—and our first-lieutenant Downing being transferred to the "Guerrière," my friend Joshua R. Sands became our first-lieutenant, at which I was, indeed, well pleased.

This stay in port after our long voyage out was simply delightful. The noble and magnificent harbor, studded with islands, the grand mountain scenery surrounding it, was a picture most gratifying to the sight after the daily iteration of unbroken horizon to which we had been so recently, and for so long a period, treated; and as we stood on deck, noting the most conspicuous points in view, Lord Hood's Nose, Organ Mountains and the Sugar Loaf, always green with tropical fruits and plants, it was almost bewitching to us youngsters, and charmed

our senses, taste and sight, to a degree amounting for the while to perfect happiness.

We felt as though that was something like paradise. From "salt junk" and "hard tack" to oranges and bananas, (just think of it! It was enough to turn wiser heads than ours) with the scenery to charm the more practical, we enjoyed ourselves hugely.

At last a break was made in our ease and comfort, and we sailed to join the Commodore at Montevideo, with the certainty of returning with renewed interest to this beautiful harbor, to take up again and extend our explorations among the many islands in the bay.

After a goodly share of squally weather and head winds, in beating against which we became familiar with new and difficult evolutions in seamanship, we came to anchor in the harbor of Montevideo, Rio de la Plata—where we found the flagship, U. S. frigate "Hudson," bearing the broad pennant of Commodore John Orde Creighton. His reputation as a disciplinarian was that of being so strict as to rate him a martinet and gave token of but little idleness at anchor while with him. The youngsters of the other ships stood in especial awe of him. He was acknowledged to be a superior sailor and a highly-cultivated and accomplished officer, sometimes taking the trumpet himself from the officer of the deck and directing some of the more difficult evolutions—such as "tacking ship and reefing topsails at the same time," "tacking ship, hauling all the yards at once," in which one must know his

ship well to perform them successfully ; and he had, indeed, a magnificent ship under his command. She was built for the Greeks, by Henry Eckford, of New York, being a sister-ship of the Brazilian frigate "l'Impératrice" built by the same constructor; but Greece not being able to comply with her contract, our government bought her and named her the "Hudson," and this was her first cruise.

The Commodore was a strict constructionist, and required all orders and regulations to be carried out literally, according to *his* interpretation of them. He would muster his midshipmen in full-dress uniform, and cause the ship's tailor to cut off some inches of their coat-tails because the regulations required "short-tail coats" in full dress—and he allowed not the slightest license of artistic taste to the tailor in his idea of the "fitness of things" to the human form. Tall men and short men, lean and fat, all must have short-tail coats.

When "all hands" were called on the flagship, his midshipmen were required to be at their stations in the tops or elsewhere in full tog—cocked hats, swords or dirks, and must be trig and neat in person. On one occasion one of the midshipmen, a brusque, burly youngster, who stammered in his speech, was going aloft to his station in the maintop, when the Commodore's keen eye espied a hole in his coat under the arms. Hailing the main rigging he asked in loud, sharp tone, why he was going aloft with his coat torn under the arms ; the stammering quick reply of the reefer: "Well, Co-commodore, what's

a fe-fellow to do when t'other coat's torn?" brought as quickly its well-merited punishment.

Having heard the reply, of course I must in duty make a note of it to satisfy the shade of Burns.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rede you tent it,
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And faith he'll prent it."

We would have been off for Buenos Ayres, but for a "pampero" which suddenly sprang up, as they always do, without other premonition than a sharp fall of the barometer and a speck of cloud in the southwest, the direction of the vast pampas to the southward of the Rio de la Plata.

It was tremendous in its force for a short time, reducing the ship to low spars, yards pointed to the wind and long scope of chain, with a sheet-anchor down to make secure our anchorage.

The force of the wind blew the water out of the river, so that vessels of greater draft of water had to wait for the reflux of tide before venturing the navigation of the stream to Buenos Ayres among the many shoals that lie in the channel.

Early on the morning of May 1st we weighed anchor and stood up the river for Buenos Ayres, in charge of a pilot, anchoring at night and in foggy weather, as the channel of this, the widest of river mouths, is tortuous among its many shoals. Reaching our destination on the 4th of May, we anchored in the Roads, about seven miles distant from the

shore, where we found the U. S. S. "Boston," Master Commandant Beekman V. Hoffman, commanding, which vessel we were sent out to relieve.

The meeting of vessels from home, in distant parts of the world, always gives rise to a happy excitement, and our vessel was accordingly heartily welcomed.

The "Boston" had been from home so long that we found no "youngsters" on board, her steerage officers being men grown, and mostly pretty rough cases, who took us in hand to "put us through" as they intimated. We found, upon our visit to them, a demijohn (*Strawboots*, they called it), filled with ship's whisky, standing upon the steerage mess-table, flanked by hard biscuit, by way of welcome, and so potent an influence did it exert upon the entertainment as to completely break down the sober habits to which we were accustomed on our own vessel, and they returned us to our ship in a far more jolly mood than when we left her.

The ship looked "old-timey" to us; the uniforms of the officers were very rusty; the officers themselves were older looking than ours; their mess furniture had to us the appearance of time-worn crockery. But comparisons are odious; and it should be remembered that ours was a brand-new ship, and our officers, the midshipmen at least, as brand-new as could be sent out, whilst the Boston's steerage officers had long been waiting their relief, and had not cared to replenish at that late day in their cruise.

he oldsters told us of a dinner they had given their wardroom officers. Having made a grand deal of being well provided, they spread out the burnished covers, borrowed from the wardroom, were the crockery and the waiters. The guests, when the covers were raised, saw before them "hard bread" and "salt junk" in various well-devised dishes, the invention of the combined talents of their cook and steward, making thus manifest to their next door neighbors their straitened circumstances. Their only resource, they said, was "John Barleycorn in strawboots," and their novel entertainment had the desired effect of bringing more frequent invitations to dine at the more bountifully supplied wardroom mess-table.

They were all eager, and no wonder, to be off to home, and chafed a good deal at their detention on the Commodore, which they suspected was caused by the desire on his part to make a *grand entrée* into the bay of Janeiro with his squadron of three vessels.

In a couple of weeks they sailed to join the Commodore at Montevideo, while we weighed anchor and stood further in towards the city, to have more convenient communication with the shore, anchoring six miles from shore in about three fathoms water.

As the river being too shoal to venture closer, it was inconvenient, even the boats of the ship could not get to the shore, and passengers, etc., had to be ferried from them to the land in carts lined with hides, and dragged by ponies through the shoal

water to the bank of the river, there being no wharf or other landing.

At this time the country was in a very unsettled state. General Manuel de Rosas, leader of the "Gauchos" was in possession of the government, and the city was in a state of siege. Many murders were committed every night, and it was exceedingly dangerous to appear in the streets alone or unarmed after nightfall. It was deemed safer to walk in the middle of the street at all times, to prevent surprise at the corners or crossings; as I heard one old officer remark, it was necessary "to guard against all precautions."

Our shore-visiting was not very frequent, as the long distance from the ship to shore involved a longer stay in the city, and consequent increase in expense, and a midshipman's exchequer was always a powerful preventive of such indulgences.

About a week after the departure of the "Boston" we were under weigh, also, to join the flagship at Montevideo, arriving there on the 30th of May, finding the "Hudson" and the "Boston" at anchor, and Lieutenant Gardner and Midshipman Joseph F. Green were transferred to the "Hudson."

On the 2d of June we sailed from Montevideo in company with the flagship and the "Boston," and after being at sea together cruising for five days, the morning of the sixth day broke to show us that the "Boston" was missing—having parted company in the night, sailing off for home without leave-taking or permission, thus depriving the Commodore of the

display and *grand entrée*, into Rio, as had been contemplated by him. This was an act of insubordination which brought trouble upon the captain of the deserting vessel, and eventually caused many changes of officers in the squadron on the coast of Brazil, their presence being required as witnesses when the court-martial was convened to examine into and act upon the charges preferred.

On the evening of the 11th of June this small squadron of ours anchored off the harbor of Rio, the sea-breeze failing and falling calm, and there we waited until the coming of the morning's breeze to take us into port, and later in the following day we were moored in our usual berth.

In a few days the harbor was gay with the flags of the different men-of-war and noisy with saluting and returning salutes in the interchange of civilities.

One morning, being officer of the market boat, when working in alongside of the slip of the Palace landing, I observed a squabble in the bows of the boat, and saw blood upon the white trousers of our bow-oarsman who, in getting us into a berth to await the return of the stewards with their marketing, had pushed a Portuguese merchantman's boat with his boat-hook, when its keeper drew his knife and stabbed him. My boat's-crew jumped ashore to capture the man who did the stabbing, and a cry was immediately raised by the sentinel for the guard, who came double-quick to the scene. My men, being unarmed, seized oars and boat-hooks

to make fight, when I got between the belligerents and succeeded in getting my men into their boat and shoved off, having in the meantime seized the man and passed him into the "Hudson's" boat. One of my men seized the musket of the sentinel, and threw it overboard. Fortunately neither party used arms, I, having wholly forgotten the long uniform dirk hanging at my side, did not use it, and the sergeant of the guard displayed great forbearance, or there would have been more blood shed, and it would have been the worse for us, outnumbered as we would have been by armed soldiers.

I succeeded in getting all my men and shoved off, when the stewards returned, to find, to my disappointment, that the officer of the "Hudson's" boat had permitted the Portuguese to escape; for which *I* received a reprimand from the first-lieutenant when I reported the circumstances of the fracas, he saying that he would have seen the man punished as he deserved. Our man was not long on the sick-list, as it was only a flesh wound he had received in the thigh.

We had a stay of six weeks in port this time, and it was not until the 20th of July that we sailed again for Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, leaving the flagship in port. On the 5th of August we reached our destination, and after a month's sojourn in the Rio de la Plata we sailed for Rio, touching for a few days at Montevideo and St. Catherines, without much to entertain or interest us, and were back at our old anchorage in the harbor of Rio on

3d of October, where we found ours the only United States vessel of war, the flagship having sailed for another cruising-ground.

On the 10th of October the U. S. sloop-of-war "Atchez," Captain Claxton, arrived, flying the United States pennant of Commodore Stephen D. Cassin. Evidently something was up, and doubtless the mission of the "Boston" had something to do with it.

On the 17th of October, we found a change of element from ordinary squadron matters—several ships-of-war were reported in sight off the harbor.

The Brazilian colors, and pretty soon we saw the Emperor of Brazil start out in a steamer to meet the Empress, who had been expected. She was on board of one of the incoming vessels with her daughter Maria da Gloria, the Queen of Portugal.

As they entered the harbor the several fleets of different nations at anchor were ablaze with the flashes of saluting-guns and gay with manned yards and bunting; and this saluting was also kept up during the disembarkation of the Imperial family; and the churches of the city were brilliant with illumination by lamps attached from steeples to spires.

The Brazilian men-of-war, also, illuminated at night, and kept up the festivities for four days; creating a great hubbub in the harbor, which, bounded as it was by mountains, reverberated the sound and multiplied the noise. The fête on shore was most brilliant.

I do not know that I ever saw greater expenditure of powder in compliments than on these occasions in the harbor of Rio.

On the 21st we sailed out, bound to Bahia in search of the flagship, which we found at anchor there. After a couple of days' stay we stood out to sea again on the 5th of November, and communicating with the "Natchez" were soon on our return in company with that vessel to Bahia. We reached that port on the 24th of the month, and the next day at noon the "Natchez" came in and anchored, the two Commodores exchanging salutes.

It was then learned that Commodore Cassin had come out to relieve our former Commodore, and the change in flag officers was not the only change to take place. On the 2d of December Midshipman William R. Taylor was transferred from the "Hudson," and Midshipmen White and Berryman from the "Natchez," to our ship; Midshipman De Camp leaving us for the "Hudson," and Hurst and William J. Jenkins going to the "Natchez."

Assistant-Surgeon Hunter of the "Vandalia" exchanged with Assistant-Surgeon Spencer of the "Natchez."

On the 6th of December the Commodores exchanged ships, Creighton hoisting his blue pennant on the "Natchez," and Cassin his red pennant on the "Hudson." On the 8th the "Natchez" left port, homeward bound, our ship and the "Hudson" cheering her as she passed us—the flag-ships exchanging salutes.

We sailed again for Rio on the 11th, arriving there on the 16th, the "Hudson" coming in a few days later. On the 22d, Lieutenant William H. Kennon reported on board for duty, having arrived out on a merchant-vessel, and on the 27th, Lieutenant D. G. Farragut was detached from the ship to return to the United States. All these changes were in consequence of the escapade of the "Boston"—the officers going home being witnesses required in the trial of Captain Hoffman of that ship.

CHAPTER IV.

DUEL BETWEEN MIDSHIPMEN MCCLUNG AND HINTON—MCCLUNG'S PECULIARITIES—QUARREL BETWEEN LIEUTENANT JOSHUA R. SANDS AND DR. BASSETT, RESULTING IN A DUEL IN WHICH BASSETT WAS KILLED AT THE FIRST SHOT—PRESIDENT JACKSON'S RECEPTION OF LIEUT. SANDS AND COMMENT ON HIS DUEL—ACCESSION OF WILLIAM IV. TO THE ENGLISH THRONE CELEBRATED IN RIO—MADE A DECK OFFICER FOR THE FIRST TIME 19TH SEPTEMBER, 1830.

AT the opening of the new year, 1830, we were ordered off on another cruise to Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, and made a stay of three months in those waters without noting anything of particular interest, after which time we sailed again for Rio, where we made our reappearance on the 25th of April, and were given two months' rest and amusement in port. We made another trip to the southward again in June, returning in July to the north, arriving off the Harbor of Rio in the evening after sunset, and as the sea-breeze held out we ran in at midnight and anchored inside at 1 a.m.

It was a standing order of the Brazilian officials

no vessels should be permitted to pass Fort a Cruz after sunset, and as we came bowling a hail from the Fort ordered us to "let go our anchor!" and our first-lieutenant politely replied "Aye, aye!" but stood on out of hearing ere we anchored, by which time we were well in the harbor.

It was on one of these frequent cruising to the river La Plata that an affair which had been bubbling up in the larboard steerage between a couple of shipmen, culminated in a duel between Midshipman Alexander M. McClung and Addison C. Hinton, near the walls of Montevideo. They managed to go ashore one morning early, in the market-boat, shortly after our arrival in port, and, after an exchange of shots, returned to the ship in the same way; Hinton being wounded in the thumb of the right hand and McClung receiving a painful flesh-wound in the right arm. The ball entered just above the wrist, and was extracted from under the skin in a way between the elbow and the shoulder, disfiguring that arm for the time, or there would have been another duel between him and Midshipman J. Williams which had been arranged.

The ammunition used in this duel had been obtained on shore by the belligerents, and, being of inferior quality with which the natives did their trading—contract powder—was the safety of the day, the shots made being such as would have had more execution had the powder possessed more force.

McClung was what is known as a "regular fire-eater." He entered the service under the impression that to make a good record in the navy it was necessary to fight one's way through it, and his conduct at all times was in perfect accord with his belief in that regard, and showed that he had resolved to carry it out.

At heart he was, in the main, a brave, good fellow, but fully imbued with his mistaken idea, the natural outcome of early associations; for he belonged to a family in Kentucky noted for their hot-headed freaks of this kind, and being quarrelsome he sought for opportunities to put in practise his pet theory.

Some days prior to the duel he sought a quarrel with Midshipman Williams who was quietly seated on our side of the steerage. McClung walked over to my locker and taking therefrom my long dirk or uniform dagger, he put it into his bosom. We two had always been on good terms since our little affair in the bed at our Brooklyn boarding-house, which would seem to warrant the liberty of going to my locker for anything he wanted, my locker being well furnished, whilst his was wanting in things needful for general use.

Soon afterwards he went over to where Williams was sitting conversing with his friends, and leaning forward he made some very offensive remark, of which Williams, evidently not wishing to have any difficulty, did not take notice at first, but, glancing up, he saw the hilt of the dirk protruding from McClung's vest, and he immediately seized it, and

it up the hatchway overboard near where he
 eated ; but before the two could come to actual
 their messmates got between them, preventing
 sion. A projected meeting between them
 1owever, arranged for, and would have taken
 but for the disabling shot in the other affair
 had priority.

Clung carried out his theory to its natural end,
 ting his way *through* the service," for upon
 rival at Rio he was sent to the United States
 a pledge that he would resign immediately
 his arrival, which he did in August, 1829.

was the impersonation of carelessness, and,
 leaving the ship, carried his pay in silver-
 s in a stocking which did duty for a purse,
 is clothes in a candle-box in lieu of a trunk.

terward met him here in Washington City, when
 s the bearer of the electoral vote of Mississippi
 the election of General Harrison to the presi-
 ; a pleasant duty for him to perform, which
 ed for him the appointment of United States
 ial for the Northern District of Mississippi.
 peared to be in no wise changed, having had
 al similar "affairs" in the West, one of which
 ed in the death of his antagonist. Yet I have
 that he himself died in his bed and not "in
 oots" as had been predicted for him.

the 26th of July the American brig "Virginia"
 d with a number of officers for the squadron,
 gain was there a changing about between the
 ls. On the 17th of August, Surgeon Henry

Willis Bassett left the ship to return to the United States, and on the 22d, Lieutenant Joshua R. Sands and Surgeon William Johnston left the ship to return to the United States, in the American brig "Thule."

All these latter changes were in consequence of an unfortunate affair, originating in a misunderstanding amongst the wardroom officers. For some time there had been hot blood shown between Dr. Bassett and Lieutenant Sands. It appeared that Mr. Francis Markoe, a young lawyer from Philadelphia, at that time staying in Montevideo, had made agreeable acquaintances amongst the wardroom officers. They, thinking to make him more comfortable than he was on shore, and at the same time themselves enjoy his pleasant society, invited him, with the consent of the captain, to live on board the "Vandalia" as their guest, Dr. Bassett alone objecting to the invitation, of which objection Mr. Markoe was ignorant when he accepted the invitation.

Bassett never lost an opportunity for the utterance of spiteful and annoying remarks, disturbing the comfort of the mess-table, and at different times giving rise to disagreeable scenes and embarrassing situations in the wardroom. So marked and so often repeated were they, that we of the steerage plainly saw that there was serious trouble brewing.

It grew, at last, so apparent, that Dr. Bassett was bent upon creating a difficulty, that, to preserve the discipline of the ship, he was ordered to his room by the first-lieutenant, Sands; and thus things went

on until matters approached their climax, and the surgeon sent Mr. Sands an invitation to a hostile meeting, which he could not accept, because of his position, without great breach of duty and of discipline. "Charges" were then mutually preferred, upon which courts-martial were convened, and both of them being put on trial, Sands was acquitted, whilst Dr. Bassett was found guilty, and sentenced to suspension from duty for six months, and to be dismissed from the squadron.

The sentence was approved, and apparently with the intention of obeying his orders home, the surgeon took up his quarters on shore, whence he at once addressed a challenge to Lieutenant Sands, declaring that now he was detached from the ship, there could be no question of discipline, and no reasonable excuse to present as an obstacle to a meeting as before proposed, and Sands felt that he was compelled to accept it.

The meeting took place at sunrise the next morning upon the beach at Praya Grande, abreast our anchorage. When on the ground Lieutenant Sands asked if the matter could not be settled amicably, saying, "You, Dr. Bassett, have a wife and children at home; I have no one to care for me. I will do anything in my power, consistent with my honor, to prevent this going any further." But the surgeon protested, and insisted on the duel proceeding, and thereupon the seconds placed them in position, and at the word they exchanged shots. The lieutenant stood unhurt, the doctor missing him and receiv-

ing the ball of his adversary just above the heart. He fell and soon expired.

Both were expert marksmen, and both had been engaged in other such affairs, and had often for amusement practised at a mark on board ship, the surgeon always excelling the lieutenant until this last sad occasion. We subsequently heard that upon his arrival home Sands had reported to the Secretary of the Navy and to the President (General Jackson), and that the latter told him he was determined to stop duelling between officers and citizens, having just dismissed Lieutenants Hunter, Westcoat and Burns for affairs with a young Philadelphia doctor; but he remarked that he would not interfere between officers whose profession was fighting, and who were trained to arms! So Sands and Dr. Johnston, his second, were restored to duty, the former afterwards becoming a rear-admiral, and the latter reaching the grade of medical director.

Thus I lost the presence on our ship of a good friend and adviser in Sands, who was more like a relative than an ordinary shipmate. Just before we parted he called the gunner, Fales, and, placing me in his charge, bade him make a sailor and a good officer of me. Fales had been with him as the coxswain of his boat at the time of his duel with the English midshipman and in other affairs, and was also present at this last sad meeting.

After a brief cruise off the coast, in August, we again came into port at Rio, and on September 7th Captain Gallagher left for the United States as an additional

witness in the "Boston" court-martial, and Lieutenant Charles Boarman, the first-lieutenant of the "Hudson," reported for temporary command of our ship.

Under date of September 17th, 1830, our log-book shows in its terse, concise language the entry: "All the vessels of war in the harbor firing minute-guns, with flags at half-mast for the death of George IV. of England."

"Le Roi est mort!"

On the day following is the entry: "The war-vessels saluting with colors mast-headed, in honor of the accession of William IV. to the throne of England."

"Vive le Roi!"

a late arrival in port having brought the information of these events.

On the 19th day of September I signed the log-book for the first time as officer of the deck, which is quite an event in the career of a midshipman. The first step up from "youngster" is to be made master's mate of the fore-castle, which is considered quite an honor by the quarter-deck midshipman. The next step is to be placed in charge of the watch, when, as officer of the deck, he can call the "young gentlemen" of the quarter-deck to execute his orders.

This month of September was fraught with stirring incidents of national moment. On the 23d of Sep-

tember the French brig of war "l'Inconstant" appeared in the harbor, flying the *Tricolor flag*, which the French admiral, who was in port, ordered to be at once hauled down, and sent for the commander of the brig, when full explanation was made, and at 8 a. m. the next morning all the French vessels of war hoisted the "Tricolor" and saluted it with twenty-one guns. The other men-of-war, of every nationality, in port, hoisted it at the fore in compliment, which example we followed, also, having been notified the previous evening of the "Revolution of France," which caused the change of flags from white to tricolor, and we had kept the quartermasters at work all the first part of the night making a flag for the occasion, as hitherto from the accession of the Bourbons the Tricolor had not been recognized among the flags of nations, and so we were unprepared for the change.

Her mission there being fulfilled the brig of war "l'Inconstant" sailed for the Pacific, with her new flag, to inform French vessels there of the change of affairs at home. It was quite a coincidence that this was the vessel that bore Napoleon from the Isle of Elba.

Our new commanding officer, Captain Beverly Kennon, arrived out on September 30th, in the American ship "States," as a passenger. (He was afterwards killed at Washington by the explosion of the large caliber gun "Peacemaker" on board of the U. S. S. "Princeton.") He was accompanied by Lieutenant Samuel Lockwood for the "Hudson,"

and Mr. Wm. Plume Moran, captain's clerk for this ship (afterwards the registrar of the Navy Department, serving over forty years in that position, which he holds at this day).*

At 11 a. m. I was sent, as officer of the boat, to convey the captain to the ship, of which he at once assumed command, relieving Lieutenant Boarman, who returned to the "Hudson."

On the 12th of October, in company with the "Hudson," we got under way and stood out of the harbor, the latter bound northward for the upper coast, and our ship southward for the river La Plata, coming to anchor off Montevideo in three fathoms of water nearer shore than usual, on the 22d of the month.

* Mr. Moran has died since the above was written.—F. P. B. S.

CHAPTER V.

CAPTAIN BEVERLY KENNON'S KIND TREATMENT OF HIS MIDSHIPMEN—THE POLITICAL TROUBLE AND CHANGES OF GOVERNMENT IN BRAZIL SKETCHED—PERSONAL COURAGE OF EMPEROR DOM PEDRO I. HIS ABDICATION IN FAVOR OF HIS SON—TROUBLE ON SHORE IN OCTOBER, 1831—THE REGENCY—BRITISH FRIGATE "TRIBUNE" ARRIVES—HER CAPTAIN'S MINIATURE FRIGATE—HOMEWARD BOUND.

ON the 4th of January, 1831, we got under way, bound out on our return to our squadron headquarters at Rio, after the most pleasant sojourn we have ever had at Buenos Ayres. Captain Kennon, being more of a society man than his predecessor, made more acquaintances amongst the people on shore, and our wardroom and steerage officers, following his example, soon had quite a large circle of agreeable friends. The captain always had two or three midshipmen in his suite on his visits ashore and took great pride in introducing us as "our future Admirals," although captain was the highest grade in the service at that time, the title of commodore being one of courtesy given to flag-officers.

we would come to our rooms to see that we *comme il faut*, before leaving the ship to attend parties or balls, and he squared our collars by "pins and braces," and made perfectly square bows of our neckties, which acts of graciousness and attention in us won us completely.

How we did enjoy those evenings! I recall one of the "Tertullias" at Mr. Zimmerman's, where I was afflicted with vertigo whilst conversing with the mistress of the house, and, endeavoring to reach the air, I reeled and staggered as though I had inhaled too freely in the fine port and Burgundy our host had provided for our refreshment. But the good lady had a kind heart, and followed me to my bedroom where she bathed my head with eau de Cologne, and I soon recovered and made my way on a firm step to the ball-room and joined in the dancing to prove that I had not disgraced my ship or my position as a polite commanding officer.

Our captain encouraged us to take dancing lessons, and he also engaged a teacher of Spanish to instruct us on board for the cruise.

We reached Rio on the 28th January, going in on the morning of the following day with strong sea-breeze, and came to anchor near our old berth. Our stay in Rio was unusually long by the baffling winds and bad weather encountered after leaving the La Plata.

February 2d, the French brig-of-war "l'Inconcevable" came in on her return from the Pacific, her commander reporting, with exultation, that he had car-

ried royal steering sails around Cape Horn going and coming, and most loyally he attributed the good weather he had experienced to the fact that he bore the *Tricolor* for the first time in many years.

On the 14th February, Governor A. E. Brown, the newly-arrived United States *chargé d'affaires* to Brazil, visited the ship, and was saluted with seventeen guns and manned yards. I afterwards had the pleasure of meeting him frequently in Washington when he was Commissioner of the Land Office.

On the 12th of June, the "Hudson" got under way and stood out, homeward bound, and, the winds being light, all of our boats were sent to help tow her out to sea.

On the 3d of July the British line-of-battle ship, "Warspite" stood out to sea with the Emperor of Brazil on board.

There had prevailed for a long time an under-current of discontent amongst the people, stirred up from time to time by malcontents when good occasions presented, until the political agitation finally culminated in the abdication of Dom Pedro I. in favor of his son.

The Prince Regent of Portugal, John VI., the father of Dom Pedro, finding himself sorely pressed by his neighbors in the troublous times among the European nations in the year 1807, being threatened with invasion by Napoleon, who had resolved upon the conquest of Portugal, which could not resist, created a regency at home, and getting

together his whole fleet, embarked with the queen and royal family, the favored officials of the court and all his wealth.

In November of that year he sailed for Brazil, the largest of the Portuguese colonies, an empire itself, and, abandoning his own country, he established the throne here, and, on the death of Queen Dofia Maria I., became king, and assumed the title of Emperor in 1825, immediately abdicating in favor of Dom Pedro I., his son, a step to which he was driven by the conduct of the arrogant and cormorant-like courtiers who had followed him from Portugal, and who made his kingdom unpopular by ignoring the native Brazilians in the distribution of the offices of the government. Before any outbreak, however, he learned that quiet was restored in Europe, and, repenting of his desertion of the kingdom of Portugal, he returned and resumed his throne there, after his abdication in Brazil in favor of his son, who thereupon renounced his heirship to the succession of his father in Portugal and elected to remain with his new subjects, adopting their country as his own, declaring himself a Brazilian in all things—only a few of the Portuguese following his example.

He gave them a constitution similar to that of the United States, with elective representation, two Houses of Congress and a Cabinet,—even with less power remaining to the Emperor than is enjoyed by our President. The Emperor had no veto power, and in appointments to offices could nominate but

three candidates, one of whom was confirmed by the Senate.

A constitutional monarchy with an hereditary emperor made the foundation for the grand empire it has since become, by Dom Pedro's large mind and wise forethought.

Even this was not satisfactory to the native element. The Portuguese element was not entirely eliminated, and the cry of "Brazilians for Brazil" was often heard on shore when we were there. The Emperor himself was not excepted from the outcry, and at a review in Rio the crisis came, when the brave Emperor, seeing the inevitable, demanded to know the cause of the discontent which he noted around him.

The reply was universal along the line of the troops,—“Brazilians to govern Brazil! Down with the Portuguese!” Seeing the army also lost to him, he quitted his suite and, advancing to the midst of the troops, bared his breast, daring them to fire if they demanded his death.

This was just such an act of daring as appealed to their best nature and won their hearts in the admiration they felt for the man.

But the government was too Portuguese for Brazilians, and all Portuguese were to be banished—the only complaint against the Emperor being that he was a native of Portugal, and in that fact was swallowed up all the brilliant and great acts he had done to make them an independent and prosperous people.

The crisis had come. The Emperor took refuge on board of the "Warspite," and thence wrote his abdication in favor of his son, Dom Pedro II., who, because of his youth, had a Regency to govern during his minority, he being then but nine or ten years of age.

Dofia Maria da Gloria, eldest daughter of Dom Pedro I., had previously become Queen of Portugal at the death of King John, but had not until the last year assumed the throne, as it had been contested by a collateral branch.

The ex-Emperor joined his daughter at the Court of Lisbon, and Brazil quietly went on under the Regency, with only occasional up-boilings of the Portuguese element.

To return to the occurrences of that date, however, I find it noted in my journal that on the 8th of October, we unmoored ship and prepared to shift our berth to be out of the line of firing between the belligerents on shore, we having been warned by the officials there to move in case of a fight. Matters had not remained tranquil after the Regency took the reins of government; disorders and turmoils constantly occurring, and at 4.30 p. m. of that day the troops of the Regency opened fire upon several hundred insurgent soldiers on *Isle de Cobras*. After several rounds of shot from cannon and musketry had been exchanged between the parties, the troops from the city landed on the island, stormed the fort and obliged the insurgents to surrender, and this was the end of the only really

serious outbreak since the establishment of the Regency.

Occasionally the little Emperor would appear upon the balcony of the palace to show himself to the people, covered and almost weighed down by huge epaulettes. On the occasions when I saw him he was always greeted with uproarious applause, the people being seemingly gratified at realizing *by sight* that they had a native-born Emperor.

In my journal of this date I find the following entries :

“The British frigate ‘Tribune’ is in port again, to the great delight of us youngsters. Her captain has her launch rigged with very light canvas to imitate the frigate, with royals and stun’sails. As soon as their ship is moored, this launch is hoisted out, her masts stepped, and rigging set up and yards crossed with sails bent ; false quarter galleries and cut-water put on, and with a strip of canvas having *port-holes painted* on it stretched fore and aft on her sides, she appears to be a fairy frigate.

“In this pretty little craft her captain sails about the islands that are scattered in the upper bay and under the sterns of the foreign men-of-war ; taking with him parties of ladies, amusing himself making and taking in sails, tacking and wearing like any large man-of-war, greatly to the entertainment and delight of us who had sailor proclivities.

“All of this fancy-work is done with the captain’s own money, for the royal navy is managed with great economy, and no allowance for such amuse-

ment is provided in her blue-book. Yet such expenditure by the officers themselves is unobjectionable, the pastime being useful—it being rather an agreeable professional pleasure, which is instructive to the young officers and boys who work and man the little ship. Our hearts were filled with envy whenever we beheld her gliding about among the islands.”

Our good captain made for us in Rio some very charming acquaintances, as he did in Buenos Ayres—always taking some of us with him in his visits. Amongst these were the Maxwells, who had a lovely home outside the city, a coffee plantation and a large orange grove being upon their grounds, through which the young ladies would take us, explaining all that was novel or interesting to us.

In one of these visits we happened upon the coffee harvest, when the ripe berries were spread upon the bare ground to dry, and they were thrashed to divest them of their hulls and pulp by manual exercise, an operation which is watched with great care, since fair weather must be selected and the dew must be avoided at the gathering.

The furniture in the Maxwells' house was made by American mechanics on the place, from rosewood grown upon their own grounds.

The Wrights of Baltimore, our consul's family, were especially attentive to us, and we passed many delightful evenings at their home at Bola Fogo on the bay, near the Sugar-loaf mountain; and Miss

Valeria, the eldest daughter, yet in her teens, did her best to entertain us midshipmen.

When I related this to my uncle, Major Hook, on my return home to the United States, he remarked that had the Wrights known of my relationship to him they would scarcely have been so polite ; since it was with the brother of the consul that he had fought the duel in which they were both so desperately wounded.

On the 10th day of October the U. S. S. "Lexington," our relief, arrived, six days from Bahia, and on the 13th our ship, homeward bound, was towed out of port by all the boats of the men-of-war in the harbor.

On the 18th, some difficulty occurring between the captain and Lieutenant Lockwood whilst he was officer of the deck resulted in the suspension of the latter, and the first-lieutenant took charge of the deck, sending for me to relieve him, accompanying the order with a brand-new deck trumpet from the store-room.

This order placed me in a very embarrassing position with my messmates or, at least, with two of them. We were nearly all of the same date of appointment, except Walker, who was one year the senior in service to all of us, though very youthful in appearance, and Stellwagen, who was my senior in age, but of the same date of appointment, yet had more experience, having been to sea before in a merchantman. This I stated to the first-lieutenant, but I was continued in the day-watch in

charge of the deck, whilst he took the night-watches himself.

On the 5th of November Lieutenant Lockwood was restored to duty and took charge of his watch, to my great relief.

On the 14th of November we came to anchor off Pernambuco in seven fathoms of water in the outer roads, a reef extending along the shore forming an inner harbor for vessels of lighter draft than we had. We sailed on the 16th, beating off shore and to the northward with light winds.

'Twas a cheering sound when, with the accompaniment of the boatswain's whistle, the call was made "All hands! up anchor for home!" The men sprang to their stations with unusual alacrity, and putting their whole weight upon the capstan bars, kept quick step to the music of fiddle and fife. The anchor was up and on the bow in a shorter time than ever before in the cruise.

After an uneventful trip we made the light on Cape Henry after dark on the 15th of December, and no pilot was to be seen. But the captain, being a native of these parts, brought the light to bear west, and standing in anchored in Lynn Haven bay, passing the Cape at 11 p. m., firing guns and making signals for a pilot.

The purser and another officer landed with the intention of riding over to Norfolk for a pilot, but did not reach there until after we did, for at 11 a. m. the next day we received a pilot and beat up for Hampton Roads, where we anchored at 9.30 p. m.

A steamboat took us in tow the next morning to the navy yard. The commandant, finding out that we had not discharged our powder at the magazine, ordered the vessel to return for that purpose; but on attempting to weigh anchor in this strong holding ground the messenger parted, and we were not permitted to remain and send our ammunition to the magazine in boats.

All the men whose term of service had expired were permitted to leave the ship. The weather was bitterly cold. In shifting top-gallant masts in Ly Haven Bay the skin of the men's hands would split with the frost whilst handling the ropes, and none were more heartily glad than they upon reaching the end of the cruise.

The old "Guerrière" from the Pacific, had got on before us, but being an older vessel she suffered more on approaching the winter coast than we did.

We left the "Vandalia" on the usual leaves of absence for our several homes, taking passage in company of the bay steamers, but had to put into Annapolis on account of the ice which closed the upper bay. There we separated in stages—some bound for Washington and those living to the northward going to Baltimore.

Now, had I been asked at the end of this cruise what I most desired or longed for after the supposed privations of so long a period at sea, my first response would have been "sleep, sleep," for the mid-watches sorely tried us youngsters, and the efforts required to keep awake on watch. On

in the River La Plata, at anchor, the officer of the deck of my watch went below, leaving me in charge. It was in the latter part of the watch, and I was very drowsy, but persistently walked the deck in the endeavor to keep awake. The vessel, although at anchor, had some rolling motion and in my walk I had edged towards the steerage hatchway, when, my knees taking against the combings, over I toppled and went head-foremost down the hatchway into the steerage, fortunately catching at the side ropes and striking my shoulders on the ladder in my descent. This roused me, of course, and I reascended without injury, and resumed my walk *wide awake*. I had gone over when walking in my sleep! The noise of my fall awakened the lieutenant of the watch from his comfortable snooze in an arm-chair in the wardroom just in time to meet his relief. I have always thought that officers were too exacting in this rule of requiring growing boys to keep watch like grown-up men, as if they had the responsibilities of men, and I always shut my eyes to the shortcomings of midshipmen in this regard.

Arriving in Washington I went immediately to the home of my uncle, who was keeping bachelor's hall on F. Street, above the War Department, where I was kindly welcomed, as usual; and as soon as I could get into my trunks and refresh myself, I was on horseback for a ride down the city, taking, *en passant*, a peep into the window of the home of the Frenches, then on the corner of 13th and F. streets, where I had the pleasure of doffing my hat

to the ladies at the dining-room window. Seeing a carriage at the door I did not dismount, being diffident to face the fire of an appearance before strangers in my uniform jacket, for a first visit. But in the evening I put in an appearance, and found them all *en famille* in the same cosy sitting-room on the stairs where I had passed so many pleasant hours with the girls, the eldest of whom had just become married, and was living with her husband, Hoban, on the avenue. I was greeted just as warmly as ever by the second sister, who was destined to be my all-in-all in the future.

CHAPTER VI.

CRUISE IN THE SLOOP-OF-WAR "ST. LOUIS" IN THE WEST INDIES—A DEATH FROM SEA-SICKNESS—LIEUTENANT WARD B. BURNETT, U. S. ARMY, TAKES PASSAGE WITH US—VISIT HAYTI—OFFICIAL RECEPTION—DANCE WITH THE LOVELY NATIVES—QUADROON GIRLS.

I REMAINED but a short time with my uncle in my Washington home; for, although my daily visits to my friends the Frenches made my stay one of pleasure, my affection for my parents prompted an early visit to them in their western home, and having heard of my return from sea they were claiming my presence, that they might judge of what my voyage south had done for me. I remained with them in Louisville for a long time, until my professional duties required that I should again be seeking sea-duty, if I would not drop behind my fellows in experience or lose an opportunity for advancement.

Shortly after my return east, therefore, I obtained orders to the sloop-of-war "St. Louis" for a short cruise in the West Indies, reporting for duty on board on the 19th of September, 1832.

The "St. Louis" was one of the six sloops-of-war finished in 1828, and was a comfortable vessel ; the short cruise upon which I was entering preparatory to my examination for promotion, was as to standing and comfort much better than when starting out in the "Vandalia" on first cruise, being now termed an "oldster," as the shipmen on their second cruise were called ; and had more privileges, being master's mate of the fore-castle, a position envied by the quarter-deck shipmen, as the master's mate had some responsibility as the immediate assistant of the officer of the deck, being stationed forward under his charge.

I was made signal officer also, and when sailing in squadron was always excused from watch. We could not pretend to enjoy life as the "youngsters" did. The novelty had worn off for us, and whilst the youngster was "fresh," the "oldsters" were *blasés* ! Still we felt our importance and ruled the steerage, which gave us some interest in our surroundings.

Commander John T. Newton was our commanding officer, and our lieutenants were amongst the oldest in the service, three of them having been "overslaughed" for some years and were now sent to sea for final trial of sea-service before coming up for promotion.

Of the officers on that cruise I recall, besides the captain : lieutenants, Charles Crowley, John R. Ledge, Joel Abbot, Charles T. Platt and George Izard—all of whom are dead ; surgeon, A. A. Adee ; ass-

ant surgeon, Lewis Wolfley; passed midshipmen, Stephen C. Rowan (afterwards vice-admiral); and Melancthon Smith (afterwards rear-admiral), midshipmen, B. F. Sands and A. Ludlow Case (afterwards rear-admirals), Montgomery Hunt, F. B. Renshaw, James Doyle, and T. M. Mix.

On the 2d of October we hauled out from the yard and getting under way on the 9th sailed down to the quarantine station of Staten Island, and a day or two thereafter stood out to sea.

We had a very heavy sea for two or three days, which occasioned the death of John Wyckoff, a boy, from sea-sickness, a most unusual thing. The surgeon pronounced the result to be due to an affection of the brain, originating in excessive retching, as sea-sickness of itself, he assured us, could not have caused death. The boy was a bright, handsome fellow, and this was his first voyage.

Sailing into Hampton Roads we took on board Lieutenant Joseph Smoot, who was a passenger *en route* to Pensacola to assume command of the schooner "Grampus." On the 29th of October, in obedience to signal from the "Vandalia," the flagship of Commodore T. D. Henley, we got under way for sea.

Off Lynn Haven Bay, Lieutenant Ward B. Burnett, U. S. Army, came on board to take passage to Pensacola, under special permission from the Secretary of the Navy. He had just graduated from West Point, and was on the way to his post, Fort St. Phillip, on the Delta of the Mississippi.

Subsequently, after resigning from the army, Burnett was appointed to command a New York volunteer regiment in the Mexican war, where he distinguished himself by his gallantry, being the fortunate recipient of the diamond-mounted snuff-box left by General Andrew Jackson to be given to the "bravest officer in the Mexican war"—the individual to be determined by a commission of prominent officers who had participated in that war. After much competition the prize was awarded General W. B. Burnett, who now, as I write, is decrepit invalid, seeking to better himself as lobbyist for claims against the government.

We had a fine passage out, reaching the harbor "Old Cape François," Island of St. Domingo, West Indies, on the 21st of November. On the way down we had some bad weather, and in one of the gales there was a good deal of night signalling with the flagship, in company with which we had sailed, and this proved of great interest to our army-guest who was so charmed with what he saw that he remained on deck with me to watch the interchange of signals.

The sea was high, and the night exceedingly dark, and to steady myself I had to be lashed to the "spanker boom"—an example which he followed, being near me, and witness operations. Being exempt from sea-sickness he could enjoy the weird scene—a dark and tempestuous sea lit up and made more grand by the burning blue-lights and false-fires, and the sending up of sky-rockets. The glare of the

fireworks on our vessel made the darkness a short distance from us appear as a solid inky wall ; and an instant after our signal was made, from out the gloom beyond the spars and sails of the flagship would suddenly appear, tinted with the color of the burning light of the answering signal, and we could watch the plunging of the "Vandalia" as she met the billows, and see the moving figures about her deck. Whilst filled with intense excitement and interest by the weird scene that called to mind the stories of the phantom-ship, I could hear Burnett exclaim in delight, "Beautiful! Grand! Magnificent! I would not have missed this exhibition for a mint of money," etc., and I was pleased to have so appreciative a companion in my duties as signal officer. The Commodore kept us busy all the first part of the night, and I should have found it exceedingly irksome but for the West Pointer's evident and expressed delight, and before going below he thanked me for the pleasure I had given him in enabling him to be with me in this "most striking seascape!"

It must have lingered in his memory, as some years subsequently he applied to me to permit him to accompany me as assistant in the Topographical party under my charge on the U. S. Coast Survey.

On the 23d of October we received a visit from the authorities of the town with their "ladies," accompanied by the Commodore, and we saluted with fifteen guns.

The Haytian officers were the commandant of the

town, the captain of the port, a naval officer, others, in full uniform, cocked-hats, swords gold-headed canes! the latter being their *off batons*, I suppose.

They were, in complexion, brown and copper colored; but their "ladies" were bright quadro and beautiful in face and form.

They were received with all the honors by captain and all the officers in full uniform, and for delectation of the beauties of the party a dance started, in which we "reefers" were conspicuous and enjoyed it hugely.

Our captain (a Virginian), somewhat averse to close contact with the colored officials, wince a little when familiarly slapped on the shoulder by his brother captain of the Haytian navy! It was great fun for us youngsters, for the "ladies" were beautiful and most graceful in the waltz, enjoy the impromptu affair as well as ourselves, and it was the first entertainment of the cruise.

On the 24th of November we were off again for Pensacola, and on the 4th of December lost sight of the "Vandalia," sighting her to the northward several days afterwards entering Pensacola Bay, where we were soon at anchor.

CHAPTER VII.

CONTINUATION OF "ST. LOUIS CRUISE—DINNER WITH THE DUTCH GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT ST. THOMAS—ARRIVE IN PORT, NEW YORK, IN JULY—JOIN THE NAVAL SCHOOL AT NORFOLK, VA.—DELIGHTFUL TIME THERE—OUR REGULATION UNIFORM—A MIDSHIPMAN ON \$19 PER MONTH "POPS THE QUESTION"!—THE METEORIC SHOWER OF NOVEMBER, 1833.

OUR visit to the Pensacola Navy Yard was very enjoyable, an uncle, Major Robert M. Sands, of the Fourth U. S. Infantry, having married a native of the city of Pensacola, with extensive connections, all of whom vied in the effort to make my stay agreeable; and the attentions my messmates and I received were very grateful to me indeed. In the Navy Yard itself were pleasant families, who also entertained us. Mrs. Strong, wife of Major Strong, commanding Fort Pickins on Santa Rosa Island, and the wife of Captain Lindsay, a very charming lady, and also, Mrs. Anna Bache, a poetess, wife of Dr. Bache. She wrote verses about the ship and its officers, full of witty allusions, and the delightful sociable at her house made the month glide by almost imperceptibly. On the 9th of January

1833, with the flagship, we got under way and stood out to sea, and on the 12th made Morro Castle at the entrance of the harbor of Havana, Cuba, and following the Commodore we sailed in and anchored, and to our disgust were put in quarantine, but before dark the authorities released us and gave us "*pratique*." The "Grampus" was in port also.

During the month of February we were cruising between Havana, Key West, Matanzas and Port au Prince, making short stays in each place without much of incident occurring to enliven the cruise, except the visit the military commandant of the last named port made to the ship on the 6th of March. The next morning I was invited to be one of the suite of officers to accompany Captain Newton in his visit to the town to call upon President Boyer, who had arrived *en route* for a tour around his Island, and who had signified through an aide that he would be pleased to receive us.

We were conducted to one of the public halls, when we found him surrounded by his staff, all in full uniform, awaiting us. He was rather small in stature, medium-sized in person, of light-brown complexion and very neatly dressed in a uniform of which he seemed to be quite proud, as it far outshone ours, which were in simplicity more becoming officers of a republican government. It was amusing to watch his frequent adjustment of his epaulettes whilst he was conversing.

He made many inquiries in regard to the United States, appearing eager for information as to our

government. He got hold of the commission and the diploma of our surgeon, Dr. Adee, which interested him very much, and he was puzzled to understand why the doctor had both, when we had to explain to him that the doctor could not have received his commission as surgeon in the navy unless he had presented his diploma from a medical college, evidencing his qualifications. This he thought an admirable requirement, and he made a note of it.

Wherever we stopped amongst the islands as our cruise continued, Dr. Adee, in pursuing his conchological researches along the shores and amongst the reefs would ask me to accompany him, he going as a scientist, whilst I had eyes only for the shells that were most lovely in shape and color. He would preserve his collections in their rough coats as fine specimens, and rare in their peculiar qualities and classes ; whilst I would, by the use of acids, bring out all the loveliness of the shell, removing the dull, rough coatings.

I shall never forget his kindness and the interest he manifested in my welfare. One piece of good advice he gave I followed throughout my career. Whilst in the West Indies we naturally laid in an abundant supply of tobacco, and, not able to resist the temptation, I was soon smoking to excess, when the good doctor took me aside and explained to me that my temperament was such as forbade the too free indulgence in the use of that weed, warning me that it would undermine my constitution before I

was aware of it, and urging me to abandon it. Having learned to respect his opinions, and appreciating the sincerity of his counsel I, young as I was, resolved to follow it, and from that day have never used tobacco at all.

On the 20th of March we made the Morro de Santiago de Cuba, and passed through the narrow entrance between the Morro and the fort opposite to it in deep water, so close to the shore as nearly to brush it with our hull. Our square-yards would brush the limbs of the trees growing upon the precipitous sides of the harbor entrance, which was but a long estuary the whole way up to the city, where we anchored in a most beautiful, snug, land-locked harbor.

After a three days' stay there, seeing what we could of the place, the ship was got under way, and our cruise continued along the south coast of Cuba, to the southward of the Caymans, where we hove to, and the boats were sent out for turtle, fresh provisions, and sand for holystoning the decks. Thence after a peep into the Isle of Piños, to show our flag *en passant*, we headed north, after rounding the west end of Cuba, for the harbor of Pensacola.

April and May were spent in cruising from Pensacola to St. Thomas, where we arrived on the 8th of June. A few days after our arrival in port our captain and a number of his officers were invited to dine with the military governor of St. Thomas. I was so fortunate as to be included amongst those asked, and I found myself enjoying the entertainment as though I were a veteran *bon-vivant*, and acting

up to the golden rule, which prescribes that "When in Rome, one must do as Rome does." I was for the first time emptying my glass of "schnapps," veritable clear Danish schnapps! At the end of the repast, and before leaving the dining-room, the host, followed by each guest, passed around the table, grasping each other's hands, saying "wel be comin." It was, we were told, an old Danish custom, originating in a desire to demonstrate that all who had participated in the banquet were parting as friends, and to remind all that any hot words spoken over their cups must be forgotten, for after handshakings all prior ill-feelings should be banished. After the dinner came cards, but, as we were unaccustomed to play for money on such occasions, none of us had come provided, and consequently that portion of the programme was a failure. *Le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle!* and so we separated earlier than had been expected, and on the morning following we sailed, to continue our cruise.

On the 15th of June we anchored off Ponce, on the south side of Porto Rico. Whilst here our consul was very attentive to our officers, and to those of the "Grampus," inviting us to visit his *estancia*, some six miles in the interior, and accessible on horseback. As we were expected to make a day of it, we were requested to bring out our "five-bottle" men. Our vessel was but poorly off in that qualification, but the "Grampus" had a schooner's share of such heroes, one of whom, to fortify himself for the contest, had primed up too often, so that it became nec-

essary to provide a donkey for his especial use, that he might be brought out to see, if not to engage in, the festivities.

We formed quite an imposing cavalcade, and after considerable parade and occasional racing *en route*, we arrived at the country-seat of our host, and were cordially received by him and his household, consisting of his housekeeper or "brevet-wife," a pretty quadron and her mother (to chaperone, I suppose), but I observed that we were not formally introduced, "*custumbre del pais*," but soon became sociable, and, furnished with white linen jackets by the host, we soon felt perfectly at home, and some of us wandered about the plantation among the cocoanut trees, drinking the delicious milk of the nut just plucked from the tree, and very cool and refreshing in this warm climate.

At dinner we had nothing of the drinking-bout that had been expected from the bantering of our host, and as one of the great guns from the "Grampus" was *hors de combat*, as I have mentioned, we were very well pleased that there was no such trial and test of capacity. We had a most charming visit, and in the cool of the evening rode quietly back to town and were soon on board ship.

After receiving a visit from the commandant of the port, and saluting him according to his rank, we sailed again, and on the 28th came to off Port Royal, Jamaica. Our anchorage was immediately over the old town of Port Royal, which had been destroyed in the great earthquake.

It is a story often told that anchors are sometimes lost from being hooked in the open doors and windows of the submerged houses. We could not testify to this ourselves as our anchor came readily up when, after a three days' stay in port, we weighed and stood out to sea—our short stay preventing a visit to Kingston at the head of the harbor.

On the 12th of July we made the Highlands of Navesink, and were soon at anchor off the Battery.

Cotton and I were given duty as watch officers, as several of the wardroom officers were given leave.

On August 1st thirteen minute-guns were fired to the memory of the late Commodore Wm. Bainbridge. On the 9th the Secretary of the Navy, accompanied by the Navy Commissioners, visited the ship, and on their arrival and departure the yards were manned and salutes fired—and soon afterwards I was detached with three months' leave.

When we reached port this time I found that my sister and her husband were in New York, with two of my brothers and several friends from Louisville for a summer's trip; so I had the opportunity of showing to my western friends a real man-of-war, spending all of the time that could be spared from my duties in their company.

Captain Newton was very polite to the party, which particularly gratified me; but when they left to continue their eastern trip and I was starting for Washington, the complimentary letter he gave me was more than gratifying, as I had remembered a number of little tiffs in the course of the

cruise making me think I was not well treated still the merry twinkle in his eyes often told me that there was no angry feeling mixed up with his manner of discharging his official duties, although I was rather a noisy midshipman, and must have annoyed him often.

Once he was compelled to suspend me from duty to preserve a proper discipline and to furnish an example to other midshipmen (as the French say, "*pour encourager les autres*")—the reason they assigned for the shooting of poor old Admiral Byng by the English for his failure at Port Mahone!); but I was soon restored to duty, and I could at the end of the cruise see that, whilst strictly disciplining me whenever my shortcomings were noticed, he was a good friend to me.

I did not visit the West this time, but, after a short stay in Washington, I applied for permission to attend one of the naval schools (there were two then, one at the Navy Yard, New York, the other at the Navy Yard, Norfolk) to prepare myself in the mathematical course, navigation and nautical astronomy, for my coming examination. I had received an invitation from a friend, Midshipman Thornton A. Jenkins, to room with him on board the frigate "Java" at the Norfolk Navy Yard; and, when the permission was obtained, I reported as soon as possible to Commodore Warrington, commandant of the Navy Yard, and got my orders to the "Java," where the school was held, and on board of which all of the midshipmen were domiciled to the number of

some fifty. All the wardroom staterooms were filled, two in a room, the surplus stowed in the steerage, and Jenkins being fortunately in a stateroom I joined him, and so was much more comfortable than I should otherwise have been.

A lieutenant was in command, at first Farragut, and afterwards A. G. Slaughter, with an old-time sailing-master to assist in keeping order amongst the midshipmen. There were a few oldsters in the mess, and we had as our teacher, Professor Rodriguez, a fine mathematician, who was expected to prepare us for our final examination, to which we looked forward as to a most trying ordeal.

Although we were a rollicking set of "reefers," we all understood that upon our close application to study depended our success in our career, and I must say that, with all of our fun and mischief, which we carried on at proper hours, we were reasonably assiduous and did well for youngsters who had only their own sense of propriety to spur them on in their studies.

Of course during the term so spent in increasing our knowledge there were many hours that would have hung heavily upon us, had we not made the acquaintance of the young ladies in Norfolk in whose delightful society we were wont to while away our evenings, and at balls and other entertainments amongst the young people we were always in demand.

It was about this time that a change was made in our uniform, designed, it was said, to bring it as

near that of Revolutionary times as modern fashions would permit, and the broad-flap double-breasted coat and white knee-breeches were introduced.

This latter change in the regulation, with knee-tights, silk stockings and buckled shoes, was rather trying to those whose profession, confining them to shipboard without opportunity for vigorous exercise in walking further than was afforded by the quarter-deck and forecandle, was anything but conducive to the muscular development of the lower limbs and the calves of the leg, and generally they were a bad fit for silk stockings.

At one of the balls one of our number, a finely-formed and handsome midshipman, had the temerity or vanity to venture an appearance in "full tog." A young lady next to him in one of the dances—a belle, and so correspondingly privileged—doubted the genuineness of the outfit and suspected cotton in the shape of padding. 'Twas such a doubt as to a woman's mind called for a solution, and she, bent thereon, took an early opportunity to thrust a shawl-pin into the suspected calf, which act, to her surprise, was followed by so sudden a yell of pain as to carry conviction to the lookers-on and made the young man the hero of the evening.

That uniform regulation did not last long, because of its universal unpopularity, and it was supplanted by the more seemly white cassimere pantaloons which deprived our handsome fellows of such advantage as well-developed calves might have given them.

That midshipman was a fellow-townsmen of mine in Louisville, and I was his pall-bearer when he died, a lieutenant, in Philadelphia. The lady whose shawl-pin solved the mystery of the silk stocking afterward married a captain in the navy, who, being a Virginian, felt himself impelled to follow the fortunes of his state in the war of the rebellion, and so the navy lost him.

Although our assignment to duty was for a term of study, and our friends naturally expected that we would make the most of our time; yet "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and that was our excuse to our consciences when we would turn to the society of the fair ladies of Norfolk, which we did as often as possible, and felt it rather to be an incentive to study than a drawback.

Society there was more distinctively naval than that of any other city I know of—every one of those we met seeming in some way connected with the navy. Those not daughters or sisters of naval officers were in some way related—and all, old and young, were interested in our success, and often our conversation with our friends was upon professional topics.

The young ladies were conversant with all that we would be examined upon, some even had copies of drill questions with which to puzzle the new-comers, and all had Navy Registers by which they could keep informed as to the standing of their friends or brothers who had taken to the water.

They were certainly a very attractive set of girls,

possessing all that grace and ease of manner of which we see so much in southern ladies; and the climate gave them a softness of voice that made their conversation almost musical, and most agreeable to listen to.

If we were not all swamped in love it was only due to the fact of pre-occupation or stronger ties of pre-engagement. Yet I doubt not many were captured by those beauties, before the term of our study was over, and what was a poor, weak mortal of a susceptible reefer to do when surrounded by charms that would enthrall an anchorite? It was charming to be anchored in their midst, and we would fain moor ship at once. But these charmers did their best to excite professional emulation in their admirers, and I remarked that the more proficient were the greater favorites with them. Their surroundings and their relations made it most natural that they should look for excellence in their especial friends.

The *paterfamilias* had his weather-eye opened by experience, also, and it was not easy for a reefer to capture a prize. I recall one instance in which an old officer was approached by a brave and confident midshipman, who requested the paternal consent to his union with the daughter. The old gentleman was a little inquisitive as to the means of support possessed by a young gentleman on whose appointment the ink was scarcely dry. He asked, "How can you both live on *nineteen dollars* per month and *one ration* per day?" (which was the midshipman's pay

in those days). To which came the ready response of the cheeky youngster, that "the house was large, and they would be content to take a room up stairs!" But it did not satisfy the wise old head, and the middy had to stand aside for a while.

In the November of that year, 1833, a real "incident" occurred. At about 2 a. m. one night we were all roused from our comfortable beds by the loud and earnest call of the old quarter-master on watch, "Hurry on deck, young gentlemen! the stars are all falling from aloft, and there will not be one left for you to shoot!" We did hurry at such an announcement, and sure enough the heavens were ablaze with what appeared to be falling stars; some with long bright streams following their downward path in their rapidly-descending course, others quietly and, with seeming reluctance, losing their hold in the heavens and approaching mother-earth.

It was a most sublime spectacle! The air was filled with heavenly fireworks, far surpassing any display that could be attempted by earthly pyrotechny.

This was the "meteoric shower" which has for its period a term of thirty-three or thirty-four years, but was not at that time of such great interest to astronomers as it subsequently became during the time I was the superintendent of the Naval Observatory in 1867—just thirty-four years afterwards, when the astronomers in all parts of the world engaged in the observation and discussion of the subject, seeking to adduce a theory for its cause and recurrence.

But this is not a place for a dissertation on astron-

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omy or the causes for such an atmospheric display which were accepted so many years afterwards.

To pass a respectable examination in nautical astronomy was satisfaction enough for any reasonable reefer whose fate was depending upon the issue of that examination which was to come in June of the following year before the board of gray heads.

CHAPTER VIII.

STAND EXAMINATION FOR PROMOTION IN BALTIMORE, AT BARNUM'S HOTEL—PASS No. 12 ON LIST OF '67 WHO GOT THROUGH SATISFACTORILY.

OUR pastimes during the hours when we were freed from study and drill were foot-racing on shore in the woods abreast the ship or skylarking on board, and in this last recreation we were a particularly noisy set. The officers in the cabin always preferred that we should take to the shore for our exercise, that the ship and those who dwelt thereon might have more hours of peace and quiet.

The good old sailing-master always felt more safe when we were away, giving him time to "freshen the ship," for when near-by we never failed to run some rig upon him whenever, without identification, any of us could play it successfully.

At last the June of 1834 rolled around and we were ordered to appear before a Board composed of Commodore Jacob Jones, presiding, and captains Bolton and Nicholson, with Mr. Rodriguez as the mathematical examiner.

Now began the most serious time,—no running rig, no frolicking, but with heads bent to our tasks

and calculating our chances of success, we were engaged "overhauling" and "underrunning" what we were supposed to have learned in our six years of naval experience.

It was a trying ordeal to most of us who had endeavored to make good use of our time, and who were devoted to the Navy as a profession.

There were some who were indifferent and did not worry themselves as to the issue; but I for one, had identified myself with this fascinating service and was accordingly anxious regarding the result of the examination which was to make or mar my future.

It was worse than going into battle, where some excitement would have been found; for this examination which was to decide our fate in the service seemed too cold-blooded for a nervous temperament.

The New York and Norfolk schools reported for examination on the day named in the order, being in number some seventy-eight, exclusive of the "bolters" who could not stand the fire. Sixty-seven passed; although twelve of these were held in abeyance for a while as doubtful; but, as some of those at the tail-end of the twelve had something to recommend them to favor, the whole twelve were finally passed, making the total of sixty-seven who obtained their certificates of proficiency.

The Board convened in a parlor of Barnum's Hotel in Baltimore, and one at a time was called for from the ante-room, which always had some dozen or so "expectants" in waiting, the names of those who were likely to be called being ascertained the evening

before. Other stragglers assembled around the barroom below, awaiting to congratulate the successful or to condole with the unfortunate through the medium of a mint-julep treat by those who joined smilingly as they came from the tribunal. I remember that when I came out from the Board-room my clothes were damp with perspiration, such was the degree of excitement through which I had gone. It was near the hour of dining when my examination in seamanship was concluded, and it was suggested by one member of the Board that they adjourn; but I implored them not to do so. I saw that I had been successful in seamanship and this inspired me with confidence in my ability to go safely through my mathematical "quiz," and not desiring to make "two bites of a cherry" I appealed to Mr. Rodriguez to say if he could not soon finish his part. The Board smilingly consented, and I was gratified at receiving my certificate before their soup grew cold.

With a long-drawn sigh of relief and rejoicing at my success, I joined my comrades in the barroom below, and mint-juleps for the party made my friends as "smiling" as I was myself.

Having passed No. 12 on the list of sixty-seven who got through, I was well pleased with my position.

Being taken ill at the residence of an uncle I did not return to my ship or to Washington, but awaited the arrival of my brother, who was about going west, and I accompanied him to Louisville, to stay

awhile with my parents. I always enjoyed my visits to that city, and now, returning after a successful examination and a step higher on the ladder of promotion as a passed-midshipman, I was made more of than before ; and, sailors being scarce in the West, I enjoyed a kind of monopoly of the attention that sailors always received when on shore.

CHAPTER IX.

ENJOY KENTUCKY HOSPITALITY AGAIN—JOIN THE U. S. COAST SURVEY IN MAY, 1835—THE GREAT BASE LINE ON FIRE ISLAND—CAMP OUT—CLOSE AND CROWDED QUARTERS—SPOONING—GEDNEY CHANNEL DISCOVERED BY OUR PARTY—ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED—OFFICE-WORK.

THAT summer and the following winter were fraught with enjoyment for me. Delightful to a promoted midshipman were the summer evening sociables and the winter moonlight sleigh-rides out into the country—the cold rides ending always under comfortable shelter with large wood-fires, refreshments and a “fiddler” to greet us and ready to start the dancing and to keep it up until we were started on our return home with the girls in the morning! All these tokens of good old Kentucky hospitality would naturally prove a fruitful source of gratification! So the days and weeks and months slipped rapidly by, and my leave was out and its renewal for three months had expired before the thoughts of another cruise were obtruding themselves upon my pleasure.

I was beginning then to look about and inquiring for duty that would be gratifying when a letter

from my friend and room-mate of the "Java," Jenkins, informed me that Professor Hassler, the Superintendent of the U. S. Coast Survey was anxious to obtain young officers, who had passed well in their studies, for hydrographic work on our coast.

He had already been detailed and advised me to apply, which I did, and in May, 1835, I was assigned to duty on board of the U. S. Coast Survey schooner "Jersey," under the command of Lieutenant-commanding Thomas R. Gedney, then at the New York yard, fitting out.

Griffiths,¹ T. J. Page,² J. T. McLaughlin,³ Thornton A. Jenkins,⁴ B. F. Sands,⁵ Wm. H. Ball,⁶ William Chandler,⁷ D. D. Porter,⁸ Holcomb John Rodgers,⁹ Richard W. Meade,¹⁰ and Wyche¹¹ were our officers at different parts of the season.

Our field-work was near the great base line on Fire Island, south side of Long Island, New York, we being occupied in the hydrography of the little bay and off Fire Island Inlet.

Our life on this duty had in it a good deal of what is called "roughing it." Six of us were assigned to the triangulation points along the shore, and we were obliged to camp out, and for our accommoda-

¹ Died, Lieutenant.

³ Died, Lieutenant.

⁵ Rear-Admiral.

⁷ Died, Lieutenant.

⁹ Died, Rear-Admiral.

¹¹ Suicide, Lieutenant.

² Seceded. Commanded "Stonewall."

⁴ Rear-Admiral.

⁶ Dismissed, Commander.

⁸ The Admiral of the Navy.

¹⁰ Died, Captain.

tion one tent was provided, and a smaller one for our steward and the cooking-stove.

Our beds, or rather I should say our bed, was made of straw, spread from one side of the tent to the other and covered over with a tarpaulin to protect us from the dampness of the sand beneath, and thereon we, all six of us, had to turn in "all standing," i. e., with our clothes on, "spoon fashion," with overcoats doing duty as extra blankets whenever the weather became cool enough to require us to put them on.

Our tent was full with our own party, yet on one occasion Lieutenant George Blake, who had been designated to command another party, was added to ours temporarily that he might be indoctrinated into the methods of doing our work, and this rather crowded us, and the "spoon-fashion" was a literal necessity when stowing ourselves for the night.

It was still a novelty, and we all entered heartily into the fun of it, the situation enabling the younger members of the party to disregard now and then the question of rank in the liberties we would take with the "Lieutenant."

I was directed to stow next to him, and as it was impossible, without great discomfort, for a single individual to reverse his position, a spirit of fairness led us to adopt a rule that all should turn over at the same time, and my duty, as the youngest of the party and the readiest for fun, was to give the word "spoon," when any got tired of their position, and then we could all turn promptly and together.

This was done once or twice in the earlier part of the first night for practice, and to try the humor of the grave and reverend signor, the Lieutenant ; but he took it all in good part, seemingly enjoying the lark, so we did not annoy him much, but slept soundly and tightly packed together.

Whilst thus encamped, roast mussels were our luxury ; but when anchored in the bay we reveled in Bluepoint oysters, so celebrated for their delicate flavor. Our steward was John Brown, of the Wormley family of Washington, and he was a good cook, and cared well for our prandial exercise, and we were happy.

Before the season was over we shifted our anchorage to the Sandy Hook entrance to New York bay and harbor, and then commenced the survey of the bar which led to the discovery of the noted " Gedney channel " (which received its name from that of our commanding officer). This channel carried two feet more water over the bar than was known before to be possible, and at once this established the usefulness of the coast survey among the mariners, and especially with the merchants of New York. The cry had always been "*cui bono!*" when an appropriation was asked for in Congress, and now we could point to valuable results for an answer.

The winter of 1835 was passed in office-work in Washington, where fair copies of the summer's work were made and preparation for the next summer's work was begun.

This duty was very pleasant for us all, and espe-

cially so to me, who had a home in that city, enabling me to turn my attention to something else besides hydrography: and, making good use of my time, it resulted in an engagement to be married to the young lady whom I first met upon my arrival as a youngster from the west, the "tie nuptial," to be made upon the graduation of her brother at West Point, some three years afterwards.

Upon this I might discourse at some length, but there are inward feelings and thoughts we would fain keep within our own hearts, as being too sacred even to go into the body of a private journal.

However, events showed that we did not care to wait the expiration of the long period first agreed upon. That was fixed as a mere compliment to the brother, who was my friend, and I had in my own heart encouraged a quiet hope that I might be able to shorten up the term of the engagement.

Although I was not much of a draughtsman (we were all new to the work, as the whole manner of it was new to this country), still being quite handy with the pen, I was directed to take the work of putting our work in ink—and I improved considerably as the labor progressed. There was work enough putting the field work on the fair copy, and in the reduction of soundings and plotting the angles, and in preparing the charts for the next summer's work which we would enter upon with greater experience.

This office work was not fertile in incidents for a journal, and consequently the chapters of this por-

tion of my "half-a-century" jottings will be short in comparison with those which tell of my sea-life, my cruises generally furnishing items which made the noting of them interesting to those we left at home.

CHAPTER X.

VISIT THE PRESIDENT WITH SUPERINTENDENT
HASSLER—OUR CHIEF'S QUAIN'T FIELD-CARRIAGE
—RECOLLECTIONS AND ANECDOTES OF HASSLER
—HIS RAGE AT THE COMMITTEE OF CONGRESS
—A SHIPWRECK OFF SANDY HOOK—MY MAR-
RIAGE, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1836.

IN May, 1836, we were detached from the office-work under orders to resume our active work in the field. Before leaving Washington, however, our venerable superintendent, in his quaint old carriage, called at the White House in company with his assistants, on an official visit, to report to the President our progress, and to show the results of his work during the previous season.

The discovery of the new channel, with its increased depth of water, into New York Harbor, was of itself a result of great importance to the commercial community of that city, second only to the more scientific success attending the measurement of the base line at Fire Island, along the eastern part of Long Island, N. Y., the longest base line ever run in the history of geodetic surveys.

We of the hydrographic party had to show off

our charts at this special meeting, and the President, Andrew Jackson, expressed himself much pleased, to Mr. Hassler's great gratification.

That curious old carriage of Mr. Hassler was a vehicle which the old gentleman designed because of the injury done to his large theodolite in its transportation by rail from point to point in primary triangulation. The shaking of the cars, which did not run as smoothly as do those in use in these later days, actually loosened the screws and prevented further use of the instrument until it could be re-adjusted by the instrument-maker.

His carriage was so constructed as to carry not only the theodolite, but Mr. Hassler and his belongings for the season, in all his camping out at the different points of triangulation. The safe transportation of the instrument was the chief thing considered in its design; but the additional provisions for his individual comfort were ingenious.

The carriage was mounted upon the easiest of huge 'C' springs, with places front and back for the cases holding the instrument, and was almost square in shape, as best for economy of space in stowing. A little spirit-room, as it were, was underfoot for his Swiss wines, the seats providing lockers for the little baggage he carried and the stationery and books that always accompanied him.

This equipage, drawn by four horses, with Mr. Hassler occupying the back seat in his "company" suit of brown, always attracted attention on the avenue, and he would frequently, with great unself-

ishness, lend it to his assistants when they had any long rides before them.

It certainly was a very easy-riding vehicle, with not much of beauty about it to please the eye, but affording great comfort to those within it.

In camp, when he was at his stations, it took the place of a bedstead, the running gear being removed, and the front let down ; it was also his office in the daytime, with everything he desired at his hand, even to the Swiss wine, crackers and cheese for his lunches.

In this turnout he would, at the close of his own work, travel around and visit for inspection the stations of his assistants who were nearest to his own point of labor.

Mr. Hassler was quaint in his manner, but greatly admired and respected by his assistants, being always genial and very accessible, except to those whom he suspected of being unfriendly to him ; with such he would give way to displays of temper that would simply astound us.

I never saw him more indignant than upon the occasion of a visit from a committee of Congress,—Henry A. Wise and Caleb Cushing, of the corporal's guard, as President Tyler's friends were then called,—who called for the purpose of inspecting his work.

Mr. Cushing had brought with him an ordinary carpenter's foot-rule to measure the copper-plates for engravings that had been made in Europe as being superior to any manufactured in this country and procured with a view, also, of arousing a competition

in this country for such plates. The old gentleman was so indignant that he would have kicked the honorable member from the office but for the interposition of the assistants who got between them! He was shocked at the idea that anyone would think of measuring with a carpenter's rule the work which was the result of the highest scientific skill.

He never used glasses in reading or writing, having his vest pockets filled with snuff to excite his optic nerves. He would say that this was the only help his eyes required.

He was quaint in his language, particularly in his English orthography, cautioning his assistants always to inquire closely into the derivation and spelling of the names of localities in our surveys. He would never accept the spelling of "*Neversink*," one of the prominent points near Sandy Hook, but insisted upon "*Navesink*" as the correct orthography; and upon every name put down by us on the charts he would make his comments.

Often upon our return to office-work in the mornings we could "follow his tracks" by the snuff scattered over the charts, which he had been inspecting in our absence, leaving, also, pencil-notes and criticisms upon our lettering; such as "d——d bad sign painting!" under some fancy lettering in the titles of our charts; or if the letters were inclined to right or left too much for his fancy, he would write "*Drunken letters*" as expressive of his opinion of our efforts.

On an occasion of a visit from him to my camp

when I was on topographical duty, seated at table with Lieutenant Jeff Page and his wife and Mrs. Sands, I asked him what the secretary of the treasury said in regard to a certain question. The reply of the old gentleman was, "I do not know, I did not *unbutton* myself to him!" Many of his oddities were looked upon as simply the eccentricities of genius.

He always had several assistants with him when he occupied his primary points of triangulation, and his camp consisted of quite a number of tents, and they were often visited by strangers. The points chosen by him were mostly upon the prominent places on the coast and the most elevated, with a view to observations at a great distance.

Many of his own countrymen visiting us would address him in French, and I recall one occasion when, at his camp on the highlands near Patterson, New Jersey, one of his guests, walking to the edge of the precipice, and looking over, exclaimed, "*Eh, Monsieur, vous vivez ici, haut comme les anges!*" "*Oui, Monsieur. haut comme les singes!*" was his quick reply, with eyes twinkling at the baldness of his pun.

He could appreciate a joke as well as any of his younger assistants, and on his staff, composed as it was of army and navy officers and civilians, there was generally an abundance of fun going on when duty was done, and he would take kindly the comments made upon even his costume, which was of loose white flannel, both summer and winter, he re-

marking that wool would keep off heat as well as cold without regard to the color of the fabric.

We made Tompkinsville, Staten Island, our headquarters and post office, renting an office near the landing in which to do the fine draughting on the chart when the weather was too inclement for work upon the bar.

Our tents were pitched upon the beach of the point of Sandy Hook, where the observers of angles lived the lives of Arabs; whilst those who were engaged in taking the soundings lived on board of the schooner.

In trudging to our stations in the morning I always carried a morocco *portefeuille* to enable me to keep up my correspondence, in which, since leaving Washington, I had become much interested, so that the intervals in my work were filled up in this enjoyable occupation.

During the season my sister and her husband from Louisville paid me a visit, taking rooms at the hotel at Navesink, the cupola of which I occupied as a triangulation point, and, boarding with them at the hotel, whilst they were there, I had a delightful time. On Sundays and idle days I would take them out in a boat after blue-fish, which at times would crowd in shoals off the bar. It was glorious sport to western people, and very clean fishing for ladies, as the lines required no other bait than the pewter squid above the hook, and we sailed up and down and across the bar outside of the inlet, hauling in the blue-fish by the dozens in a short time.

We had very bad weather during what was known as the "cold May spell." Winds were from N. E. to S. E. damp and disagreeable, and so we did very little work on the bar.

About the middle of the month, after some exceptionally hard gales at sea, a ship's launch or longboat made its way inside of Sandy Hook under the charge of the carpenter of a brig that had been wrecked on the south side of Long Island. The boat was laden with the disabled portion of her crew, some half a dozen men, sick with scurvy and almost helpless, having with them only a trifle of bedding and provisions they managed to save.

We at the camp were short of provision, and at the lighthouse the keeper could only keep them a day. They were in a pitiable plight; safe on shore, but without sufficient provisions on this dreary beach! Those of the men most sick it was difficult to remove from the boat, one of them having the skin and flesh peeling from his limbs. What to do with them was the question.

I proposed to rig her with the masts and sails of our tide-keeper's boat and, if possible, to sail her up to the quarantine station at Tompkinsville and my plan being favored, I volunteered to carry it out.

The wind seemed favorable, and we sailed away for Staten Island. The tide turned when we were about one third the way to the Narrows, and the wind hauled more to the northward, making the beating against it and the tide a slow process in a dull sailing boat with sails far too small for it.

After considerable effort to make headway towards our destination without much success I determined to put on board one of the vessels which had taken refuge in the cove. So I turned back and went on board of a Swedish brig before night had overtaken us, getting the sick men out of the boat into more comfortable quarters for the night, the captain giving me the bunk of the second mate in the cabin, which was half filled with cargo.

He invited me to partake of his supper, served in broken and stained crockery by his dirty cabin boy. The meal consisted of salt meat and tea, without milk, a piece of old newspaper being the sugar-bowl which, when not in use, was stowed on one of the knees overhead. This entertainment in the cabin made me anxious about the sick men; but I found them contented, glad doubtless to escape from the confined space of the open boat.

At daybreak I was glad to get out of my close quarters, it having been impossible for me to sleep on the bundles of straw and oakum in the board bunk, a mere shelf close up to the deck; so at dawn, hearing the hail of a pilot who was passing, we asked for a tow up, and our request being granted, we hastened to take advantage of the tide, and were soon spinning on our way; and by dinner-time I was enabled to deliver my charges to the authorities at the quarantine station.

I found our schooner "Jersey" at anchor off Tompkinsville wharf, and joined my friends in a hearty and truly welcome meal, contented with my

share in the relief of the shipwrecked men, which brought me into comfortable quarters during the prevalence of the bad weather, as it was some time before we could get to work, and camp life is not the pleasantest in wet easterly weather.

In September the weather was not favorable to our operations, and we began to think of striking tents and returning to winter quarters; but the interest evinced in the work decided Captain Gedney to hold on yet awhile for a few more days' work, and we had to put up little stoves in our tents for comfort. October was upon us before we boarded our schooner and sailed to the New York Navy Yard to lay her up for the winter, and it was the middle of the month before we reached Washington.

My messmates had been teasing me all the summer about the time when I was to be married, and would not believe I would wait for the expiration of the three years proposed, and Captain Gedney even predicted the day upon which I would be married. Oddly enough, his date was the one *we* agreed upon when I reached Washington; so that on the 15th of November, 1836, we were married and I was a happy passed midshipman with the whole world in a sling.

It was a bold step, but not once regretted, although taken at the very beginning of my career; this I am sure is a very modest way of putting it. It filled my whole life with happiness, and proved such a blessing to me that my experience made me advise my sons not to let more than twenty-five years of their life pass without selecting the partners of life's trials and happiness.

CHAPTER XI.

JOIN ASSISTANT CHARLES RENARD'S PARTY IN THE FIELD—CONTINUE OUR PLANE-TABLE SURVEYING ON COAST.

JANUARY, 1837, found us all well up in our office-work and satisfied with the result of our summer season on the coast—the practicability of the Gedney channel being more fully demonstrated for vessels of greater draught of water than had ever entered New York. This, of course, was gratifying to all who had anything to do with making the fact known. Success had made us interested in the work, and we had begun to compare chances for betterment in this service as we speculated upon the possibility of delay in receiving promotion in the regular service, and we looked upon the coast survey as “good holding ground,” especially as we had been promised a prospect of extra pay for our services in the coast survey, which added to its attractiveness, and kept us upon it as long as the navy department would permit.

When the winter's work in the office was concluded I was, in May, transferred from hydrographical to topographical work, joining the plane-table

party of Assistant Charles Renard, as sub-assistant. My friend Jenkins had been with this party the preceding year, and now had a party of his own, so I took his place.

The plane-table was a new instrument then to this country for practical topography, and even West Point officers preferred the chain and compass for details of the coast. But it was used for topography in Switzerland and in the ordnance survey of England, and having been adopted by Mr. Hassler, nothing remained for us but to be taught its use.

Fortunately a young Swiss emigrant was found who had recently landed and was familiar with this work in his native land, and who had been employed at it in the topographical survey of France. He was at once placed in charge of the first plane-table party, and we were glad to serve with him for the sake of the instruction he could give us. When I joined the party we entered upon the survey of New York Bay and its environments.

We camped with our party, consisting of the observer's instrument-bearer, chainmen and flagmen, at a number of different places, including Governor's Island, Berriman's Island, near Flushing Bay, Elysian Fields, Hoboken, Fort Lee on the Hudson and West Chester on the Harlem.

I left Mrs. Sands in Brooklyn, where I could join her every Saturday evening. In June we made a visit to West Point, where my brother-in-law, Cadet William H. French, was about to graduate, and he

afterwards joined us in Brooklyn for a few weeks of the season.

The first summer after my marriage passed very quickly, and I had become so much interested in the new duty that I had thoughts of adopting that as my profession.

The chief of my party, a superior draughtsman and an adept in the use of his instrument, appeared to take some interest in giving me all the information and instruction I desired, in return for which I helped him to acquire some knowledge of English, since, prior to his landing in New York the preceding season, he was unable to converse in anything but French. As our men were all Swiss or French, even the cook, I had to rub up my French, also, to my great improvement ; and so we lived happily and well in our camp, and the time passed very pleasantly.

My chief, Mr. Hassler, was a great admirer of our form of government, and had been compelled to leave his own canton Neuchatel because of political differences with the authorities relative to the Prussian influence in the government, and that dominant party feeling followed him everywhere. Although he had obtained employment on the government surveys of France, he was obliged to leave secretly and escape to this country.

Here he was safe, with every prospect of quick advancement in the work on which he was now engaged, and I considered myself fortunate in being of the party under such an expert.

The winter saw us again in office-work in Washington, and I had become indoctrinated in the European methods of conducting topographical work, and it is needless to say that having been almost enamored of the work, I did not fail to take advantage of them.

I made as much as possible out of our winter's office-work, preparing myself for the time when I should succeed to the charge of a party, and my chief gave me every facility to become proficient, and encouraged my efforts by whatever instruction was needed, being himself now secure in his own position and being such an accomplished draughtsman and so expert in the use of the plane-table as to make him virtually at the head of that department of the surveying work.

The plane-table had become very popular with us all, being a most handy instrument for topographical work, and a great economy in time, since we could, upon the prepared sheets, place down all the features of the country and the details of its topography in pencil as we progressed, ready for inking in office-work, without the necessity of notes to be summarized at night and blotted with errors to be corrected on the succeeding day in the field as was usually the case when working with the surveyor's compass and chain.

Upon the plane-table the work was done upon the spot, and proved itself as we went on, errors, if any, being promptly and easily detected and corrected before moving the instrument from the spot, thus making the sheet ready for the ink when removed,

100 FROM REEFER TO REAR-ADMIRAL.

to be replaced by others in succession during the season as we progressed.

Moreover we felt the great relief this instrument gave us when we returned to the camp at the end of each day's work; there was a certainty that the work was correct, and as it did not require revision we could always enjoy the rest and relaxation that followed upon a good day's work in the field.

CHAPTER XII.

CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE—SURVEY WORK ON SOUTH SHORE OF LONG ISLAND—GO TO NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, TO SURVEY—OUR HOSTS DURING THAT SEASON.

By the month of January, 1838, we were well up with our office-work and looking forward to the fitting out of parties for the coming summer's campaign, so we all set to work stretching paper, making projections and putting in the triangulation points for the summer work.

By May we were in camp again. Beginning at Flatbush on Long Island for the topography of the south shore of that island, we continued along the post road at the northern boundary of our coast-work, filling in the details between it and the shoreline, and furnishing points and shore line to the hydrographic party.

We shifted camp every ten or twelve miles, finishing up the work as we went, and pitched our tents at the most convenient locations—convenient to supplies and post-offices, Babylon, Amagansett, East and West Hempstead, and Montauk Point being each occupied during the summer by our party.

Whilst walking along the shore near Babylon as our work progressed, Mr. Renard and I were on one occasion amusing ourselves skipping flat pebbles into the sea, watching them as they glanced from ripple to ripple on the water, when just as I was about to launch one I felt that it was unusually heavy, and curiosity made me examine it. After some little rubbing I found it to be a Spanish dollar of date 1700. The edge was almost sharpened by friction on the sandy beach. The discovery prevented the throwing of pebbles that had not been weighed and examined. That particular find was placed *dans ma poche* as a lucky piece, but unluckily it went, with a quantity of other silver some years later, into the pocket of a burglar who helped himself to what I had.

On returning to camp with it that afternoon, it was held to be one of Captain Kidd's dollars, and the sight of it revived many stories of search for the Pirate's hidden treasure, as it was claimed that this neighborhood was one of his favorite resorts.

One old fisherman told me of his grappling a bag of money with his tongs whilst fishing for oysters off the inlet; that feeling something heavy, and knowing that shell-fish could not be so weighty, he became excited as it was hauled near to the surface; and, finding its weight diminishing, he quickened his movements and giving a vigorous jerk into the boat found remaining in the teeth of his tongs only the tied end of an old canvas bag and two or three Spanish dollars.

He concluded that he had first gotten hold of a sack of Kidd's treasure, which had been thrown overboard upon approaching the coast in a boat in bad weather.

He marked the place by bearings, and frequently repeated the search, but without the slightest subsequent success.

In this connection I will here relate an incident which occurred to Mr. Renard the following season.

There was a wild excitement in the papers of the day about a discovery of some of Kidd's treasure on the beach near Babylon by a countryman, who was trudging along the beach after a gale, which was a common custom on this coast, in hopes of picking up driftings from the sea. He saw on a sand-hill half blown away by the gale, some pieces of old canvas which, upon inspection, proved to be bags with money scattered about, to secure which he hurried home and, bringing a cart, carried off his *treasure trove*. Some of the neighbors got wind of it, and the whole region was up and out on the search, with no greater success than a few old silver dollars and canvas bags, which, however, but served to keep up the excitement for some months afterwards.

Mr. Renard, seeing the news in the papers, at once recognized from the description given that we had gone over the place in our survey; so hiring a buggy he started for the locality, and, sure enough, it was that very hill upon which I had erected a signal for our survey. The hill having been partly blown

away showed where the treasure deposit was made, which was within three feet of the hole dug for the signal-staff, which lay there upon the top of the hill.

In his letter to me telling of the fact Mr. Renard expressed his wonder that I had not placed my signal pole three feet nearer the hidden treasure, it being said that the lucky finder had carried off in his cart some *fifteen thousand* dollars!

After finishing the east end of Long Island, we transported the camp and party to New London, Connecticut, and camped upon the land of Mr. Sands Champion, into whose family I was welcomed when they heard my name.

The daughter, I found out, was a Catholic, the only one of the family being a convert, and this was to me an additional tie of friendship, as my wife was a Catholic.

Our camp was six miles west of New London, but I was not there long before I was directed to take charge of the topographical party at New Haven, then under Lieutenant John Farley, U. S. Artillery, who was transferred to triangulation duty.

Having some work designated for our party at the mouth of the Connecticut River, I proceeded to New Haven to bring the men to my new locality for work. As the season was so near its close I stored the camp equipage in the city and occupied farmhouses with our whole party near Lyme.

Near that village I found a family who agreed to

take me to board, and Judge Griswold permitted his farmer to take my men to board in the kitchen with their sleeping apartments overhead.

The Judge made me comfortable in a room adjoining his parlor, his farmer supplying my meals in my own apartment.

This arrangement with the farmer was because of a custom permitting such employees to earn an honest penny outside of their farm work when it did not interfere therewith, and this period being the beginning of the fall, there was no other farm work than the gathering and shucking of corn.

The farmer was soon to be off for his winter employment, that of colporteur,—or, as he called it, the book-business around the state,—and he spent the severer part of the winter in shoemaking, devoting the summer to farming, in which Judge Griswold employed him.

We lived there in considerable comfort; my privacy was all that I could have desired; and I shall never forget that delicious light gingerbread of the farmer's wife, made for us to take with us for our lunch whilst surveying at a distance from the farm. We would be up at sunrise and off to our work, returning to a good hot dinner with a supper at sunset, with one of the girl "helps" of the neighborhood to wait upon me.

I was enabled to complete the work assigned me at the mouth of the Connecticut, and up the river as far as Lyme on the left bank and Saybrook on the right, including the coast to the eastward as

far as Black Point, joining the work of Mr. Renard from New London; then discharging my crew until the next summer, I returned to Washington for office-work, and had the happiness of holding in my arms my first-born son (about three months old) for the first time.

Being at this time in charge of an independent party, my duties with Mr. Renard were severed, and I had my own time to arrange as I saw fit. I concluded to pay another visit to old Kentucky with my family, returning in time for the next season's field work, the inking in of my recent work not occupying very much of my time.

Starting before the cold weather set in we crossed the Alleghanies, being two days and a night in the stage, excepting two hours when resting at Frostburg, where we found no team to take us further, and we were compelled to lay by in the miserable tavern until daylight, when we were off again, and arrived at Wheeling in time to meet a boat coming down from Pittsburg, in which we made ourselves comfortable for the trip down the Ohio River.

Finding on board some agreeable parties with whom we were acquainted, our time passed very pleasantly.

At Cincinnati we changed boats for a larger one, which presented more commodious quarters for us, and reaching Louisville we received a warm greeting from my sister, who insisted upon our stopping with them in the old home on Green Street, where we were soon domiciled for the winter, the ice in

the river soon closing navigation and ending all travel.

As this was the first time my Kentucky people had seen my wife, it was more like a bridal trip than anything else, the three-months' baby giving us more responsibility, however, and occupation.

My western friends made our sojourn a very agreeable one, and daily visits to my parents made it yet more happy, and the delight of my aged father and mother during these visits of my wife was very gratifying to me.

One of my old schoolmates, George Gray, who had married about the same time as I had, proposed a fight between our two boys; but when he saw them together, and that mine was so much larger, he pronounced the fight off unless his boy could have a pin to make things even, which manner of handicapping did not meet the views of the mammas, and so the contest was declared "a draw" without their coming to the "scratch."

At one of my sister's evening entertainments I witnessed the embarrassing meeting of a pair between whom it was thought there had been at one time a tacit engagement to marry.

The gentleman, one of our handsomest naval officers, had just returned from sea to find his lady-love, one of Cincinnati's wealthiest belles, the bride of another. That officer was a Kentuckian also, his father being a special friend of General Lafayette, and himself a general favorite in society in Louisville. The first time I saw his father was at the

steamboat landing below the falls of the Ohio, on the occasion of the visit of Marquis de Lafayette to the west, and the two were in each other's arms, evidently each happy at meeting the other.

The entertainment on this occasion had been given to the bride and groom, and Lieutenant Radford, U. S. N. (who subsequently distinguished himself at Fort Fisher), united with me and several other friends and brought about a meeting between the parties and reconciled all differences, preventing further embarrassment.

It appeared that the groom being a civilian had utilized all the advantage that was his of being on the ground, and by energetic wooing in his rival's absence at sea on duty, succeeded in carrying off the prize—and a great prize she proved to be in all respects. She became the mother of a happy family, and was a general favorite in a large circle of friends, whilst he had to give up all of his own business to find time to look after the immense fortune she inherited on the death of her father.

The hospitalities of our friends in Louisville made the time glide swiftly by.

CHAPTER XIII.

SURVEY OF COAST OF NEW JERSEY—CAMP LIFE
AMONGST THE NATIVES OF THE JERSEY MARSHES
—OFF BARNEGAT—PLEASANT TIMES AND PLENTY
OF WORK—MRS. SANDS OVERBOARD IN LITTLE
EGG HARBOR—HER RESCUE.

JANUARY, 1839, set us to thinking of our return east, but the ice blockade compelled us to remain in Louisville until the spring thaw and the opening of the barrier of ice ; so we continued, with clear consciences and undiminished zest, to enjoy the hospitalities showered upon us by our western friends.

In February, however, a thaw came, and navigation was again resumed on the river. Taking leave of our friends we soon started on our return east, where I was to return to my duties. At Cincinnati we transferred our baggage to a smaller steamer for the up-river navigation. This trip up was not nearly so pleasant as our downward voyage in the fall, the boat being smaller, and the floating ice we had to contend with made it more tedious. On reaching Wheeling, to cross the mountains we took stage and safely reached Washington in ample time for me to

begin my preparations for the field, and to finish up the little office-work remaining of the Connecticut River topography of last fall.

My detail this season was for the Atlantic Coast of New Jersey below Long Branch, the latter part of the coast having been apportioned to my old friend and chief, Mr. Renard.

This part of the coast about Barnegat had gained a bad reputation, because of the frequent recurrence of wrecks there and the robberies and murders accompanying them. The wrecks were usually caused by false lights shown by the natives to lure vessels to their destruction, when the whole neighborhood would turn out in force, robbing, and maltreating the victims of their treachery without pity, their conduct bringing upon the inhabitants the odious name of Barnegat Pirates.

It was, therefore, deemed advisable for our two parties to keep together as much as possible, at least when near the most dangerous part of the coast, that we might have mutual protection in our numbers, not expecting to be treated as welcome visitors for many reasons.

Being officers of the government, we were quite naturally regarded with suspicious and jealous eyes by the natives, as being possible spies sent to break up their nefarious calling, and as surveyors we were to give to the commercial world such correct charts as would point out all the dangerous shoals and currents of the coast, thus giving to the navigators such knowledge as would enable them to avoid

danger of shipwreck, and make it more difficult for the wreckers to mislead them.

Our experience, however, was quite different from our anticipations, the people there keeping aloof from us altogether and in no wise troubling us.

We found great difficulty in bringing the triangulation over from the western part of the state through the pines, because of the level formation of the country which afforded but few triangulation points.

A side of one of the triangles near the coast was taken as a base, and Mr. Renard was to carry down a series of tertiary triangles as far as he could with accuracy for topographical and hydrographical use along the coast for the season, by which time we could be furnished with a series of secondary points from the Delaware valley. Renard was, also, to do the coast shore line as far as Barnegat, whilst the rest of the topography was assigned to my party.

In this work we encamped as near to each other as possible. Mr. Renard had as much work as he could possibly attend to, whilst I came along more leisurely, having to wait for the points to be established by his triangulation.

I had more ground to go over, having more interior detail near Shrewsbury. In this way we progressed to Barnegat Inlet, our last camp together, and for the first time I brought my family and nursery-maid to this camp, having passed by the most dreary part of the coast.

Renard, also, had his family with him, sleeping,

as we did, in tents,—a life to which they were accustomed from their experience of the last season. My wife had had no such training, and at first I sought out quarters in a tavern near by, taking our meals in tents with our own servants to see to everything for us.

One night in the tavern sufficed us as an experience, the room assigned us being over the kitchen oven. After a sleepless night for ourselves and a most fretful one for our poor babe, we arose at daylight to see armies of bedbugs traveling up the partitions which separated us from the other rooms, thus solving the mystery of our sleeplessness and the restlessness of the little one.

The next day I kept all hands in camp preparing tents for my little family, in which we took up our abode night and day; and with the gift of mosquito bars from Mr. Renard, we made our tents very habitable. When we reached a more civilized part of the country we procured scantling and planks with which we made flooring for our tents, in which we lived, at that season, in more comfort than we could have found in the close, warm houses of the farmers.

As we proceeded on our work down the coast road we found more villages, and the farms were closer together, which gave us increased facilities in selecting our camping ground as we changed from place to place. We usually selected some orchard near a well or spring, and we procured plentiful supplies of butter and milk and eggs from the farm-

houses, our other stores being procured first from New York and later by stage from Philadelphia across the country.

Our encampments were some ten or twelve miles apart, our surveying taking up the land by the coast and road, five miles north from the camp and five miles south, and when that was worked in we would fix upon another camp, ten miles or so further south, and thus through the season proceed with our surveying, creating, as we moved, quite a sensation amongst the natives by reason of our caravan, which was necessarily quite extensive.

For my family I had two large tents making my mess room and living room, another for my servant nurse, a tarpaulin (painted canvas) kitchen tent with cooking stove and a store tent for the steward and cook. For the five men composing my party—a chainman, flagmen and carrier of my instrument—I had two larger sleeping tents and a mess tent.

In the intervals between office and field work Mr. Renard had the kindness to see my tents fitted with "Swiss-flies" coming down to within a foot of the ground, and closing in front and rear at night, the flaps being propped up with poles by day for shade. For bedsteads I procured ships' swinging hospital cots, supported between uprights on cross foot pieces, steadiness and strength being secured by screwing them to pieces of scantling. When these were covered with nets we were wholly protected from those pests of New Jersey, the mosquitoes.

A book-shelf was hung from one tent pole and

the mirror from the other, whilst a portable stand was placed in the center of the tent. Later in the season a very pretty boudoir was connected to this tent under the fly for my wife's especial use ; and the tent floor being covered with painted oilcloth made it more homelike, and increased our appreciation of this gypsy mode of passing the summer, until we became content to extend our stay into the fall season, setting up a small sheet-iron stove for use in the early mornings and evenings, when a few chips would suffice to make our apartments as warm as toast.

Having her guitar with us and the latest magazines published, Mrs. Sands found it easy to be as happy as a bird, even when I was absent and at work.

After breakfast, at sunrise, I, with my men, would start off and take our lunch at noon, perhaps miles away from camp, to return at sundown, for dinner, which, with a pretty bouquet upon our table, was always ready for us as soon as we could change our dress.

Our camp changes were usually made at the end of a week or two, so as to give us part of Saturday and all day Sunday to get settled down in our new location.

We could get breakfast by daylight, strike the tents and load the wagons, taking some four or five for equipage and stores with the men, and a spring carriage for myself and family and the instruments ; and, proceeding down the coast some ten or twelve

miles to the new location, we could have our kitchen and mess tents pitched ready for dinner by two or three o'clock in the afternoon.

When a change took place on Saturday, as was generally the case, it was quite a sensation in the neighborhood. The cry would be raised among the natives, "Here comes the *sarwayers*, with the capturing and his 'oman leading." Then the singing schools, which always took place that day of the week, would open their doors and out would pour all the young men and women who had been practising hymns for Sunday.

Sometimes the first woman they saw would be our colored nurse arranging the furniture in the tent, and they would take her to be the capturing's wife and express surprise at her being black, until Mrs. Sands would appear in the tent and undeceive them.

To the southward of Barnegat the settlements became more numerous, and we made it convenient to camp near them, and found the inhabitants very obliging and reasonable in their charges for provisions, and disposed to exercise hospitality, being kindly in their intentions and genial in manner.

Towards the last of September we approached Tuckertown and encamped there upon a lot offered by Judge Tucker, which we hoped would be the last camp of the season. The details of the survey were becoming intricate and required more time in completing them. Our instructions were to take

the first post-road from the shore line and to parallel with it for interior boundary, putting in all the details upon and between it and the shore line. The latter was a barren beach of sand hills, mostly narrow and cut up by inlets, with a wide salt marsh between it and the fast land, upon which ran the post-road where we encamped among the arable fields near the farm-houses.

This salt marsh was cut up by innumerable thoroughfares or tidal creeks, making it tedious work surveying, as the chain could seldom be used, and a boat was necessary to carry the party with our instruments from point to point in the work, using the "three point problem" in accomplishing it.

By employing men from the vicinity, I was able to get the names of localities with accuracy, in the familiar nomenclature of the neighborhoods, and it made their remarks quite amusing as we developed the windings of these creeks in the progress of the day's work.

"That's Bill's Duck-blinds," said one. "There's Sal's Cut," said another. "This is Tom's Creek, Nan's Thoroughfare," etc., etc., and I jotted down all the familiar names of the place, to be faithfully recorded on the map as we went along.

By October we had finished our work at Tuckertown, and had run the shore line of that side of Little Egg Harbor, when we had to cross that Bay in sloops to transport our equipage to the other side, that we might finish the season with the completion of the Bay shore line.

At this time occurred what might have been a serious catastrophe in the closing of our work. Two sloops were required to convey our party, one for myself and family and the lighter portions of our equipage, the other for the general camp outfit and part of the men—some of them having preceded us in my boat to hunt up teams to meet us at the landing and transport us to our new camping-ground.

The great bay was filled with flocks of wild ducks which, as we approached them, would take wing for new feeding-grounds, in countless numbers. It was a novel and interesting sight as these immense flocks would rise before our slow approach. The breeze being gentle and light, Mrs. Sands and I were sitting on deck, she in her chair, wrapped up in her cloak, enjoying the scene around us, when suddenly a "cat's-paw" of wind struck the sails and careening the vessel just as Mrs. Sands partly arose from her chair to get a better view, forgetful that she was not upon dry land, and overboard she went with the chair.

This filled me with horror, and at first impulse I jumped over the side after her, and was beside her almost as soon as she reached the water. Fortunately I did not lose my presence of mind, and getting behind her, with my hands under her arms, as well as her cloak would permit, I was able to keep her head above water. The cloak, catching the wind in her fall, served to buoy her up. She did not utter a scream, but looking around caught sight of

the chair near us and called my attention to it, and, reaching it, I placed it before her to grasp.

It seemed to me to be an age before the sloop rounded to. Seeing their difficulty in casting loose the little ducking skiff which was towing astern, and realizing the extreme danger of our situation as the cloak, becoming soaked, was losing its buoyancy, with a prospect of carrying us both down, I sang out lustily to "hurry up with the boat," "cut the painter!" a thing they had not thought of.

My anxiety must have given force to my lungs, for the men in the advance boat, some two or three miles ahead near the landing, told me later that they had heard me distinctly.

The crew of the other sloop seemed completely bewildered, and, not taking in the danger of our situation, rendered no assistance; but at last the skiff neared us, and the man in it catching my wife by the hand whilst I pushed her, she was rolled, as it were, over the stern of the boat into it. As it would scarcely hold more than two it would have been overturned had we ventured to get her over the gunwales, so I held on to the taffrail.

Not a word did she utter until she saw my straw hat floating by, when she cried, "Save him! save my husband!" but was quieted by my voice from the water just at her back.

We were soon on board the sloop again, thankful indeed for having escaped that danger.

It appeared to us as though we had been overboard an hour, and taking my watch from my pocket

to ascertain the hour, I found it filled with water, of course. Upon seeing this the master of the sloop remarked, with the utmost simplicity, "Why, cap, you did not stop to take off your watch, did you?" which piece of coolness may account somewhat for his tardiness in casting off the boat painter to come to our relief.

Fortunately the sloop had a little cabin that would contain one person. Its little stove was soon alight with a snug fire, and Mrs. Sands was enabled to change her wet clothing for dry; but I allowed my clothes to dry upon me, and although experiencing no immediate ill effects, caught a severe cold, the effects of which were such as to make me now believe that it was the precursor and primary cause of my present long-enduring ailment.¹

Landing at Leed's Point, on the south side of the Bay, we proceeded to the house of the old Quaker farmer for whom the point was named, leaving my men to transport and pitch the tents on the grounds selected on the opposite side of the road. We slept in the house, but lived in our tents in the daytime for the short period that remained of our shore line work for this season; and before the end of October my men were all paid off, and we were on our way back to Washington.

¹ This was written during the last illness of the author but some months prior to his death.

CHAPTER XIV.

POPULARITY OF THIS COAST SURVEY WORK
AMONGST THE NAVAL OFFICERS—INCREASED
DETAIL OF OFFICERS FOR IT—QUARREL BETWEEN
TWO OFFICERS, DAVID D. PORTER AND STEPHEN
G. ROWAN—A DUEL PREVENTED BY THE SECONDS
—MY GRATIFICATION AT BEING ABLE TO PRE-
VENT IT—INTERESTING SEQUEL THERETO.

UNDER the energetic and intelligent superintendence of Mr. Hassler, the coast survey grew very popular, and as the knowledge of its workings extended, it became firmly established in public favor as a work of great importance and usefulness to the young Republic. Service upon it was sought as a most honorable employment for naval officers when not on duty in their service at sea.

The brightest of the young officers applied for this duty as an instructive school in a branch of their profession useful in peace or war, its objects being such as are as beneficial to our navy as to the commercial marine, and it being fitting and most proper that the naval officer should, as a part of his professional training, be well instructed in the methods and purposes of the coast survey, not only for the

profit immediately to be derived from a thorough familiarity with our own coasts and harbors, but for future application of the knowledge thus attained, in the survey of foreign coasts and harbors and in the discovery of dangers to sea-going vessels such as were hitherto unknown and not suspected.

This irruption of officers detailed for the coast survey work brought with it in the month of March, 1840, a most disagreeable occurrence in the Hydrographic office, to the immeasurable distress of all hands.

One of the newcomers was in the draughting room, partly seated upon the edge of the draughting table, amusing himself the while prodding the soft wood of the table with the points of a pair of dividers, when the officer,¹ who was engaged in the delicate work upon the chart accosted him in sharp and impatient tones, calling on him to put the instrument down, a request which was not heeded, for the misuse of the instrument was continued.

Hot words followed, and in anger the men sprang upon each other and clinched, but were immediately separated by their friends who were present.

It was an awkward position for two officers known to be amongst the bravest and most determined in the whole service. When the occurrence was detailed to me I was greatly shocked and distressed to the degree of avoidance of the office the whole of the next day, for they were both especial friends of mine.

¹ Lieut. (now Vice-Admiral) Stephen C. Rowan.

On the day following I was met by one of them,¹ who immediately requested my services as his friend. Seeing my reluctance in my expression he still insisted. When I learned the name of the friend of the other party to the rencounter I reflected that he was one in whose fairness and justice I had most implicit confidence; and, he being, as I was, a friend of both parties, I recognized a chance of arresting a hostile meeting and consented to act.

The next day an appointment was agreed upon between us, "seconds," for a discussion of the situation. The room of a friend of all parties was accepted, and in the evening a correspondence was commenced, all objectionable words, or such as might be the subject of misinterpretation, being referred to this friend for kindly criticism.

Each of us was, of course, most sensitive and careful of the honor of his principal, and weighed words with the greatest care.

This correspondence was kept up until the wee, sma' hours of the morning, each party rejecting and destroying the notes which were unacceptable, until finally an agreement was arrived at, perfectly satisfactory to both of the seconds, and favorably criticised by the mutual friend who had placed his room at our disposal.

We were sincerely gratified at arresting a hostile meeting between two such officers (both recently married) for so trivial a first cause.

Both were in the wrong at the beginning, the sit-

¹ Lieut. (now Admiral) David D. Porter.

uation being, however, rendered almost irreparable by subsequent intemperate words and actions, prompted by passion on the one hand and obstinacy on the other, until matters had come to so serious a pass as almost to preclude the possibility of a settlement except by resort to the field of honor.

It was fortunate for both parties, and for the good of the country, that by the interposition of good and judicious friends a serious encounter was prevented, since it would have been no child's play had the parties been brought to a hostile meeting, they being most brave and determined men, and both, for their great and distinguished services in battle, crowning long and efficient service, have attained to the very highest ranks in the Navy.

We who aided in this settlement have seen the justice of our action (the other second unhappily died before the war of the rebellion). I am especially proud of my share in the affair, and whenever I meet either of the principals I rejoice in the thought that comes to me that I had a part in preserving them for their country's defense.

As a fitting sequel to this incident I must relate the substance of a conversation had with one of the principals in this affair, Admiral Porter, several years ago, as an exemplification of the feelings that actuated the naval officers in those days in their intercourse with each other.

He told me that upon the death of Admiral Farragut, he, Porter, having been promoted to succeed him, a vacancy was thus made in the grade of

Vice-Admiral ; and, of course, a selection to fill that vacancy had to be made by President Grant from the rear-admirals upon the active list.

Amongst the most distinguished were two declared to be about equal in merit. Both had been equally worthy of promotion, and had received the thanks of Congress upon nomination by the President. The only question was "which of the two to choose?"

One of these two was Rear-Admiral John Rodgers and the other was one of the principals in the affair above narrated, Stephen C. Rowan ; the other principal, Admiral Porter, was present when the difficulty of selection for the vacancy referred to was the subject of conversation between the President of the United States and his Secretary of the Navy, and the President, turning to him, desired an expression of his opinion.

In response to the request he placed his finger upon one of the names saying, "Where both are so equally worthy of preferment, it is difficult, Mr. President, to determine, but *this officer* and I, when we were young officers, had a most serious difficulty, and if the other officer should be selected, it might be said, by those of my brother-officers who are cognizant of that affair, that I had used my influence in his favor from ill-feeling towards the one who is the senior, and this I would not have them think me capable of doing !"

The consequence was that Rowan was selected and promoted, and this illustrates the magnanimous and chivalric spirit pervading the old navy quite in con-

trast with the "spirit" evinced by some of the younger navy of the present day, one of whom, in the scramble for promotion following the war, accepted preferment far beyond his merit over the head of another who rendered life and death service to him as he lay wounded on the battle-field—an incident that has found its place in the public records.

On the 17th of March, 1840, I was nominated for promotion to the grade of lieutenant to fill a vacancy and was in due time confirmed by the Senate and commissioned by the President, when with a light heart I commenced my preparation for the summer's work in the field, having been assigned to the interior work between Shrewsbury and New Brunswick, in the state of New Jersey, as the necessary triangulation point was not ready for the shore line survey.

In May we were off to our tented field again, on work, however, less interesting than that of the sea-coast. Upon this latter, I felt more at home, nearer to my professional element, and I always went to my work there with more zest and, consequently, with less fatigue. The vessels at sea, passing up and down the coast, served as a reminder that I must not be too entirely absorbed in my temporary occupation.

And, now that I had received my promotion, this work in the interior, from its isolation from everything referring to the sea, kept before me the necessity of an early cruise at sea, and, therefore, shore work must be replaced by employment more con-

genial to my profession, if not more closely allied to the sea.

Our work was located in a more fertile region, studded with thrifty farms and more accessible to civilization than was the seacoast where we had before been engaged surveying. Yet the days did not slip by so quickly, and it seemed a long season ere we reached our last camp at "Old Bridge," near Spotswood, on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, equi-distant from my last camp and Brunswick, the end of my work in this region.

A pleasing incident was experienced at this camp, showing rude politeness not usual among fishermen along the coast ; and it was particularly gratifying to us, as simple as it was, proving how often a warm heart exists under a rough exterior.

Our tents were pitched in the rear of the country tavern, near the road leading eastward into the woods, whilst enjoying our *otium cum dignitate* after my return from a day's field work. Mrs. Sands with her guitar was singing over some of her ballads—as was usually our post-prandial pastime—when a hand was slipped in between the curtains of our tent door and a brace of pheasants was dropped on the floor, and a "thank you " uttered, just as she closed the sweet Scotch song " Jock o' Hazeldean." The present was from the keeper of the tavern, who was just returning with his game-bag comfortably filled. Passing by the camp, he had been attracted by the music and, lingering until two or three songs were finished, he sought to testify his appre-

ciation by a brace of the first birds of the season, hurrying away before I could get outside of the tent to express my thanks. His act, however, met its acknowledgment in the employment of his eldest son among the men of my party.

We were detained a little later in this season than was usual to make a finish of the part assigned to me, and resort had to be made to our little sheet-iron stove to keep us comfortable at night. It was the middle of November before we struck our tents, paid off the party, and returned to winter-quarters and office-work.

There was not much office-work for the past season in draughting; as the scale of our maps for the interior was only $\frac{1}{20,000}$, one-half that of the coast maps, which are $\frac{1}{10,000}$, and involved only one-half of the amount of inking in the drawing.

CHAPTER XV.

1841.

CARLISLE B. PATTERSON JOINS MY PARTY— IS PROMOTED AND WETS HIS COMMISSION WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS TO HIS POCKET—OUR MONSTER OYSTER A BREAKFAST FOR THREE—JEFF. PAGE JOINS MY MESS FOR PART OF SEASON— PREPARATIONS FOR SEA CRUISE.

WITH the month of January came thoughts of the next campaign, and early in the spring I was assigned to the continuation of the seacoast work; as the triangulation was now ready, and we could proceed without further interruption, commencing where we had left off at Leed's Point, south shore of Little Egg Harbor.

In this season's work I was joined by passed midshipman Carlisle Patterson (afterward superintendent of the U. S. Coast Survey) as my assistant. He had been before on hydrographic work, but, like many other ambitious officers, was transferred to topography with a view to advancement.

He was a very cultivated gentleman, and had taken a furlough after passing his examination for pro-

motion, and had gone through a thorough course at the Transylvania University, Frankfort, Kentucky. He was, moreover, an expert draughtsman (I have still in my possession a specimen of his work in a copy of Retsch's illustration of Shakspeare).

I was delighted at having his companionship, and a tent was assigned him adjoining my mess tent, and he, with Mrs. Sands and myself, made a pleasant trio at table.

He had not quite counted the cost of a summer on the seacoast marshes of New Jersey, and was greatly annoyed at the onslaught of mosquitoes whenever we were at work on the marshes and the thoroughfares between the beach and the fast land.

Mrs. Sands made him a veil to envelop his face and throat whilst we were at work in such localities, and with this and thick gloves he managed to protect himself from their venomous attacks and was able to keep at his work until the close of the season of 1841.

During the season I had occasion to send him to Philadelphia to get a treasury draft cashed, and whilst there, hearing of his promotion to the rank of lieutenant, he deposited his valise with the money in it at the stage office, intending to start at daylight across Jersey for the camp in the early stage-coach. Then returning to his friends in the city he made a night of it, "wetting his commission" at a supper-party.

He was on time at the stage office, but lo and behold! his valise was not there. The porter had

returned and taken it from the office, saying that the gentleman had changed his mind.

This was a blow to him! and considerably dampened his spirits. He remained the day there, to endeavor to follow up the thief, but obtained no other clue to the robbery than that of recovering the valise *minus* the money, which, being in gold and silver, could not be identified.

The loss embarrassed me somewhat, also, as I had to use my own funds to pay the expenses of the party. He was not long in replacing the government money, appropriating for that purpose the difference of pay between that of passed midshipman and that of lieutenant, being thus deprived of one of the benefits of his promotion for a time.

Whilst at that camp a huge oyster was brought to me by one of my men. The shell was twelve inches long and six inches wide. The oyster within was eight inches in length and two inches thick. I had it served on the half-shell, and we three, Mrs. Sands, Patterson and I, breakfasted on this one oyster! The monster shell I endeavored to preserve, but it was accidentally lost. I desired to keep it as a sample of New Jersey production. It must have been the great patriarch of the shell-fish on this coast, the wrinkles of the shell being filled with hundreds of its progeny.

About this time my friend, Lieutenant T. J. Page, with his secondary triangulation party, having work near us, accepted my invitation, and with his wife joined our mess. They took their lodging in

the tavern upon the grounds of which we were encamped, we not having tents to spare for them.

This accession made our encampment very agreeable, and it continued so until near the end of the season, when they left. I took advantage of their departure to send my family to Philadelphia with them in their carriage, my little daughter Marion being quite ill and the doctor having recommended immediate change even to the hot city. I accompanied them as far as Bridgeton, returning to camp to my work.

Mr. Hassler, the superintendent, also visited my camp in his tour of inspection, exciting quite a commotion in the neighborhood with his "quaint and curious" field-carriage, driven four-in-hand.

In November, finding myself with a good supply of summer results and the program of work having been carried out in accordance with my instructions, we were ready for our winter quarters and office-work for the season in Washington; so we struck camp, leaving the work remaining to be done in this locality, to be taken up next season.

Whilst in Washington I received a gift from my men who sent me by express a box of splendid sea-fowl—wild-geese, brant and ducks of their own shooting in their winter hunting on the Jersey coast—a touching and welcome present for the winter season.

There was a general sentiment amongst us who had been recently promoted, that, notwithstanding the attractiveness of the work upon which we were

engaged, it was time for us to prepare for sea, unless we determined to change our profession; and now, whilst in winter quarters, we had opportunity to look about us for agreeable stations and pleasant messmates for a cruise.

It is said that a cruise in Washington is worth two at sea, and some of us determined to put it in practice. Inquiries were made, of course, at the department amongst our friends there, and we learned that there was a probability of vessels being fitted out in the spring or summer for the Mediterranean.

This was too good a chance to be lost by inactivity, and Page and I agreed to be messmates in one of those ships, and prepared to lay out our anchors to windward to warp in at the appropriate time when rumors became probable events. Each gave the other a proper lookout so that the opportunity should not slip by, and that we might prevent anyone forestalling us.

CHAPTER XVI.

ORDERED TO THE SHIP OF THE LINE "COLUMBUS"
—SAIL FOR THE MEDITERRANEAN—GIBRALTAR
—OFF FOR PORT MAHON—GENOA LA SUPERBA—
VISIT FROM THE DOWAGER QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

HAVING made all my arrangements for leaving home when orders came, I agreed with my friend, Lieutenant Jeff. Page, to apply for duty on the line-of-battle ship "Columbus." We did so at once, and succeeded in obtaining a promise that we should be attached to her, our orders to be dated just prior to her sailing, in order to permit us in the intervening time to bring forward as far as possible the coast survey work which had been assigned to us.

So we pursued our preparations for field-work, and in May I was in my camp, with Mr. George D. Wise as assistant with the chance of succession as head of of the party—our headquarters being Cape May court-house.

In July I had my work sufficiently advanced to enable me to leave Mr. Wise in charge of the party to finish the work up to Cape May, which would complete the survey of the Atlantic coast from Long Branch to the Cape by my topographical party.

On the of 18th August, 1842, Page and I reported for duty on the "Columbus" at Boston, in obedience to our orders just then received, and found that we were to have a charming set of messmates: there were Lieutenants James Watson, Gustavus H. Scott, C. F. M. Spottswood, H. N. Harrison, and Augustus H. Kilty; Sailing Masters Lafayette Maynard (who afterwards married the daughter of General Duff Green of Georgia), and a fine fellow, Cadwallader, of Philadelphia; Purser, I. N. Todd, Surgeon Brooke, Chaplain E. Clark, Lieutenant L. West, U. S. Marines. There were also twenty-five midshipmen.

The Captain, W. C. Spencer, expressed his surprise at the late day of our reporting for duty, but we had only to refer to the date of our orders and the date of our reporting to silence any complaint of delay in executing them. We entered at once on duty.

We had learned in advance something as to our prospective cruise, and that after twelve or fourteen months in the Mediterranean we would probably be sent over to the Brazils to close our cruise.

Our mess was most agreeable. Page was made caterer, which assured us the satisfactory management of that department. Kilty was wont to enliven our evenings with his guitar, which he played most delightfully. It was arranged that he should have control of the band.

On the 29th of August anchor was weighed, and we were soon out on the Atlantic, on our course for Madeira *en route* to the Mediterranean.

Everything went smoothly and without much of

interest until about the 10th September, when we experienced a "smoky sou'wester," which soon had the ship under three-reefed topsails, bowling along at ten knots an hour, which, for so large a vessel, was very fast sailing.

During the three days of this gale the old "Columbus," proved herself as steady as a church, so that below decks there was so little movement that the gale gave us no inconvenience whatever. I well remember one Sunday during that storm, when I sat at my desk in my stateroom writing to my wife, it being my custom to so utilize a good deal of my spare hours when off duty, that I might always be prepared with a budget to send to her by the first homeward-bound vessel we might meet.

The gale was then blowing too hard to permit of rigging up a pulpit on the spar deck, so we had no "divine service," as the chaplain would have been ducked with the heavy spray continually sweeping over the sides. In the wardroom "country" some of the officers sat round the mess-table reading, writing or playing chess—to kill time. On deck others were making or taking in sail according as the weather permitted or required. The midshipmen were skylarking in every direction, whilst the men who were not on watch were employed mending their clothes, although it was Sunday.

I had the morning watch that day from 4 to 8 A. M. The ship was under snug sail because of the gale, so I had little else to do, but to walk the poop-deck with speaking trumpet under my arm

and see that the decks were cleared up and put in order for the day.

In fair weather that was the busiest watch we had, for it was the duty of officer of the deck to see all the decks cleaned; the spar deck, the main gun-deck, lower gun-deck and orlop deck had all to be made as white as snow; everything brass and iron about the ship had to be polished like a mirror; sail was to be put on the ship and everything put in perfect order to be delivered over to the officer of the next watch, to be preserved by him in this condition, weather permitting, until the night came on again. The other watches had but little else to do except to make and take in sail.

Between whiles, however, came the exercising of the ship's crew at great guns and small-arms, and the inspection of their clothes to see that they were in order, and that they had on hand the quantity required by the regulations.

Each lieutenant had the command of ten guns (32-pounders) and seventy men to work them. This *division*, as it was called, must be regularly exercised at its quarters and practised in the use of the guns.

At the beginning of the cruise we were in four watches; consequently every fourth night we had an all-night "sleep in," and every other night we kept a four hours' watch. Being afterwards put into eight watches, we enjoyed five nights' solid sleep out of eight, which gave us so much more leisure time.

On the morning of the 15th of September, during

my watch, the lookout at the masthead sighted land, and soon we had the lofty mountain-peaks of the Azores in plain sight.

As our orders did not permit of our stopping at Fayal we passed those islands by, reaching Madeira on the 23d of September; but the light breezes kept us a long time to leeward of Funchal, just near enough to permit of our seeing the houses and the vine-clad knolls with the spyglass. There was the town of Funchal, with the convent of Santa Clara perched upon a hill far above the town, with its turrets overlooking the harbor and the ocean far to the southward.

We had hoped to land here, but were doomed to disappointment, for the breezes died away and threatened to becalm us; so Captain Spencer made up his mind to lose no time in reaching his ultimate destination, and he kept the ship away for Gibraltar, having had nothing more than a passing glimpse of the town and the villages scattered along the south shore of the island.

Late in the evening of September 30th we reached our anchorage in the bay of Gibraltar, where our consul informed us of the death of Captain Ralph Voorhees, of the sloop-of-war "Preble," at Smyrna of the fever.

We heard that the difficulties with the Emperor of Morocco, which had been thought to be settled, at the time of Commodore Morgan's sailing, on the 6th of September, for Port Mahon, still promised trouble.

The Emperor had refused to ratify the arrange-

ment made with the Bashaw of Tangiers, which was that he should salute our flag when it was hoisted by our acting consul there. It was, therefore, expected that Commodore Morgan, on learning of this, would bring together the whole fleet and sail for Tangiers to compel reparation, so that in the current rumors we had plenty to interest us, and exciting times in anticipation.

Our stay at Gibraltar was but a brief one, still I managed to get ashore for a tour of inspection, being hurried off with a jovial party of my messmates one evening, and I was amply repaid for the trip. It was a novel sight to our eyes that was presented on the streets in the variety of costumes one met with on every side—Moors and Moorish Jews, with their rich dresses of silk, and their turbans; Arabs with their coarse camel's-hair dress, called "haik"—a striped woolen shirt or blouse, with a hood; and English in civilian's dress, except those in service, who were in great numbers, the officers and soldiers being in their gay uniforms, with red coats and blue and the quaint dress of the Highlanders, in their kilts and tartan plaids, with bare legs.

There were two brass bands, one from the Highland Regiment, playing alternate pieces on the Alameda, and the music was most inspiring.

The town and the whole rock of Gibraltar were one vast fortification perfectly impregnable, and yet every day saw work going on upon some new battery.

The city, being under martial law, was full of soldiers, so that we could not walk ten steps without be-

ing compelled to return the salute of passing soldiers or of sentinels on their posts. We were obliged to wear our undress uniforms always when on shore, and it finally became a nuisance to move about, so that we entered a hotel and taking seats upon a balcony found pleasure in looking out on the promenaders.

The English ladies made us think of home, their dresses being the same in style as those worn in the States: the Spanish ladies wore the graceful mantilla of black lace falling from the back of the head, over the shoulders to the waist; their heads had no other covering, and their dark hair was smooth and shining. There were numbers of beautiful ladies promenading, and we of course enjoyed looking on at the passing crowds of pedestrians.

On the 4th of October we sailed from Gibraltar and entered the beautiful Mediterranean. Spain was on our left, Africa on our right, the straits there being about thirteen miles wide; and as we headed eastward we had in sight, Gibraltar on the north, with Algesiras and St. Roque on the shores of its bay, and farther to the eastward the province of Grenada in Spain. To the westward at the entrance of the straits was Tangiers in Morocco, opposite to which is the town of Tarifa from which port Columbus sailed to discover the new world. Nearer to us was Ceuta in Africa, the Botany Bay of Spain, filled with convicts, whilst before us was the classic Mediterranean.

We were bound to Port Mahon, in search of our

Commodore, for whom we had despatches in relation to the affair with the Emperor of Morocco, and it was likely he would return with us to settle the difficulties there.

As we sailed along the coast of Grenada and Murcia, the sea was as smooth as a mill-pond, light breezes gently wafting us along and the temperature being most delightful. There were several sails in sight, among them a smuggler with a lateen rigged boat pulling twenty oars, which came under our lee for protection from a "guarda-costa" which was crowding on all sail in pursuit.

On the 9th of October, whilst Page was officer of the deck, we were struck by a heavy squall, the ship heeling over, and starting the captain and commander on deck without waiting to be called. Page's prompt orders soon had the ship under snug sail "laying to," and when I relieved him on watch in the pouring rain I found my "mackintosh" very serviceable. The squall passing by, the wind died away and left the old "Columbus" wallowing in the trough of the heavy sea which had arisen, there not being breeze enough to steady her.

As a general rule, we had perfect Mediterranean weather all the time.

On the 13th of October a sail was sighted, which proved to be the frigate "Congress" from Port Mahon, bound to Gibraltar and Tangiers about the difficulties there, but she returned with us to Mahon.

We soon had Jenkins and Porter on board and a most joyous meeting. We had not been expected

for two months, and our coming was an agreeable surprise for them, as letters from home were brought to gladden them.

On the 15th of the month we were at anchor in the harbor of Mahon.

The Commodore hoisted his flag on the "Columbus," and there were in port the "Congress," the sloop-of-war "Fairchild" and a French corvette. The town is one of the neatest and cleanest I was ever in.

I was thoroughly disgusted at shameful scandals that seemed to be the main topics of conversation amongst the residents. Every one was at the mercy of the scandalmongers, they had a "dab at all," the innocent as well as the guilty; and, no matter how severe the stories might be, these Mahonese delighted to set them afloat, and found plenty of eager listeners.

There was but little or no amusement for those who were not of dissipated habits; there were no operas and no parties, and those who went on shore had to spend their time in drinking or gambling houses, unless they could be satisfied with quiet rambles through the town.

Neither Jenkins, Page nor I went out of the ship after nine o'clock at night, not being inclined to mingle in the dissipations of the town.

On the 27th of October Page, Jenkins and I mounted donkeys and took a ride into the country to a town called Aleor, about nine miles distant, and returned in the evening. Our road lay through a

beautiful undulating country, fertile and well cultivated, and on each side we passed lovely vineyards and luxuriant gardens.

The scenery was really beautiful, and as we reached the top of a hill rather higher than the rest we had a lovely view of the Mediterranean on the north and south side of the island. Behind us was the pretty harbor, with our squadron lying quietly at anchor in company with a French corvette and a Norwegian brig-of-war. The town of Mahon was on the bluff on its south side about six miles distant from the hill on which we halted to enjoy the view. Before us was the town of Aleor with its whitewashed houses and red-tiled roofs, and a little beyond, towering into the sky, was Mount Torto with the ruins of a monastery upon its summits. Around us lay cultivated fields, with which the island was adorned.

As we rode through the country roads on our way, we meet a regiment of as rascally looking soldiers as my eyes ever met; real cut-throat villains, and the very worst soldiers, so the natives said, in Espartero's army.

They were bound to Spain, and were followed by a baggage-train of donkeys, on some of which were mounted the officers' wives; there being but one vehicle, a kind of a covered cart, with the party, containing the family of a superior officer.

These trips ashore were our only recreation. Porter, Bache, Page, Jenkins and I kept pretty much together, and seldom went ashore with any of the other officers.

The news afloat about this time was that we were to remain in this port the whole winter. The "Congress" was to go to Genoa and Toulon, and to winter at Genoa, and we should have gone, too, if our Commodore had not had a wife whose father was the Navy Agent, and the "pickings" from the squadron were considerable.

We had hopes of wintering at Baiae, a small harbor fourteen miles from Naples, where we should have enjoyed our stay more because of its surroundings.

Notwithstanding our fears as to our wintering in that island harbor, the 12th of November saw our ship in company with the "Congress" and "Preble" breasting the billows with a "cracking" breeze heading for Spezzia. The night before we had been heading for Toulon, joyous at the prospect of anchoring off that city the next day; but the order that morning was to keep away for Spezzia. The prevailing opinion as to this change of course was that we had sailed north simply to get into smooth water for the sake of the Commodore's wife, who dreaded the *mal-de-mer*, her health being such as to make an attack of that disease very dangerous.

As we sailed out of Port Mahon we saw the transport feluccas moored to the shore, taking on board the Spanish soldiers to carry them to Barcelona. They had been told that we were only waiting until they should embark that we might catch them outside and pour into them a broadside in retaliation for the assassination of poor Patterson who was stabbed by a native when returning to the ship

after dark one evening, and they were actually afraid that such was our intention.

About an hour before we sailed we had a visit from the family of a Lieutenant Arquimbeau of the English navy,—who had married a Mahon lady,—consisting of the lieutenant, his wife and three pretty daughters, all beauties of the Spanish type, the mother being as young looking and almost as beautiful as her daughters. They were shown into my “snuggery” on the orlop deck, and when they came into our messroom I was introduced to them, and was gratified at their expression of admiration of the portrait of my wife; and having seen the miniature of Page’s wife they said they could understand why these “lover-husbands” did not care to go ashore and could excuse it. On November 13th we had land in sight on both sides, Corsica, Napoleon’s native isle, on the south, and France, the land of his adoption, on the north; and by sunset we were fairly in the gulf of Genoa.

In my morning watch I had my first glimpse of Italian scenery, the “spurs of the Alps” being in sight. It was beautiful, and the pleasure of beholding such scenery was heightened by the mellowness of the atmosphere. The sea was comparatively smooth—a gentle breeze wafting us along the coast; as we glided on our course, pretty little villages one after another, met the eye; and, before my watch was over, Genoa, the ancient capital of the ancient naval republic of Genoa, the birthplace of the discoverer of our own native land, was within the field of my telescope.

A whim of the old Commodore caused the helm to be put to starboard, and on the 15th of November we ran into the harbor of Genoa to our intense delight. The port-admiral was ordered by the governor to assign us the best moorings, and to give us every facility therein.

The name of our ship, "Columbus," won us much favor with the Italians, who took it as a compliment to themselves that she was so named; and, although they were subjects of the King of Sardinia, they still possessed much of that republican feeling which they once were celebrated for, and they made lions of us. The governor gave orders that the gates of the city were to be thrown open to us whenever we appeared in our uniforms, and we were saluted by soldiers at every corner, and greeted with smiles by every one.

Every hour of the day found our decks full of visitors from the city, who received every attention from our officers. The governor's lady and a large party visited the ship with many ladies and gentlemen of distinction, and on the 19th November the Queen Dowager of Prussia came on board during my watch on deck.

We manned the yards, and received her and her suite, consisting of three ladies and several officers, with all of our officers in full-dress uniform, and on her departure fired a salute of twenty-one guns.

CHAPTER XVII.

GENOA LA SUPERBA! SPLENDOR OF THE CHURCHES
—RUBENS AND HIS WIFE—DUEL BETWEEN MID-
SHIPMEN COOKE AND BIER—PADRE CALLAGHAN
THE CARMELITE—THE SWEET SINGING OF CLARA
NOVELLA, THE FAMOUS PRIMA DONNA COMPELLED
TO SING BY THE POLICE—OUR GRAND REGATTA
AND DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT ON THE
“COLUMBUS”—PAINTING BY RAPHAEL AND
GIULIO ROMANO.

AT last I was able to make a visit to the shore and did enjoy heartily the hours I spent sight-seeing in Genoa, justly called “La superba.” My eyes had never beheld so much of splendor. The churches are magnificent, hung with the most gorgeous tapestry, splendidly illuminated, filled with paintings by the old artists of Italy, and with ceilings beautifully painted in fresco with Scriptural illustrations. The niches in these churches were filled with the most beautiful bassi-relievi. We were all struck with the splendor of everything around us.

One day whilst Page and I were looking up articles for our mess, we chanced to drop into a church, being attracted by the crowd in front of its doors,

which induced us to enter, and we found ourselves in the midst of even more magnificence and splendor than on our last trip ashore. It was the church of the "Virgin of the Vineyard," and the people were offering thanks for the plentiful yield of the past season's crop.

It would be useless for me to attempt a description of the brilliancy of the interior of this church. It was modern, and its frescoes were but just finished, but they were beautiful indeed.

We finished the day at the opera-house of St. Carlos Felice, but the performance was by a third-rate troupe, and we found no enjoyment in it.

We were admitted to the interior of several of the palaces. They were really splendid. The Strada Balbi is a street of palaces, as is the Strada Nuvir, and to see through three or four of these palaces occupied us a whole day. They were filled with original paintings by the most celebrated artists, and I fairly reveled in the enjoyment I found amongst those beautiful works of Titian, Domenichino, Rubens, Guido, Michael Angelo, Van Dyck, Paul Veronese, Raphael, Salvator Rosa, and all the most eminent artists of Europe.

The carving and gilding, the marble and the fresco painting, with the superb tapestry, in which scarlet and gold abound, and everything in the most gorgeous and magnificent style, betokened unbounded wealth in the possessors.

We at first thought it strange that we should be admitted so freely into these palaces, but we learned

that the nobility were proud of this magnificence, and were flattered by the curiosity and admiration of strangers.

We learned, early in December, that upon the arrival of Commodore Morris our ship was to sail for the Brazils, with a prospect of a return to these waters, for the affairs in Morocco were not yet adjusted.

Every day saw an increase in the number of our visitors from shore, and all hands were kept busy showing them about, and entertaining them.

We had one little domestic infelicity, as it may be called, to interrupt all the cheerful thoughts that came with our pleasant surroundings, in the shape of a duel between two of the younger officers, who yielded to a little boiling up of the young blood in their veins, and after some hot words exchanged a challenge to fight. They were midshipmen Cooke of Philadelphia and Bier of Baltimore. They went on shore early in the morning and fought outside of the city, in front of a country seat beside the public road, having some twenty or thirty spectators who possibly found enjoyment in being lookers on. Bier fell wounded just below the knee, and the ball was not extracted. He could not be brought off to the ship until the next morning.

One morning Page and I strolled to the top of one of the hills above the city and visited the monastery of Santa Ana, some of the padres of which had visited the ship, and one, an Irishman, by name Callaghan, had invited me to visit him. They are

Carmelites, and lead the strictest of lives, eating no meat at all, and wearing coarse cloth garments and no shirt or stockings! They took us through the whole building from the library to the kitchen, and after going the rounds, they showed us into Padre Callaghan's cell which was about the size of my stateroom, and gave us oranges from the trees in their gardens, cordial of their own making, and chocolate they had themselves manufactured, the process of making which they also explained to us.

As we were leaving, one of them presented me with a valuable work on Algebraic Equations, by the Padre Boldana, who is said to be the greatest mathematician in the world, and who is the General of the order of Carmelites in Genoa.

The view from these hills back of the city was lovely. Just back of us were the Alps, covered with snow. The sun shining brightly down added to the glory of the scene. Below us lay Genoa and its pretty little harbor filled with a forest of masts, among which the vessels of our own squadron, with their stripes and stars, were most conspicuous, and far beyond, as far as the eye could reach, lay the tideless sea, the classic Mediterranean, whilst all around us were scattered splendid villas; here and there a steepled church, and just above us frowned an almost impregnable castle upon the brow of the hill.

The scene was beautiful beyond my power of description, and we threw ourselves down upon the grassy slope of the hill to enjoy it in all of its richness.

In January, 1843, Lieutenant Frederick Chatard joined the ship. This month gave us several terrific gales from the southwest, and all hands were, whilst they lasted, kept at work on the ship's fasts, which now and then would part. The heavy seas breaking against the mole would sweep over us in torrents ; our topmasts had to be housed and all of our fasts doubled, but we rode out these gales in safety. In February we had an exceptional treat in the opera, and I was delighted with the evenings I spent listening to the sweet singing of Clara Novella, who, during the preceding month, had been delighting the community at Rome.

On the first night of her appearance she was unfortunately indisposed, and being obliged, by the manager, to sing, she made a failure, and was very ungallantly hissed, at which she felt insulted and left the stage ; but the authorities compelled her to appear on the stage again and to make an apology to the audience, which she did to this effect, that "she was indisposed from the fatigue of traveling, and to proceed with the scene would be but to insult the Genoese public." After having done that two *gendarmes* were put in attendance upon her, or, as we would say on board ship, she was put "in the sentry's charge."

Her subsequent appearance found her in fine voice, and she won frequent applause.

A number of changes were made in our mess this month, Tilton going to the "Congress," and a general change of captains being made, and I became anxious

lest I should be removed from the "Old Columbus" before the cruise was completed, for I had become much attached to her as a home afloat.

About the middle of March we of the wardroom invited the Governor of Genoa, the two admirals and their families, with some others of the magnates of the land and their families, to visit the ship in order to witness a regatta for which we had made arrangements, and we extended our invitations to the Commodore and all the officers of our own squadron.

The company began assembling shortly after noon of the day of the regatta, and when the governor arrived we sent the men aloft to furl sails in his honor, and, whilst the men were out on the yards, fired a salute of twenty-one guns, the guests being all assembled on our poop-deck.

The salute was answered from the arsenal on shore. I never saw people so delighted. Their wide-opened eyes carried the expression of "What's next!" The drum beat "to quarters" whilst the most of the party were strolling about the decks, and the running of the men and officers to their stations bewildered the ladies, and they all huddled together on one side of the deck, where we asked them to remain awhile to witness the exercise of the great guns. Then came the loud orders of the officers, and the running in and out of the guns, as the men went through their exercise, which no doubt was as another Babel to our visitors.

The rattle was sprung for "boarders," and the cry

of "Away there! all boarders and pikemen" resounded along the deck; swords sprung from scabbards, and each man grabbed his pistol and rushed upon deck to form in close order under the bulwarks, supported in their rear by the marines and pikemen in double line along the deck. Our visitors following as fast as their "land legs" would permit them, and crowding to the forward part of the poop-deck to witness the fight. At the order to "Board!" five hundred cutlasses gleamed above our bulwarks in the act of boarding our imaginary enemy; and at the order "Stand by to repel boarders!" we boarders fell back, and the marines fired a volley and advanced with the pikemen to receive the enemy who was supposed to be boarding us.

The governor expressed his pleasure in his loud and frequent exclamations of "Bene! bene!" At the sound of the bugle we all returned to our guns and went on with the fight between decks. Soon the retreat was sounded, the guns were secured, and we all returned to the side of the ladies, and the gallant ones of our officers told them how much more danger there was in their bright eyes than in any naval engagement,—how much more serious were the wounds of the heart than any that gun-shot could inflict!

The boats of the squadron were then called away and formed in line ahead, numbering twenty-one in all, and making a gay scene with their flags fluttering to the breeze, each boat, in addition to our stars and stripes, having a distinguishing flag which floated

from a staff in the bow—"red" for the "Columbus," "blue" for the "Congress," and "white" for the "Preble."

The marshal of the day, in a beautiful, long eight-oared boat, made signal that all was ready. A gun was fired and off they dashed, their oars lashing the water into a foam. It was really a beautiful sight to behold.

The ladies cried "Viva!" "Bravi!" "Beautiful!" "Magnifique!" and seemed to enjoy the scene as much as we could who had the favorite boats and bets pending to excite us. They reached the goal and formed again into line ready for another start. The gun again sent forth the signal, and again the crews sprang to their oars, whilst we from the "Columbus" deck watched for our favorites among the leading boats.

The waters were white with the splashing of the many oars, and the boats seemed to leap almost from the water as they neared our stern where all of our guests were assembled, as much interested in the issue as we were. It was seen that the leading boat was the second barge of the "Columbus," and the bugle sounded her "call," as if calling her own, when the men responding to its notes redoubled their efforts, and, passing the line, tossed oars, amidst the loud applause and shouts of "Bravi!" "Bravi!" from the ladies. Then followed another red flag, the "Columbus'" second cutter, next a white flag, the "Preble's" gig. Then followed the main body, our launches bringing up the rear and tossing their oars

as they passed and making the welkin ring with their three hearty cheers responsive to the applause of the ladies. The bugler answered with the never-failing "Yankee Doodle," after which we marched the governor and the ladies with our other guests down below, none of them knowing what was to come next, the day having been one of continual surprises to them, and they quietly followed all our directions.

The wardroom doors were thrown open and an elegant *déjeuner à la fourchette* spread with handsome decorations upon the table, greeted their eyes. "Beautiful!" "Magnifique!" passed from mouth to mouth, and the praise put us all in the best of spirits, and all was gay and joyous.

There was just room for all the ladies to be seated around the table, which was spread to its full length. The remaining guests filled the wardroom so closely that we could just manage to wait upon them and that was all, more having come than were expected, and we had our mess-room filled with marquesses, countesses, admirals, generals, and almost all the titles of Italy.

All, however, were accommodated and helped to the repast. Loud popped the champagne, and merry rang the laughter of the fair ones. Eyes shone bright and tongues rattled, and the game of the knife and fork was soon filling the measure of each one's enjoyment.

The gouty governor and his two as gouty admirals enjoyed themselves as much as any. It was a scene joyous and exciting; wine flowed and wit

flashed. The most of the ladies could speak English fairly, and we were at no loss to entertain them. The affair was *impromptu*, and they enjoyed it the more for that reason. We had not said "champagne" or "boned turkey" to them once, and they had little expected such an entertainment, we having kept it secret, every one expecting simply to witness a regatta.

But we were not yet done with them. We adjourned from the table to the spar-deck, where our band was playing waltzes, and one couple starting off circling around the deck attracted others to the graceful dance, and soon the deck was filled with waltzers, where we kept them until twilight, when they dispersed.

The Admiral, Count de Very, left the ship under a salute of seventeen guns. Every countenance expressed pleasure and delight at the entertainment.

On the 27th of March I went ashore for a ramble among the churches. The first one I visited was that of San Mateo, one of the seven oldest churches in Genoa, built in 1278. The front is filled with inscriptions, one of which tells of the great naval victory of Scargola, in 1298—when the Venetian fleet was defeated by the Genoese under Lamba Doria, under the patronage of which family the church had been built. There were some fine pictures in it.

Next we went to San Stefano della Porta, and saw there the great painting of the martyrdom of St. Stephen, the joint production of Raphael and Giulio

Romano. It is called by competent judges the greatest painting in the world; some, however, make an exception of two paintings in Rome, the "Transfiguration" and the "Descent from the Cross." An Englishman offered 100,000 francs for it in 1814. We spent some time contemplating its beauties. St. Stephen was in the foreground, with upraised eyes and arms folded across his breast, the very picture of faith. St. Paul was on his right, looking on, whilst the multitude were in the rear, stoning the martyr. The heavens opened above and showed the Almighty and His "well-beloved Son" on His right. The countenance of the Almighty expressed wisdom, justice, and dignity, but it seemed strange that a painter should attempt to depict that which I think impossible to imagine, for what pencil could portray His attributes!

We visited also the church of Jesus, built at the expense of the Palavicini family. It is connected by an arch across the street with the ducal palace, over which the Doges used to pass to hear mass, and the archway is still used by the Governor for that purpose.

The interior of the church is filled with celebrated paintings, the ceiling with splendid frescoes, by the Genoese painter, Carlone. From the ceiling to the floor all is resplendent with gold and colors.

The last church visited was that of Santa Maria di Carignano, a very imposing building in its appearance, on one of the highest points in the city, and somewhat like the pictures of St. Peter's in Rome.

We crossed a bridge,—from which we could look into the seventh story of the houses beneath us,—thrown across the valley to make more easy the access to the church. The paintings in this church were very fine, but were not well cared for.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE AT PORT MAHON—COMMODORE MORRIS RELIEVES COMMODORE MORGAN, WHO IS TO SUCCEED IN THE COMMAND OF THE BRAZIL SQUADRON—FRENCH CONSUL'S BALL—ENTERTAINMENT ON THE "COLUMBUS"—SQUADRON SAILS FROM PORT MAHON—PART COMPANY—AWAY FOR TOULON.

ON the 1st of April, 1843, we sailed from Genoa for Port Mahon, where we were soon at our old anchorage.

John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," who was our consul at Tunis, came over from Marseilles, on the sloop-of-war "Fairchild," on his way to his post of duty; but learning that the "Columbus" was to sail for Gibraltar and afterwards to Tunis, he concluded to go with us.

On the 19th of April the line-of-battle ship "Delaware" was signaled off the harbor, and soon entered, with a salute from our vessel. I visited my friends on the old "Delaware," and found Gustavus V. Fox (who afterwards became assistant-secretary of the navy, in 1862) and Stephen C. Rowan both well.

On the 26th of April Commodore Morgan turned

over the squadron to Commodore Morris, and our ship was made the flagship of the Brazil squadron. There were efforts to effect change of ships by some of the officers, but the most of us, after comparing the comforts of this ship with what the "Delaware" had to offer, hoisted Lawrence's flag, with its motto, "Don't give up the ship!" and concluded to remain with our old "barkie," no matter where she was ordered.

With Commodore Morgan we were able now and then to find out his intentions, but Commodore Morris is as "tight as wax," and we could not learn anything about our movements in advance.

On the first of May the Bay of Mahon was noisy with the discharge of cannon, in celebration of the birthday of Louis Philippe, king of France. The little French corvette was dressed off in its flags, and fired a salute, morning, noon and night, and at noon every ship of our fleet fired a salute of twenty-guns, with the French flag at the fore.

At night we were all invited to a *soirée* at the French consul's, and at 8.30 Spotswood and I were in full uniform and in attendance upon the Arquimbeaus, who were placed under my charge for the evening as their father and mother would not go; so we entered the ballroom of the consul with two of the prettiest young ladies in the room on our arms. They called me *papa* for the evening, and after a waltz and *contradanza* with each, I with pencil and card kept a record of their engagements and played the part of *papa* with becoming

dignity. I felt all the importance of being a married man, and fully appreciated the honor bestowed upon me and the confidence reposed in me by their parents. The girls seemed perfectly satisfied, and whenever there was any difficulty in regard to their engagements would refer their "beaux" to their papa for proper settlement of the matter.

The dances were alternately the waltz, the contradanza and the rigadon or quadrille, and I admired much the gracefulness of the lovely Spanish girls as they glided over the floor to the inspiring music. Commodore Morris attended the ball, as did our Commodore Morgan, who was the observed of all observers. Commodore Morris did not earn the good-will of the squadron he commanded, conceiving himself to be the great reformer and retrencher. The neatness and cleanliness of the "Columbus" necessitated considerable expenditure of paint to furbish up his "Delaware" when the two vessels were in contrast to each other, the latter not being in the best condition by any means.

Amongst the first orders given by Commodore Morris when he let go his anchor was "all officers will cut off their whiskers!"

We of the "Columbus" retained ours, not considering ourselves under his orders, but as being now a part of the Brazil squadron.

Shortly before we sailed the wardroom officers gave a ball in honor of Lieutenant G. H. Scott and his bride of a week's standing, and at 3 o'clock P. M. on May 4th we began our decorations for the im-

promptu entertainment, and when lit up at dark our deck was really brilliant.

The awnings had been spread and lined with national flags and the sides closed in with canvas curtains, festooned with red, white and blue bunting. In the middle, above a stack of bright muskets which surrounded the capstan, was erected a large chandelier or pyramid of bayonets stuck with candles. Around the hatchway were rows of muskets with fixed bayonets as reflectors for the candles which were stuck in their muzzles. Another hatchway was covered over with evergreens hiding a cage with canary birds which warbled whenever the band ceased playing.

This was called the "bower of bliss," and was erected for the bride especially, and over its front was placed "a bunch of wheat" tied with a white ribbon, as an appropriate emblem.

Another hatchway was covered with mattresses, over which the American ensign was thrown, making a luxurious divan in the middle of the deck where the ladies could lounge upon cushions and pillows after the fatigue of dancing.

The rails and masts were ornamented with bright cutlasses, tastefully arranged and reflecting in every direction the many lights that were shining on deck.

The men enjoyed the affair as much as we did, and came aft to assist us in our arrangements. We had a splendid crew of young men, and we were proud of them.

The ball opened with a waltz composed by the leader of our band, who, at my request, named it the "Arquimbeau waltz," after the young ladies whom I have mentioned as the belles and favorites of the place.

On the morning of the 8th of May the fleet got under way and sailed out of the harbor. In the maneuvers that followed our vessel was the fastest and best drilled of all, and we had to lay-to for the rest of the squadron to catch up, the "Delaware" being the slowest vessel of all. When that vessel ranged up within speaking distance Commodore Morris gave us permission to part company, so we filled away, leaving the "Delaware" with her "comb" cut, and we received the cheers of the fleet, whose crews filled their rigging, bidding us adieu, and at sunset we were out of sight on our way to Toulon. The "Delaware" had come out as a "crack" ship to set us an example; and as we had won the position as the best vessel of the navy, we showed our attachment to her by even going to the Brazil station in preference to leaving her.

On the 13th of May, after encountering a heavy gale in the Gulf of Lyons, we reached Toulon, and came to anchor.

CHAPTER XIX.

GOVERNMENT DOCKS AT TOULON—OFF FOR THE BRAZIL STATION—OUR OLD COMMODORE RETURNS HOME—DINE WITH OUR MINISTER SLOCUM AT HIS LOVELY HOME OUTSIDE OF RIO—SALUTES TO THE NEW EMPRESS—RECEPTION CEREMONIES.

WITH the Commodore and a large number of officers we made the grand tour amongst the government docks in the navy yard of Toulon, which is the grand depot for the largest vessels of the French navy. All their line-of-battle ships were laid up here, and we found everything peculiarly interesting to us.

Our attention was drawn to several large ships that are famed in history, and which for many a year had braved the battle and the breeze. Amongst the most prominent was the frigate "Muiron," which brought Napoleon from Egypt, and bore the name of General Muiron who was killed at Napoleon's side at the siege of Toulon, whilst crossing the ditch at one of the forts. All officers and men touch their hats when they pass this vessel, which is moored at the entrance of the sea-wall, which extends across the harbor.

We were shown a quantity of knick-knacks carved by the galley-slaves, who are employed in the works here. We were told that there were then three thousand three hundred convicts; the poor fellows went to their assigned tasks with heavy chains about their legs.

Our mess spent considerable time in the studio of Monsieur Pelegrin, who made crayon sketches of all of us, and they were wonderful likenesses and done with great care. Page's portrait looked as if he were just receiving a report from an officer of his watch; Kilty's looked as if he were about to rub his nose, which is a habit of his; whilst West, our marine officer, appeared as though expecting the admiration of all who looked upon him. He had asked Pelegrin to make it pretty, as he wanted to send it to his wife.

On the morning of May 20th we sailed from Toulon, and reached Port Mahon on the evening of the 22d. We were detained there by bad weather until the 29th, when the ship was unmoored and we sailed for our station.

On the 11th of June we were in Gibraltar Bay at anchor, head-winds and calms having made our passage against the current very slow. A day or two of pleasure there was all we were permitted to enjoy when, before a favorable wind, we sailed for the coast of Brazil, reaching Rio after a favorable but uneventful passage.

In August, our old Commodore (Morgan) left us for home, to our regret, as we were all attached to him. I remember the farewell dinner we gave him

in the wardroom. Page, our caterer and the presiding officer on the occasion, made him a pretty little speech, to which he responded with much feeling. All of us expressed our regrets at his leaving us, and showed to our other guests what a favorite he was with us.

When he left the ship the rigging was manned in silence, and each of us shook him by the hand a hearty "good-bye!" and when going over the side he turned to the officers and wished us a happy termination of our cruise and that we "and the crew should receive the encomiums so justly due,—" a short but feeling valedictory. We on the quarter-deck and the men in the rigging from the "truck" down to the deck, stood bareheaded, looking towards the boat which bore our old chief away from his ship; a salute of thirteen guns was fired, and the men coming down from aloft, we retired to our staterooms below.

Our mess was pretty well broken up. Goldsborough went to the "Columbia," and subsequently Chatard was ordered to her as first-lieutenant.

Our minister to Brazil persuaded the Commodore to keep the "Columbus" in Rio, that she might be on hand to add to the festivities on the arrival of the new Empress of Brazil, our ship being the largest in port, and almost as much of a "lion" as when she was in Genoa.

Extensive preparations for the celebration were made, triumphal arches erected, fireworks purchased, etc.

On September 3d, Page, Cadwallader, Murray, Tod and I went ashore to dine with Mr. Slocum, our consul, at his country place in the valley of Larangeiras, and we drove out through most lovely scenery up to the head of the valley, where the tall peak of the Corcovado reared itself on high. Just at its side was our host's mansion in a most beautiful situation. Below us the little village of Cateta seemed to rise from the surf which beat against its hard beach; further on in the middle of the bay was Fort of Villegagnon, before which all merchant ships must anchor before passing out of the bay. Men-of-war only were privileged to pass without being "brought to" by its cannon, and far over the other side of the harbor was the town of Praya Grande with its white walls and red tiles making altogether as beautiful a *coup-d'œil* as one would wish to see.

We walked out with our host up a zigzag path to a crag jutting out from the peak, near the aqueduct which supplies the city with water. The spot was a wild one, and is called the "mother of waters." The stream rushes in a torrent down the solid rock which forms the side of the hill and in which is hewn a gully or passage to conduct the water to its reservoir, which was erected in 1742. Upon a flat space on the rocky hill were seated a picnic party, several pretty Portuguese girls and elderly ladies and gentle men. Seeing me pluck a leaf to make a drinking-cup of it the ladies sent me a tumbler, a courtesy I was quick to thank them for.

We pursued our way around the mountain for a mile and a half, following the aqueduct until we came to an opening in the trees, when we saw through a telescope the Brazilian corvette which was the *avant-courier* of the Empress' fleet of Brazilian and Neapolitan vessels which were approaching.

Then began the firing of salutes by the forts at the entrance of the harbor, taken up by the men-of-war in port, among which we could easily distinguish our own good ship, "Columbus," by her quick firing. The reports reverberated among the hills and were multiplied tenfold.

We returned to the house by four o'clock and sat down to a delightful repast. As we finished our dessert, a negro in livery ran in, clapping his hands, and announced that the Empress had arrived, and we all ran to the windows, and sure enough there was the fleet, the Brazilian frigate, a Neapolitan line-of-battle ship, and five smaller vessels, entering the harbor amidst salvos of artillery.

We drove into town after dark through the illuminated streets, and were soon afterward on our way to the ship.

The Emperor had gone on board the frigate to see his bride, and was returning, each vessel as he passed firing a salute. The English corvette had blue lights burning from each yard-arm, which threw a glare over the whole harbor.

The view from our ship was splendid; all the ships were firing salutes; every steeple and promi-

ment public building was blazing with lights; and the whole city was bright with illumination, which seemed to extend all around the bay, greeting the imperial bride with a beautiful spectacle.

On the 4th, soon after 8 o'clock, when the emperor's grand barge came in sight, all the vessels dressed ship with flags, and we were all firing salutes; so that, with the thundering of cannon from seventeen men-of-war, there was noise enough to gratify royalty itself.

The procession of boats passed along under the stern of the "Columbus," led by two boats filled with musicians playing the Emperor's march. In the midst of the two lines of boats came the Emperor's magnificent barge, all gilding and carved work, with a canopy, curtained with crimson silk damask, in which sat the youthful Emperor and his sister, Princess Januaria, and their attendants. The barge was propelled by thirty oars, with two men in uniform to each oar. Beside the canopy stood the imperial standard-bearer, with the silken banner waving over him, and on the other side the Emperor's chamberlain, with an officer of high rank at the helm and one in the bow, all in rich uniforms.

As they passed the Neapolitan and Brazilian ships, their crews upon the yards gave three cheers. At length they reached the frigate's side, when the Emperor and the princess went on board, soon returning with the bride to the barge, and were rowed back over the same course, with a continuous salute following them through the fleet. There was

a drizzling rain prevailing, and at every general salute there followed heavy showers of rain. Notwithstanding this, however, the shores were lined with patriotic Brazilians, and the streets and palace square were filled with soldiers and lookers-on, as the imperial pair entered the cathedral to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Our little captain said to me: "Well, they did not make half the fuss when you and I were married, Mr. Sands, and I'll wager we married better women than this same Empress they are wasting so much powder about."

About 2 o'clock P. M., the ceremony being over, an imperial salute again resounded to announce the fact. Our ships alone fired this day eight hundred and forty pounds of powder, which, with the five hundred and four used up the day before, made thirteen hundred and forty-four pounds of powder expended; so it may be imagined how much seventeen men-of-war and four forts managed to burn up on this occasion.

Our midshipmen, who were ashore, came off and reported that "she was tolerably good-looking for an Empress," and that she seemed to be older than the Emperor. She left the cathedral in a splendidly gilt carriage, drawn by mules in velvet caparisons, and attended by a procession of state carriages containing the cabinet, foreign ministers, etc.

In the imperial carriage sat the happy pair, accompanied by the Emperor's sister and the Empress's brother, who is a lieutenant on board the Neapoli-

tan line-of-battle ship ; and it is supposed that these two may make a match of it, as he is as poor as any other Italian prince, and would, in event of such a marriage, be provided for by the Brazilian government.

The imperial party went out to the palace of San Cristoval, some two miles out in the country, where they remained for eight days before returning to the city.

Our band was "borrowed" for the festivities on shore, and our captain permitted them to keep it for the eight days.

Throughout this period the illuminations were kept up every night, and the city and harbor were brilliant.

On the 7th of September came the day of presentation for the foreign officers and the diplomatic corps. Commodore Turner invited only two of the wardroom officers to go with him to attend that ceremony, so we selected Page and Cadwallader to represent us, and from them heard the story of their reception. It was a queer ceremony and fuss for the great honor of looking at an Emperor and Empress, making a bow and *walking backwards* for a long distance between two files of courtiers, through the whole length of the presence chamber, etiquette forbidding those present from turning their backs on the Imperial couple.

They said the palace was nothing to compare with even the most ordinary palace in Genoa ; the Emperor they likened unto the fat boy in Pick-

wick—the Empress being some five or six years older than he, quite good looking, and very pleasant and affable.

Some queer stories were told about them, which I dislike to repeat.

One evening when it was announced that the imperial pair would visit the theater, I went ashore and amused myself strolling through the illuminated streets, examining the really beautifully designed arches near which were stationed the bands discoursing delightful music. We pushed our way through the crowd to the second arch, a good position for observation, and there I watched the passers-by—not seeing one good-looking woman in every fifty who passed, and none that I saw had any pretension to beauty. The most of the Portuguese were like the well-dressed mulatto girls we had in Washington.

After standing waiting for nearly two hours we learned that the Emperor, in a boyish freak, had slipped through some back streets into the theater, to the disgust and disappointment of the assembled crowds.

On the 10th the Neapolitan Prince paid our ship a visit and was received with all the honors—the yards manned and a fitting salute. Our Yankee middies were thoroughly disgusted at being ordered to hold the man-ropes for him as he came over the side.

It was a novelty to us to see this first-lieutenant actually *commanding* his commodore and captains!

CHAPTER XX.

THE SIEGE OF MONTEVIDEO—GARIBALDI IN HIS EARLIEST BATTLE—THE FRENCH ADMIRAL'S DIPLOMACY—AMERICANS LIKED BY BOTH PARTIES BECAUSE OF THEIR STRICT NEUTRALITY—RETURN HOME.

THE state of affairs in Montevideo was such in October, 1843, as to require the presence of our Commodore in the River La Plata, and we were early under way, bound south. Reaching Montevideo we anchored conveniently near to the city and found the situation very serious indeed, as the place was still in a state of siege and surrounded by the Buenos-Ayrean forces, under Generals Oribe and Urquiza, with skirmishes daily occurring.

Brown, in command of the blockading squadron, was threatening to bombard the city; but as the English residents owned a great deal of property there, Admiral Purvis, of the English navy, declared that at the first shot upon the town he would seize the whole of Brown's squadron, and that he would protect the city with the whole naval force at his command.

This declaration had been caused by a threat from

the besieging forces that they would act decisively soon, warning all foreigners to remove from danger, as they intended to open fire on the city, which the French and English notified them would not be permitted.

The situation within the walls grew daily more distressing; forage for the cattle became scarce, and food supplies more and more difficult to obtain. All sorts of rumors were current; at one time it was said that the President Rivera was somewhere in the interior in pursuit of General Urquiza of the Buenos-Ayrean forces; at another time Urquiza was stated to be marching on Rivera, who was retreating before him.

It was about the 20th of November that we witnessed, from the top of a house, about half a mile from the scene of action, the most important engagement that took place during the whole siege.

A party of Italians and other foreigners, who had taken sides with the Montevideans, sallied out on a reconnoissance, and, venturing nearer than usual to the enemy's outposts, came suddenly upon a larger party of the besiegers who were on the march towards the city to attack its outposts, and who were thus prepared for an extensive *guerilla* or skirmish.

The colonel of the *Inside* party, as they were sometimes called, was so headstrong and foolhardy as to ride out in advance of his men and make a speech to the enemy, in which, with all the volubility of his native tongue, he set forth their characters as

blackest murderers and dastardly cowards, etc., etc.; they, of course, did not permit him to read them a long lecture in that vein, but with a volley tumbled him from his horse, mortally wounded.

A battle thereupon commenced, in which the colonel's body was carried off by the enemy. His second in command, a gallant Genoese named Garibaldi (who was also the commander of the Montevidean navy) returned to the combat with the determination to recover his leader's body, and he drove back the Buenos-Ayrean forces, pursuing them until they came to close quarters when, as his ammunition had given out, his men had to fight them hand to hand with the bayonet over the dead body of the colonel, which he succeeded in recovering and taking off the field, although the enemy was in far greater numbers.

Garibaldi pushed on his success so far as to take possession of one of the outposts of the besieging party, which he could not hold, however, for want of ammunition, and he retreated, his men not having a single cartridge left, but without being pursued; for the enemy did not like the taste of the cold bayonet, and were not inclined to renew the morning's entertainment, preferring to remain within their main lines. The colonel who so fell was considered a very gallant fellow; but his conduct on this occasion was imprudent and rash. His brave comrades under Garibaldi won unstinted applause on their return from the field for their gallant rescue of his body. Their loss was forty killed and about

seventy wounded, and it was supposed that the opposing forces lost far more heavily.

This was the first time the name of Garibaldi was heard with distinction. During the siege his daring was several times exhibited and gave him prominence. His subsequent career is too well known for me to do more than refer to it, and I mention the above incident, because we were witnesses to this, the beginning of his adventurous and distinguished career.

Every morning we had similar little excitements on shore, and from the ship we could see the skirmishes outside the walls, and when we chose we could walk out and watch their little encounters for amusement.

The people of the city at one time announced their intention to sally out in force and compel Oribe to raise the siege unless President Rivera soon made his appearance, the gallant bearing and example of the small but brave band of foreigners giving them great courage.

The enemy by false rumors tried to inveigle them into doing just that thing, they having been heavily reinforced and prepared to overcome them when once outside of the walls.

As December came and passed away without succor or relief, the hopes of the foreigners began to fall. Oribe advanced closer to the walls and Brown renewed his threats of bombardment. About this time the French admiral began to intrigue with the besiegers and obtained from General Oribe a prom-

ise that the Frenchmen who had taken arms in the struggle should be spared in case the city fell.

This was difficult for him to assure, as the besiegers had become very bitter against all foreigners except the Americans, who preserved strict neutrality throughout the troubles, whilst the French and English were forever putting their "fingers in the pie."

My own sympathies were with the Montevideans who called themselves *Colorados* (or reds), for they were so much more humane than their besiegers the *Blanquillos* (or whites).

On the 16th of December there was quite a scene in the public square, where all the armed French were assembled upon the call of the French admiral. He demanded that they should lay down their arms and return to their allegiance to their own king and country, whereupon they unanimously refused, declaring that they had no confidence in his promises of protection, that he was an *imbecile*, and their consul a rogue, and that they were determined to retain their arms and fight for their adopted country until the arrival of a new admiral who would have the power and the will to protect them from the knives of the throat-cutting *Blanquillos*; and should *he*, the new admiral, require them to lay down their arms they could rely upon him and would obey!

The English, too, had a difficulty with the outside party, growing out of General Oribe's refusal to receive an English officer as a messenger from

his Commodore, and his declining to hold any communication with the English.

We found that we were respected by both sides, and at the Buceo, where fresh beef was obtained for the crew, the English and French crews were compelled to restrict themselves to the shore, whilst our officers and men were permitted to go freely everywhere, even in the besiegers' camp, and everywhere about the port—our boats being supplied first of all.

This siege continued for some time longer, but we were not permitted to see its end.

In Christmas week our Commodore sailed for Rio on the arrival of the "John Adams," and ere long the homeward-bound pennant was hoisted, and we sailed for New York.

CHAPTER XXI.

JOIN THE DEPOT OF CHARTS AND INSTRUMENTS—
THE FOUNDATION OF THE NAVAL OBSERVA-
TORY—CRUISE IN THE BRIG “WASHINGTON”—
CROSSING THE BAHAMA BANK AT NIGHT—
BLOCKADE ON MEXICAN COAST—DANCE A “FAN-
DANGO” AT CARMEN—A LADY’S AIRY COSTUME—
THE CAPTURE OF TABASCO BY THE NAVY—
GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE CAPTURE OF
MEXICO AND THE BATTLES PRECEDING IT, IN
LETTER FROM THE FIELD.

AFTER a brief period of rest following my detach-
ment from the old “Columbus,” I obtained orders to
special duty in connection with the Depot of Charts
and Instruments, as it was styled. I remained
attached to the depot under Lieutenant Matthew F.
Maury, and remained there until after its transfer to
the Naval Observatory, which was built upon its
present site, then known as University Square. I
was the officer next in rank to Maury, and assisted
him in laying out the plans for the buildings and
grounds, and in mounting the first instruments under
Gilliss.

In March or April, 1847, I was detached from the

Naval Observatory duty, and ordered as executive officer of the brig "Washington," under command of Lieutenant S. Phillips Lee, which was intended to go upon coast-survey work; but the Mexican war coming on, she was attached to the Home squadron, and our fitting-out hastened as much as possible at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, that we might join the squadron in the Gulf in time to participate in the contemplated bombardment of Vera Cruz.

Our sailing-master was Gustavus V. Fox (afterwards Assistant Secretary of the Navy, in 1861), and Passed Midshipman I. R. M. Mullany (now a rear admiral). Our commanding officer, S. P. Lee, took his meals at our mess, and we were kept in jovial spirits all the time by Fox's well-timed and sharp wit; even Lee had to let his smiles show themselves at his lively sallies.

On the 8th of April we sailed from the Navy Yard on our way down the Delaware, and found the little brig to be all we could wish. She behaved beautifully, having beat to windward of and passed everything under sail on the river. The pilot said that some of those vessels passed were considered very fast sailers, and was surprised to see a square-rigged vessel so easily go to windward of the "fore-and-afters."

By the 9th of the month we were off the Bahama Banks, the brig having proved herself a fast sailer. Reaching the Banks after dark, we were so eager to reach our destination that Lee consulted me and Fox as to whether we should attempt the passage or

not. As the choice lay between anchoring for the night or going around by the "Isaacs," a dangerous shoal to look out for at night, we agreed that it were better to try to cross the Banks straight; and we three had an anxious night, being all on deck constantly, with the "lead" going all the time.

At times the leadsman's cry of "Mark above water *two!*" gave us queer sensations, for in plain English it meant that the water was scarcely *twelve feet* deep, and as the brig drew eleven feet, it was close shaving over the hard sandy bottom. So we were greatly relieved when the cry of "Seven fathoms and no bottom!" told us that we were past the Orange Cay, a reef on the western edge of the Bank.

The breeze was quite fresh, and we sped along at the rate of ten knots, comfortably, until we reached that part of the Gulf-stream between Cuba and Key West, where there was a heavy sea prevailing, left by a gale, and we sometimes rolled the muzzles of our guns under water.

Notwithstanding the fact that we pressed on under all the sail we could carry, we reached Vera Cruz two days after its capture; but the Commodore, on the 5th of May, signaled for us to get under way and follow the frigate "Raritan," which had sailed five hours before us for Tabasco River, and at nightfall we passed her. But as we were communicating with the sloop-of-war "John Adams," whose mail we had on board, the "Raritan" overhauled us.

We learned from the "Adams" that the Mexicans were in considerable force at Tabasco; but it was not thought that they would make any more of a fight there than they had at Tuxpan, where, after a mere skirmish (with fierce *firing*) they abandoned their guns upon the landing of the storming party, whose loud cheers thoroughly frightened them.

We were elated at the prospect of a "brush" with the *Greasers* or Mustangs as they were euphoniously called, our vessel being ordered to blockade off Laguna until the Commodore should come down from Alvarado with a force sufficiently large for the attack.

We kept our men well drilled at small arms and great guns—two-thirds of our crew being selected to go with the landing party under my command.

It having been rumored that General Santa Anna vexed at his frequent defeats, was seeking to escape through our lines on his way to Europe, we were kept at close and wearisome work on our blockade in hopes of capturing him. On the night of May 11, when our brig was off Carmen de los Lagunas, we had some duty which kept us ashore until after dark, and several of us were persuaded to join a party gathered at the English consul's house to attend a *fandango* which had been got up with a view to creating a good feeling with the natives of the place.

We entered the room where the entertainment was given, and found ourselves in the midst of men in shirt-sleeves, with scarfs around their waists, hats

on, etc.,—and women, beside whom our mulatto servants at home would have been beauties, their whole costumes being the chemise and petticoat, with now and then a bandana handkerchief thrown over the shoulders.

Three or four couples were engaged dancing, snapping their fingers in lieu of castanets, the men cutting all sorts of antics, whilst the women, with eyes modestly cast down, shuffled around in a parrot-toed fashion to the monotonous music of flute, fiddles and guitars.

They made the music a little more lively on our entrance, and began a waltz to it, and I picked out the least ugly girl I could see, and at it we went; the thermometer over 100, and with the perspiration pouring down we whirled about, regardless of keeping time, and altogether most ungracefully.

It was a most disagreeable piece of exercise. I have often laughed at my being an actor in such a ludicrous scene. It was worse than the negro dances we had at Cape François when I was a midshipman, and although, to give countenance to the entertainment, all of the officers and the captains of our vessels present attended, I would not have gone through with it again even for such company.

On the 16th of May the Commodore came down to Carmen, and on the 22d the sloop-of-war "Albany" came down near to our station, and we sailed in her company for Campeche, Captain Breeze and Commander Mackenzie being sent as commissioners to settle the difficulties existing between us and the

Yucatanese. We learned that on the 8th of the month, Mr. Frist, the chief clerk of the State Department, had arrived at Vera Cruz on his way to the city of Mexico, with full powers to negotiate, and orders for General Scott to arrest his onward march to the Halls of the Montezumas.

On the 23d we reached Campeche and sailed up to within three miles of the little town of Lerma, to the westward of that city, and sailed the next day for Sisal, which we reached on the 25th of May. I took a stroll through that village, which I found to be pretty much like all the Mexican villages I had seen—the houses small and plain, no sidewalks, and no flower-gardens, but with tropical plants growing wild in abundance. I saw only two good-looking women in the place. One of these was sitting in her hammock; she had quite regular features and fine dark eyes, being apparently taller than any of the Mexican women I had seen. The other, leaning against the door, was a young girl about fifteen years of age. Both were sallow in complexion, and quite cool in their dress, which consisted merely of a chemise, square and bag-like, with a square cut hole in the top and one on each side for the arms to pass through. The hole at the top was embroidered around for a width of two inches with colored cotton or silk, as was the hem of the garment. Imagine ladies sitting thus, swinging idly in hammocks in the middle of their only room, the door wide open, with nothing on but this thin chemise, partly off at the shoulders, returning the

inquisitive gaze of strangers as modestly as though they had no charms to reveal! What will not custom effect?

At last Commodore Perry, having taken all the enemy's ports on the Gulf coast, resolved to go into the interior and, ascending the Tabasco River, to take possession of the city of Tabasco.

On the day appointed (June 16th) the vessels of our fleet were assembled off the mouth of the river and crossed the bar, the steamers towing the sailing-vessels, and we commenced the passage up the river, which presented many fine positions for defense on its banks, all of which we passed successfully until we came to a turn in the river called "Devil's Bend" where it was reported the enemy had determined upon a stand to arrest our further progress.

We soon made short work of that, however, and our force of sailors, landing at daylight the next morning, with the aid of the officers hauled the battery of light guns up the almost perpendicular banks of the river. Such enthusiastic zeal could hardly be surpassed, and we at once commenced the march across the country to turn the flank of the forts which defended the city, some twelve miles distant; some steamers, in the meantime, feeling their way up stream to co-operate if possible, hardly expecting to do much, however, as the river was said to be full of obstructions.

But one halt was made, about noon, the enemy retiring in small parties before us. The Commodore

led us on foot. We caught one mule which was appropriated to the use of the hospital staff.

Although level, the line of our march was over very swampy ground, and pioneers were detailed to cut brush to make roads, so as to prevent the guns from sinking up to their hubs as they were being dragged along, at times whole companies being necessary at the trail ropes to take them over difficult places.

Now and then, as we went on, guns from the steamers told of the progress they were making towards the city, and finally we reached the enemy's fortifications, and a charge was at once made upon them. We gave them time to fire but a few guns before the sailors were over the parapets and into the fort, and on we went at double-quick towards the city, the enemy in flight before us. We soon seized every point of vantage, and by sunset were in full possession, with batteries planted in the principal plaza of Tabasco.

In the general order issued by the Commodore he expressed it that "his only regret was that the enemy did not stand more bravely to his guns," and having accomplished his object he shortly sent the greater part of his force down the river.

From the masthead of the brig, I made a sketch of the windings of the river to the Devil's Bend, and thence the route marched to the city, which my coast-survey experience enabled me to do with considerable accuracy. The Commodore heard of it and sent, through his fleet captain, for a copy of it,

and with a few corrections thereon as to the force detailed, he sent it to the Department with his report of the action.

The correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* also used a copy of my sketch to illustrate his letter to his paper.

The Commodore sent to our commanding officer a complimentary letter as to the part we had taken, and then ordered us to Sisal, and after a short time there we were ordered to Pensacola.

In August I received an interesting letter from my brother-in-law, William H. French, then a second-lieutenant in the Second U. S. artillery—a West-Pointer who subsequently was one of General McClellan's favorite commanders and was breveted major-general in the regular army for his distinguished services in battle—written from San Angel, and detailing several important battles in which he had participated; and as it is interesting because of the graphic sketches written on the field of battle, I do not hesitate to give it verbatim as a close to this chapter.

"SAN ANGEL, before the City of Mexico,
August 27, 1847.

MY DEAR FRANK,

Amid the bustle of camp I find time and opportunity to write you to tell of my weathering the iron storm which swept away so many of my regiment.

Our army operated on two lines which met at a

point called *Cherubusco*, the intersection of the San Augustin causeway with the great Acapulco road.

We had marched from Chalco, making a detour to the rear of the city. Worth leading, found himself before the enemy strongly fortified at San Antonio; he here encamped. The other portion of the army moved over a ridge of mountains of lava formation, and on the evening of the 19th were in presence of an entrenched camp at Contreras, and under a most terrific fire from the heavy batteries in its front.

At night Generals Twiggs and Pillow, having returned to San Augustin, General Smith was left in command, and organizing a plan of attack, awaited the coming of day to put it into execution.

The force of the enemy in position was 7000 infantry and cavalry and twenty-two pieces of artillery, three 16-pounders, two 8-inch howitzers and a small mortar included, under the command of Valencia.

Towards sunset Smith made dispositions to attack Santa Anna (who was a mile in our rear with a force of 12,000 men drawn up in two lines) upon his right flank, but suddenly changed his plans and leaving Shield's brigade in the village, with orders to extend his line and increase the number of his camp-fires to deceive Santa Anna, he moved by the right flank, and at daylight the enemy saw him in the rear of their strong works; a few volleys of musketry sufficed to get our men's blood up, for they were chilled by the rain which had fallen during the night in torrents, and then there arose

that fearful shout which precedes the charge; the rush was made, and the enemy, seized with terror, fled in confusion, leaving all their artillery, including two guns of Washington's battery lost at Buena Vista, which *his own* regiment had the good fortune to re-capture, 1500 prisoners and over 700 killed, the wounded in proportion.

Our battery had no share in this part of the "Battle of Mexico," remaining on the crest of the ridge all the night of the 19th. We had the pleasurable sensations of being under the fire of their heavy shot and shells for six hours, with the knowledge that our light guns could not do anything in return; but our time was to come. After the fort was carried we were able to drag our pieces down a terrible descent, by hand, not at all improved by the enemy's artificial obstructions.

At 8:30 A. M. we were on the Acapulco road and dashed at a gallop toward San Angel, where we took the advance. As our battery flew past the different divisions, the army gave us three cheers, and on we went, some mounted rifles in advance. A party of Lancers gave us a volley at the head of the main street and took to flight; the music of escopettes was not new to us.

A few minutes brought us up to where the enemy were prepared to give us battle. For a moment we halted whilst the 1st Artillery marched past us taking the left fork of a road, of which we then took the right, both opening in front of the Mexican works.

Our position was in an open field, the mud hub-deep. We sprung into battery under the heaviest fire that can be conceived, from a bastioned work having seven guns bearing on us, and the fire of 1500 muskets from the roof of a large convent in its gorge. Our fire soon occupied their attention and drew everything upon us. We swept their infantry from the roof, but only to rally behind the curtain of the bastion. Our battery took the storm of grape, shell, round shot and musketry for an hour and a half, within musket range.

We lost, in killed and wounded, twenty-two men, two officers, and twenty-three horses. As soon as our infantry had gained the rear our fire ceased and we limbered up, still under heavy fire, some of our guns having but two horses out of six left. Captain Taylor and myself were the only ones left mounted.

The 1st Artillery, marching by the left road, poured itself upon a battery, the first discharge killing Captains Capron and Burke and Lieutenant Hoffman, First-lieutenants Johnstone and Irons were mortally wounded at different points. Martin had his right arm taken off at the shoulder as we came into battery; he is doing well.

The fort was carried by the 3d Infantry and 1st Artillery, other troops following. Over 1200 prisoners and seven pieces of artillery were here surrendered—dead and wounded *quantum sufficit ad nauseam!*

When the enemy were defeated at Contrares on the morning of the 20th, Santa Anna broke up his camp and strengthening Cherubusco returned to the

city, and seeing San Antonio completely turned, ordered the artillery to be withdrawn. Worth, pushing ahead to storm this work, found it evacuated, and, pursuing, rapidly overtook and captured eight pieces of artillery. On one, a thirty-two-pounder, was written "*Mata Yankees.*"

Going a little too fast Worth soon butted his head against a *Tête du Pont*, having a 16-pounder sweeping the causeway. This gun had also, a cross-fire on our battery. He marched his men over this work, which was the most complete field fort I ever saw. Here three more guns were taken. The enemy by this time were in full flight and our troops pursuing made great havoc with them.

Phil Kearney, 1st Dragoons, determined to have his full share of glory, charged up to the city gates, and returned, leaving an arm instead of his gauntlet at the barrier, the enemy having given him a discharge of grape.

Some other hard fighting took place at other positions of which I know nothing as yet, the reports not being published.

The whole resulted in the enemy's loss of three forts, thirty-nine pieces of artillery, 3000 prisoners, including seven generals and 400 other officers, and over 3000 killed and wounded, and the dispersion of an army of over 20,000 men. Our loss in killed and wounded about 1000 men and sixty-eight officers.

You will not think it strange that I have said so much about our battery, when I say that our isolated position and the tight place it was necessary for us to

occupy for the sake of others gave no opportunity for general observation. General Smith, with the 3d Infantry, were near us under cover of some houses, waiting for the proper moment to make a charge. General Smith said that our battery was the admiration of all who beheld it, and that he would see that it was highly noticed in the proper quarters.

It is universally acknowledged that we were in the hottest place occupied by any body of troops during this war. Some of our men who were with the battery in the streets of Monterey say that they thought that the hottest place in the world, and all they can say for this is that it was worse.

You will be gratified to learn that I have been mentioned with distinction in at least one report—the only one I have yet seen. My horse had a grape-shot across his nose and one across his left leg; but he was not disabled, and carried me through the day. Once I dismounted to reconnoiter and a ball struck the seat of my saddle. Six men were shot down at my right piece; the grape fairly rattled on the gun, carrying away the linstock, breaking the lock, and knocking off the thumbstall of No. 3, who was stopping the vent.

I was thrown in rear of this gun, on account of the right gun of the other section being out of position, a ditch being across its proper place. I brought it and placed it between my two guns. The other subs having been keeled over, I had to superintend four guns; to make matters worse, Taylor's horse planted his four legs and would not budge a

foot. I did the perambulating, my steed Tom performing wonders in the way of ditch-jumping, and standing all kinds of fire. We were so near that the tin of a canister cut a corporal's throat, and the *sabots* flew in all directions. So much for so much!

I saw Lieutenant Raphaël Semmes and C. R. P. Rodgers at Tacubaya, a few days since—Semmes is on Worth's staff as additional aide, and Rodgers is, or was, with Pillow. Semmes I am quite intimate with, and saw much of him during our long halt at Puebla. We used to visit the *senoritas* together.

I shall direct this letter to the fleet in general, hoping it may reach you.

By-the-bye, there is an armistice, for the purpose of negotiating a peace, which keeps us out of the city, at which the army is infernally mad, a mutiny could be gotten up at the shortest notice. We will get there somehow or other, now mark!

Yours affectionately,

WILL F."

On the 25th July we sailed from Pensacola and were engaged in deep-sea soundings in the Gulf and Gulf-stream—closing our surveying work in September, when we returned north.

This, although a short cruise, was the most uncomfortable one I ever sailed, and I never look back to it with any gratification.

CHAPTER XXII.

ORDERED TO THE BIG "PORPOISE"—SAIL FOR COAST OF AFRICA—REACH CAPE DE VERDE—CAPTAIN CANNOT THE CELEBRATED SLAVE-TRADER—CAPTURE OF A SLAVER UNDER BRAZILIAN COLORS—OUR CAPTAIN LETS HER GO—CALIFORNIA GOLD HUNTERS—SANTA CRUZ—THE AMAZON ARMY OF THE KING OF DAHOMEY.

BEING detached from the brig "Washington" on our return north I was, after a very few weeks' rest, ordered to join the brig-of-war "Porpoise," commanded by Captain Gordon and about to be ordered on a cruise to the coast of Africa.

This was not the most agreeable prospect, nor was the duty such as one would seek for, but duty is duty—and as some one would have to perform it, no one should seek to avoid it—and with this presage of what my duty required of me I promptly made all my arrangements for the comfort of my family whilst I was away, and reported on board at the Norfolk Navy Yard, in the fall of 1847.

We received our sailing orders in January, 1848. I had been hard at work with an excellent and a willing crew and good officers, to get the ship in readiness for sea. All the rigging was overhauled, provisions

stowed, crew daily drilled at great-guns and exercised in loosing and furling sails, etc., so that on the day that Captain Gordon came off to inspect her, he had to compliment me upon the admirable condition she was in, and upon the state of efficiency to which I had brought my crew—I being his executive officer. With the fine crew and the efficient officers I had to assist me, I had been able to accomplish a great deal since we went into commission. So that ere we left port the little brig "Porpoise" was looked upon as a fine specimen of her class, and her drills won the commendations of the old officers who watched them now and then.

My brother Charles, being offered the position of clerk to the captain, accepted it, and I was glad of the prospect of having him with me. On the 9th of January we dropped from the Navy Yard to the magazine, and took in our supply of ammunition for the cruise—and soon afterward were under way from Hampton Roads, bound out towards the broad ocean, on our course for Cape de Verde Islands.

Charles made himself a favorite on board with officers and men, and his beautiful sketches, made whenever anything of interest or beauty was in sight on our cruises up and down the coast were admired by all. Old Commodore Bolton was delighted with those he made for him. But he soon tired of the discipline of the ship, and before six months of the cruise had passed he obtained permission to go home as bearer of despatches,—a fever contracted down the coast having made him anxious to return

home,—and he left us in Funchal Roads, on a small brig bound homewards to New York, after a brief cruise down the coast of Africa.

In September we were anchored in the Bay of Funchal, Madeira, our little brig being the admiration of the squadron because of the ship-shape condition and cleanliness in which she was always kept.

We passed our time here pleasantly in riding out to the different Quintas in the neighborhood, where we were always received with cordial welcome by the English and Portuguese. On one occasion the Doctor and I mounted *cavillos* and rode out to call upon the Gordons, spending a delightful day. As we strolled the grounds looking down upon the bay, we could see our little brig seeming more diminutive from the elevation from which we viewed her. We returned to Funchal in time for dinner with our consul, Mr. March, who was most charming in his reception of us.

On the 17th of September we got under way for Porto Praya, in company with the "Jamestown," from which port we soon afterwards sailed down to the slave coast.

The 26th of November saw us off the coast in company with the schooner "Ohio," upon which suspicion had fallen as being a "slaver."

Our captain used to sit all day with the darkeys on shore, listening to their tales of the slave-dealers, and under their information believed that every vessel flying "the stars and stripes" was engaged in aiding and abetting the slave-dealers. It was

now suspected that the "Ohio" was to carry the famed adventurer and slave-dealer Captain Theodore Canot (whose career, so successful in his nefarious business, made him for many years a prominent man on that coast) from the Colony to Gallinas, where he had a "factory" full of slaves. I went on board and examined her papers and hold, but found nothing to excite suspicion except the fact, which the captain admitted, that he was to take Canot as a passenger and drop him at Gallinas *en route* to Sierra Leone. He explained that he had no right to question his passenger as to his business.

Captain Gordon said that he would watch him and if he landed that old slave-trader at Gallinas he would seize the vessel as a prize and send her to the States. So off we went on another wild-goose chase.

The "Ohio" was built at Marietta in February and came out to this coast as a trader.

On the night of 28th November in a squall we lost sight of the "Ohio," which we were watching, but in the morning sighted a stranger, a saucy-looking schooner, and fired a shot to make her "heave to" or show her flag. But she took no notice of our command, our shot fell short and she was edging off from us. We made all sail in chase, but as the wind grew lighter we found she was leaving us. We armed a couple of boats about nine o'clock and I was off in pursuit in the first cutter, the doctor having charge of the gig. We had scarcely pulled a quarter of a mile when the breeze freshened a little and the brig gradually crept

ahead of us and gained on the schooner which had her "sweeps" out. This proved to us that she was not an honest trader, and that she wished to elude us. So our men put their whole strength to their oars, and we could see that, as the wind grew light, our brig, also, got out her sweeps, and also her launch, which was sent in chase, and being some two miles ahead of us, we feared they would board the chase before us. So I gave my men a drink of grog to set up their backstays, and again they bent to their oars, soon sending our cutter past the brig as she lay almost becalmed. As our launch drew alongside the chase we could see her crew throwing overboard her sweeps and her coppers for cooking rice for slaves, and in the coppers we found some papers they had wished to destroy, with everything that would prove her character.

I took possession of her after the second-lieutenant had been on board but a few minutes, and found a Brazilian ensign in the rigging.

I found, however, that she had everything in readiness for her occupation as slaver; the slave deck was laid, coppers in place; some forty or fifty water-casks filled, etc., etc.: so I determined to take her down to the brig and stood towards her. I learned that they had thrown over some eight or ten muskets and some pistols when it became sure that we would capture her. As we mounted her deck I found the crew of eleven men ready with their baggage on deck, knowing that they would be transferred to the brig when we reached her.

The captain had escaped in his small boat to a bark some ten miles off which got away from us. He had left a boy of fifteen years of age to answer to the title of captain when I called for that personage. Some of the crew confessed that they were to have taken in their cargo of slaves the night before, but were prevented by the squalls. I wanted to take the launch and capture the bark, but my men were fagged out with their long pull and a rising breeze filled her stun'sails and she got away.

The schooner was a saucy little craft, and had more than once easily escaped from the English, being a fast sailer, and having six sweeps of a side, which always helped her out of her difficulties in calms or light winds.

They intended to stow *three hundred* slaves in her close slave-deck, which was scarcely three feet below the upper deck, and was built over the water casks, so that the slaves would necessarily have been packed in a sitting position. This gave us a correct idea of this horrid traffic! It was simple murder, since so many die from suffocation in their confined space.

Acting Master Armstrong, with a prize crew, was put on board and sailed to Monrovia.

This little spurt brightened us up a little, for our previous humbugging with all sorts of traders had disgusted us thoroughly. We reached Monrovia, on December 1st, and a prize crew was detailed to take the vessel to the States.

The captain called us into the cabin, to consult as to his authority to do this. I took the ground

that as his instructions were to take no vessels other than American, he could not deem her his lawful prize as he had no right under his orders to touch her. I had not taken down the Brazilian flag that was flying from the rigging, when I boarded her, and I had before raised the point. He finally concluded to give her up, which was done to the intense surprise of the Brazilian crew whom we sent on board after towing her out to sea at noon that day, and she was soon out of sight to the southward, to continue her nefarious traffic.

So we lost sight of Canot, who soon afterwards finding the English and American governments in earnest, gave up his traffic as slaver and *reformed*. A narrative of his eventful career was published from his own notes in 1854 by Brantz Mayer.

The sloop-of-war "Portsmouth" came into the Roads that same day just as I was on the point of sailing for Gallinas, one of the principal slave marts on the coast; but we remained in port a few days longer before sailing, and by the 12th of December we were cruising off Cape Mensurado watching the coast, growing every day more weary of the duty. Four officers had been invalided because of the trying climate, and we were living in hopes of orders to the Mediterranean, the secretary having said before we sailed that one year's stay on this coast counted as much as two elsewhere. On the 24th we got under way from Mensurado Road where we had run in for water, and sailed for Porto Praya after a detention of several days because of the prevailing

"harmatan," that disagreeable east wind which had set in.

The prospect of a cruise in the Mediterranean waters was a capital bait for the coast cruise ; but the brigs had all the hard work of the squadron whilst the sloops-of-war and frigates had good times in European ports. But such is life, and it is full of disappointments, and the longed-for cruise was not for us. On the 7th of January, 1849 we sailed into Porto Praya, finding there at anchor the "Yorktown" with our new Commodore on board, and the "Portsmouth."

I called upon Commodore Cooper, who had been my old commander in the "Columbus," and had a good long chat with him about old times.

What a delight it was to get my letters from home, telling that all were well there ! I found a whole package of them awaiting me. My little brig was in such excellent condition that she was the admiration of the other vessels in port, which was very gratifying to me.

We celebrated the 8th of January in a very queer manner. An order had come the day before, from the Commodore, directing us to fire a salute of thirteen minute-guns to the memory of Commodore Biddle, who had died. We suggested that it was the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, and that *minute-guns* would scarcely be a proper salute for so glorious a victory, unless we mourned the death of the British general Pakenham. But the order was not revoked, and so we carried it out.

Captain James Armstrong came to see our captain, in whose absence this day I had to entertain the visitor. He said my brig was the cleanest vessel he had seen in the squadron, and asked me to come to the "Portsmouth" as his first lieutenant. I was flattered, but it was a "poser"; so I told him I feared it would prolong my cruise, and I wanted to return home as soon as the brig's cruise was up. My best objections were the captain's own quarrelsome disposition and my dislike to subject myself to it on board ship if I could prevent it.

In February we sailed for Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, where we anchored. As the captain always betook himself to the shore whenever we got in to a port leaving the whole charge and responsibility of the ship unto me, I always enjoyed being in port whilst he was attached to the ship, being then the sole master of my time and movements.

One day the doctor and I took horses for a gallop to Laguna, a town about three miles back of Santa Cruz, where the élite of the island, the hidalgos, reside. About half way out we overtook a carriage, a *char-à-banc*, introduced by a French gentleman and the only carriage on the island except one lately brought by an exiled Spanish count. It being empty, we accepted the invitation of the driver to mount, giving our horses to our valet to bring to Laguna. We had a beautiful view of the old country town as we approached. It is larger than Santa Cruz, and contains some large houses of the nobility, which would, in outward appearance,

be splendid were they not almost in a state of decay. The name of the town is taken from its situation at the head of a valley which they say was once a lake, but now is a rich and highly-cultivated valley.

The coachman determined to make the most of our epaulets (which we wore under orders when ashore), and he drove us up one street and down another, creating quite a sensation. The carriage itself being a novelty, the noise of its wheels in the street aroused the natives, and brought heads to every window, which were soon crowded with the faces of the prettiest Laguna ladies. Before we had gone far a troop of boys surrounded us and followed in our wake, making our entry into the town quite like a triumphal march. We could hear exclamations on every side that "Los Americanos" were in sight. The coachman told us that he had been sent for to take a lady to Santa Cruz, and that there would be plenty of room for us if we would go with him, and we consented to his sending our horses back.

After dinner we found that our coachman had been to see the proprietor of a country place at the other end of the valley, which had a chapel upon it called the Hermitage of La Merced, and that gentleman got into the carriage with us, and we drove through a lovely country. I never saw so magnificent a picture as that presented to our view from the door of the chapel. We were at one end of the valley, the city, with its steeples, at the other; on each side the level ground was bounded by

hills whose sides were covered with ripening grain and flecked with thatched huts of the peasantry.

Just over the city, peering more than half its height above the hills that formed the background, rose the Peak of Teyde (known generally as the Peak of Teneriffe), whose frozen top glistened in the sunshine like molten silver. It was beautiful, and amply repaid us for the jaunt.

Again we drove back to town, and stopped at a grand house with armorial bearings over the door. It was the residence of Don Ramon Castro, the *propriétaire* of *La Merced*, who had driven out with us, and it was his sister who was going back with us to Santa Cruz. We were invited to enter, and were introduced to the lady, who entertained us as well as was possible with our modest acquirements in Spanish and her little knowledge of English. We found that two ladies were going back with us instead of one, and two gentlemen, and so, crowded together, we made a merry party on our return. Every one was very hospitable to us whilst we were in port, and after the trying and monotonous months we had passed on the coast of Africa, our enjoyment was exceeding great.

On the 5th of March we stood out to sea for Palmas, in the Island of Grand Canary, where we remained but a short time and then sailed for Porta Praya, where we remained until the 16th of April, when we got under way for a short cruise to the Cape de Verde Islands, touching first at the Island of Sal, where we saw the extensive salt works in

operation. Whilst there I witnessed a terrific combat between a whale and two "thrashers," fish about fifteen feet long. The whale had been feeding quite near to our anchorage, when the "thrashers" met it, and at once attacked it. The whale would "sound," that is, go deep down into the sea, to avoid its enemies, but when it arose to the surface to "blow" would find them waiting and watching, and they would, one after the other, spring into the air and fall with sure aim upon his back, slapping him with terrific force, and keeping the water boiling around him. The thrashers, being so much smaller than the whale, are more active, and readily escape the blows of his tail, getting in their punishment on him so effectually that these combats usually end in the death of the exhausted whale 'neath the blows of his persecutors.

On the 25th of April we reached "Bona Vista," and thence went to Porto Grande, Isle St. Vincent, on the 27th; and on the 6th of May reached Porto Praya in company with the bark "Anna Reynolds," full of gold-hunters bound to California. The jovial Californians, as we called them, pulled around our vessels, serenading us that night, and after they had been near us for some time, we invited them on board and had a regular *soirée musicale* all to ourselves. Our visitors had four violins, bass violin, flute and drums; we added one violin, two fifes and a tambourine! At the captain's suggestion, we sent for the only woman in the neighborhood, the wife of the second steward or cook of the Califor-

nian—a trim little Yankee woman of about twenty years—and her head was almost turned with the attentions she received. Our crew turned out of their hammocks to see the sport, and our captain in his glee (or perhaps the “*spirits*” moved him), would occasionally order three cheers to be given, and our boys would make the welkin ring, particularly after our national airs! Captain Gordon devoted himself exclusively to the feminine! and when we cleared a space on the quarter-deck, he *waltzed* and *polkaed* with the “*cook’s mate’s minister’s wife*” whilst the captain of the “*Reynolds*” and I whirled about to keep him in countenance, “doing it up brown,” as he styled it. It was a rich performance, and we laughed for weeks afterwards at the recollection of our pompous little captain’s grace as he handed out the belle of the entertainment for a waltz!

The Californians were so happy as to be unable to express their thanks when they left us. We had all of the popular negro melodies; when they could not sing the air, they would scrape it out of their fiddles, blow it out of the flutes, or beat it out of the drums. Their silent hand-squeezes spoke the feelings in their hearts.

They said that they would dream of that night when they would be picking up gold in the Sacramento River—one of them declared that he would “vote the whole ticket for us when he got to hum.”

We were started off on a cruise to leeward on the 13th May, and sailed down the coast of Africa,

reaching Whydah on the 24th of June, stopping *en route* at British and Danish Acera and Little Popoe. These trying cruises break down so many officers, "John Barleycorn" and brandy generally ruling supreme,—being resorted to at the beginning as a preventive for the dreaded fevers on the coast, and gradually becoming a fascination.

While anchored off Whydah our illustrious commander went ashore and reviewed the native army of women, who danced and marched around him with their prisoners held by a chain; he in the plenitude of his greatness sitting in their midst, clad in full uniform, cocked hat, epaulets and sword! whilst I, on board, under his orders, fired a salute of twenty-one guns, when he toasted the black king of Dahomey, who was living on his gains through the slave-trade which we were sent there to suppress!

We found an American brig there, but her papers were all right, and she was engaged in *trading* with Brazil; but her decks being laid for the stowage of slaves, we had not a doubt that when a good chance were found they would run off a cargo of them. These traders are so watchful that we had no hopes of a prize unless we chanced upon them off shore with the "live stock" on board.

I dined with the senior captain (Honorable Charles Hastings) of the British war steamer "Cyclops," whilst here—a very fine gentleman; and soon afterwards were sailing southward for the Gaboon River, which we reached on July 3d,

and as no pilot came off I volunteered to take the brig over the bar, which I did with the aid of a French chart of the entrance, and brought her to off King Glass' town, just abreast of the houses used by our missionaries.

Mr. Wilson, the chief missionary, invited us to make his house our headquarters when on shore. On the 4th of July we celebrated the day by a salute of thirty guns, one for each of the states in the Union. The French fort also saluted at the same time, and the French hospital-ship sent her pinnace with four brass six-pounders down abreast of us, and they fired away also in compliment to the day.

We dined ashore with Mr. Wilson. The houses were of bamboo and thatched with the leaves of the same reed, very neatly arranged and comfortable for the climate. The missionaries achieved wonders just around them, but I was informed that when the negroes went back into the interior for any length of time they relapsed into their former state of barbarism.

Our men nearly filled the ship with parrots, as pets, and their noise was something almost unendurable. There were plenty of elephants a short distance back in the country, but I did not attempt the sport of shooting them. Ivory is one of the articles of commerce here, and ebony, which is found here of the finest quality.

On the 15th of July we reached West Bay, Prince's Island.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PORT GRANDE—QUARREL BETWEEN GORDON AND THE PORTUGUESE COMMANDANTE — CAPTAIN GORDON DIES OF FEVER—ORDERED TO YORK-TOWN “SLOOP OF WAR”—IN COMMAND OF THE BIG “PORPOISE” HOMEWARD BOUND—ST. THOMAS, WEST INDIES—HOME.

I FOUND Prince's Island a very pleasant place, with fine scenery and a good bay, and I was wont to amuse myself sketching its picturesque hills, its nooks and inlets, its cascades and rivulets. There was a fine field for an artist's pencil, and I regretted that my brother Charles had gone home without an opportunity to add to his collection of sketches at this point.

After a short stay in port we sailed with a fair breeze up the coast, bound to Monrovia; on the 12th of August we reached Porto Grande.

Our captain here played the “fire-eater” for a while. The military commandante (who is acting governor in place of the governor-general during his absence) had written a letter to our consul, complaining of the conduct of one of our officers in releasing two prisoners from the hands of the custom-house guards and sending them off to the brig.

Our commander was the officer, and the (so-called)

prisoners were a part of his gig's crew who were fighting. He told the consul to say to the commandante that such was the case, that the statement in the letter was incorrect, and requested that the offensive language therein should be withdrawn, which the Portuguese refused to do, offering at the same time any other satisfaction. They were to have had a meeting, the time and place being fixed, and our commander was upon the ground, but the *commandante* did not put in an appearance. He was "posted" in the plaza, and a report of the whole proceedings was sent to the governor-general (who was at one of the other islands) with any amount of Portuguese *addenda*.

The Portuguese say that their commandante made a mistake as to the place of meeting, but we learned that he did go in another direction with the civil authorities ready to prevent an *engagement*.

I, of course, thought it strange that such a method of settling objections to an official letter should have been selected by our captain, when, through the proper official channels, full redress could have been obtained.

On the 3d of September we sailed from Porto Praya and returned after a short cruise. Our captain died here of a fever contracted by reason of exposure on shore, and Captain Marston, senior officer, to my surprise, detached me and ordered me to the "Yorktown," placing Lieutenant Rootes in command of the "Porpoise," which soon after went on a cruise.

On the 5th of December the sloop-of-war "Ports-

mouth," with our new Commodore arrived in port and expressed surprise at the action of Captain Marston in my case, saying that my cruise should not be prolonged by these orders, but that I should go home if possible in the "Porpoise," several vessels being sent to overhaul her and send her back to this port.

On December 31st we received orders to sail the next day for Monrovia, and on January 1st, 1850, we got under way on the "Yorktown" for that port, and overtook the "Porpoise" of which I was placed in command by the orders of Commodore Gregory and ordered to sail for home by way of the West Indies—which orders were heartily welcomed by me after the long and wearing cruise in that trying climate of tropical Africa.

The 20th of March saw us in St. Thomas, where we were delightfully entertained by the governor, who invited a number of Danish army and navy officers to meet me at dinner.

On the 28th of March I gave orders to weigh for sea to convoy home the "Taney," condemned as unseaworthy, and the boatswain's call was a joyful one when he sang out "all hands up anchor for home." The crew with lively work soon had the anchor a-peak and we were sailing out of port.

After a heavy gale off Hatteras which the little brig weathered beautifully, we passed Cape Henry on the 2d of April inward bound for the Norfolk Navy Yard, where my wife joined me and remained until the men were paid off and the brig put out of commission.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ORDERED TO COMMAND THE COAST SURVEY STEAMER "WALKER"—CAPTAIN JOSEPH FRY OF THE "VIRGINIUS"—HIS DEATH IN CUBA—SURVEY-WORK IN GULF OF MEXICO—AND DEEP SEA-SOUNDING IN GULF STREAM—IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES—SIGNALS INVENTED—DEEP SEA SOUNDING APPARATUS AND SPECIMEN TUBE DESIGNED.

In May, 1850, being upon a visit to the Coast Survey office I called on Professor Bache, who paid me the compliment of saying that he would be much gratified if I would accept the command of the brig "Washington," and although I had been home from my long African cruise only two months I accepted his offer, and was assigned to the hydrographic survey of Chesapeake Bay south of Smith's Point, upon which work I was engaged during that season, returning to the office-work in the winter.

In March, 1851, I was offered the command of the steamer "Walker," and, accepting it, joined her at Mobile on the 14th of the month. Among the officers attached to her was passed midshipman Joseph Fry, U. S. Navy, who afterwards married my cousin Agnes Sands. He was one of the officers

who afterwards joined the Southern Confederacy, and after the war he was given the command of the filibuster steamer "Virginius," which was captured on the coast of Cuba whilst carrying arms and munitions of war to the insurgents, and after a trial by drum-head court-martial, he and a large number of his crew were condemned to death and immediately shot.

He was a noble man, true-hearted, upright and brave. His trial was a mockery of justice ; he was not given an opportunity to consult with counsel or to make any defense ; but when he saw his death was resolved on he strove to save his men, but in vain. The accounts given of his execution were unanimous in praise of his noble, courageous bearing, even the cruel Spaniards being filled with admiration. He was a devout practical Catholic, and after he had sent for a priest and received the sacraments of his church, he walked down the line of his men as they stood ready for execution, and taking the hand of each in turn asked his forgiveness for any wrong done him and then facing the file of soldiers, with his eyes unbandaged, he gave the signal and fell dead at the first volley.

Had the gallant William B. Cushing reached the scene a day earlier Fay's life would doubtless have been saved, as were the lives of those who had not been condemned when Cushing compelled their surrender by his bold demand, backed by the threatened broadside of his sloop-of-war.

This parenthetical sketch will be excused, I know,

since the worth of an officer should never be forgotten, even if the termination of his career should be unfortunate.

During this season of 1851 I made surveys between Pensacola and the Deltas of the Mississippi, including the passes of that river, and in the latter part of June sailed homeward, reaching Key West on the 20th, and after coaling I continued north, reaching Hampton Roads on the 7th July. In August I laid up the steamer at Baltimore, Maryland, and transferred my crew to the schooners "Nautilus" and "Meredith," and in the former I sailed for the capes accompanied by the "Meredith." Inside of Cape Henry and at Lynn Haven Bay I continued the hydrographic work until October, when I took the schooners up to the Washington Navy Yard and laid them up for the season.

In December, 1852, I again went south in command of the "Walker" to continue my work in Section No. VIII. near the Deltas of the Mississippi.

From the time I took the "Walker" until, in 1857, I was ordered to duty in the Bureau of Construction, I was engaged upon this interesting hydrographic work in the Gulf of Mexico, the fields of my especial surveys being the Florida Keys and the west coast of that state, including Cedar Keys, Tampa Bay and Pensacola Harbor, thence west, taking in the Bay of Biloxi, Chaudelaur Sound, the Deltas of the Mississippi, and the westward thereof, including Atchafalaya Bay and Sabine Pass on the Texas coast.

The five years of my work there making me thoroughly familiar with the navigation of those waters and with the hydrography of the entrances to all the southern ports on the gulf.

On my passages to and from my working grounds I generally ran lines of deep-sea soundings, wherever practicable, adding this work to the special surveys of the sections assigned to me.

In 1855, in the "Walker," in passing from the Gulf of Mexico northward, I ran a line of deep-sea soundings and temperatures through the Florida channel and as far north as Cape Hatteras. Some of my soundings were made near the inner edge of the hottest or axis band of the Gulf Stream, with a depth of five hundred and six hundred fathoms; and many of them were on the range of hills discovered by Lieutenants Tunis A. M. Craven and John N. Maffitt beyond the axis of the Gulf Stream which I traced with considerable success, my work of that season receiving the warm compliments of Professor Bache, who made it the subject of a special chapter on the Gulf Stream theories in his annual report for year 1855.

When I commenced this interesting work, in 1851, I encountered great obstacles to successful soundings where there was any considerable depth, the heavy weight of the deep sea lead then in use being such as parted the line invariably, losing to us, in consequence, the leads and specimen cups, and depriving us of the soundings sought to be made.

In the hydrography of our coast line, it was at an

early date appreciated that, for the scientific investigation and study of the *life* in the great ocean depths, and of the geological formation and character of the ocean's bottom extending along our coast and from our shores out across the ridges bounding the current of the Gulf Stream,—and in the depths of the ocean beyond, as well as on the *plateaux* and the “deeps” of the Gulf of Mexico,—great value was to be attached to the specimens of the bottom that could be brought to the surface.

In the infancy of this work the old lead with its lower end hollowed out and filled with tallow, to which the specimens were to become attached by contact, gave all the knowledge attainable of the bottom formations along the coast, and naturally these specimens were scanty and insufficient.

The importance of procuring better specimens led to various devices from different parties, and in 1885 I submitted to Professor Bache a device of a “specimen tube or box” to be inserted in the bottom of the ordinary deep-sea lead, which, in the hundreds of soundings I have made with it, never failed to bring up in perfect state abundantly large specimens of the bottom at any depth from which the strength of the best line could bring back the weight.

I was gratified to see its adoption, not only in the coast survey and naval services, but, also, as a valuable instrument for use by the merchant marine, its simplicity and its success causing it to be strongly recommended by the Board of Trade of the prin-

cipal seaports and a description of it with drawings being given a place in the Coast Survey report of 1855.

I also invented and put into practical use a design for gas-pipe tripods for revolving signals and a "heliotrope," the object of which was to facilitate our surveying work, enabling us to locate positions of signals in places exposed to the action of the sea; this experience showed to be so enduring as to be serviceable for years without injury, and Professor Bache endorsed its utility by including descriptions and drawings of it in that same year's report.

As the importance of deep-sea soundings became more appreciated, the failure to secure specimens from great depths, by reason of the parting of the lead lines, in the efforts to haul in the lead, caused great annoyance to those engaged in the work. I endeavored to solve the problem, and finally hit upon a device by which the weights, which carried my specimen tube to the bottom, became detached at the instant the bottom was touched, and there remained only the light tube and its thin rod to be hauled in.

With this apparatus, to which the Massey indicator was attached to give correctly the depth reached, I was enabled to bring up large specimens from the depth of one thousand five hundred and eleven fathoms, even with the rough castings made for my earlier experiments—an ample specimen of soft blue mud being brought up at that depth in

NOTES

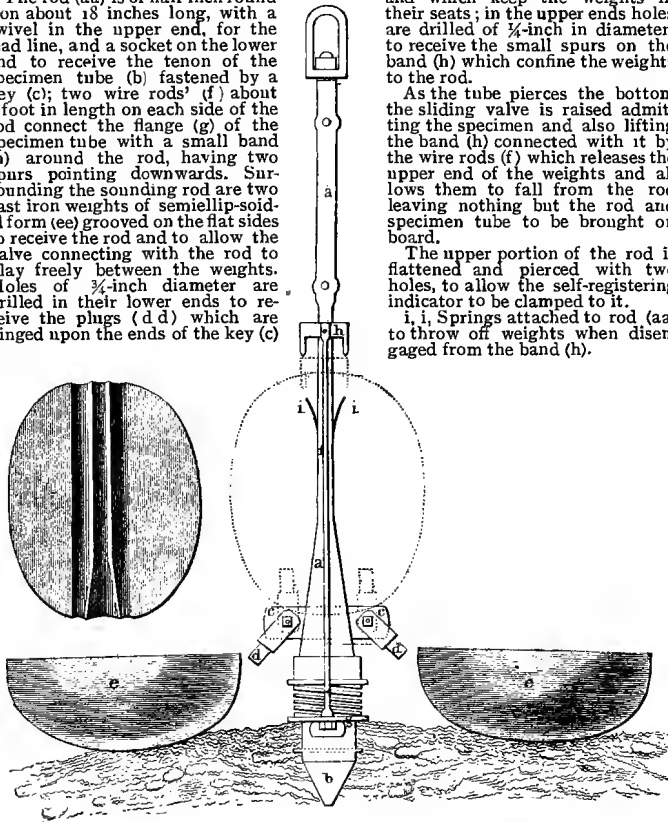
The rod (aa) is of half-inch round iron about 18 inches long, with a swivel in the upper end, for the lead line, and a socket on the lower end to receive the tenon of the specimen tube (b) fastened by a key (c); two wire rods (f) about a foot in length on each side of the rod connect the flange (g) of the specimen tube with a small band (h) around the rod, having two spurs pointing downwards. Surrounding the sounding rod are two cast iron weights of semiellip-soidal form (ee) grooved on the flat sides to receive the rod and to allow the valve connecting with the rod to play freely between the weights. Holes of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch diameter are drilled in their lower ends to receive the plugs (dd) which are hinged upon the ends of the key (c)

and which keep the weights in their seats; in the upper ends holes are drilled of $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch in diameter, to receive the small spurs on the band (h) which confine the weights to the rod.

As the tube pierces the bottom the sliding valve is raised admitting the specimen and also lifting the band (h) connected with it by the wire rods (f) which releases the upper end of the weights and allows them to fall from the rod leaving nothing but the rod and specimen tube to be brought on board.

The upper portion of the rod is flattened and pierced with two holes, to allow the self-registering indicator to be clamped to it.

i, i, Springs attached to rod (aa) to throw off weights when disengaged from the band (h).



DEEP SEA SOUNDING APPARATUS.—Page 216.

the Gulf of Mexico, south of the Mississippi deltas *en route* to Key West. This was afterwards improved upon; and notwithstanding the inventions of others which have since been used, I think my own specimen tube, with its self-detaching weight, as perfected when on the California coast will secure as great accuracy in its work as any, and it has been a source of regret to me that my duty since 1862 has been such as to prevent my personally superintending its use, that I might demonstrate its excellence and bring it more prominently before scientists.

My best working model which I was bringing home from California to submit to the Navy Department I gave, at his earnest solicitation, to Captain Arsenieff of the Russian navy, a fellow-passenger to New York, thinking I could easily replace it, but the hustling work of the coast blockade kept me otherwise employed, and I had no opportunity to do this.

Professor A. D. Bache had a drawing and description of my improved deep-sea sounding apparatus published with his annual report for the year 1857.

CHAPTER XXV.

1860-61—BEARER OF SECRET DESPACHES TO THE GULF SQUADRON—DESTRUCTION OF THE NAVY YARD AT NORFOLK, VA.—ORDERED TO COMMAND COAST SURVEY STEAMER "ACTIVE" ON PACIFIC COAST—AMUSING INCIDENT IN ACAPULCO BAY—STEAMER "ORIZABA" AGROUND IN A FOG—REACH SAN FRANCISCO JULY 4, 1861.

IN June, 1858, I was detached from coast survey duty and ordered to duty in the Bureau of Construction at the Navy Department, upon which I was kept occupied until the year 1861. It was during these years that the cloud which had been long hovering upon the political horizon rapidly assumed threatening proportions, and finally, in 1861, burst upon the country with such disastrous results. The growth of that sentiment in the South leading to the great rebellion it is not my purpose to discuss, so extensively has it been treated and elaborated by those who have written of the political history of our country during those dark days that it is an open book to all.

My purpose in these chapters being simply to sketch my own personal experience and to get

down my recollections without enlarging much upon the brief notes I made at the time, I desire to keep up what of interest may be drawn from what passed before my own eyes.

To the officers who were born in or appointed from the Southern or Middle States the situation became particularly trying, and every interest of blood and affection was brought to bear upon them to weaken their allegiance to the Union, and to win them over to the cause of what they called "the Suffering South."

To resist these appeals and to show up the weakness and impropriety of such arguments when addressed to the question as to the course demanded by the call of duty and honor in a contingency involving the very life of the government which they were pledged by oath to support and defend, was not the only test of fidelity to which these officers from the Middle States were subjected.

In general, the course adopted by the administration was such as evidenced a want of confidence in, if not an open suspicion as to, the faithfulness of these officers to the old flag, in all cases where they were not so fortunate as to have, at headquarters, intimate friends who could vouch for their fidelity to the Union and their readiness to take the field in its behalf.

Here and there, in both army and navy, opportunities came fortuitously to individuals to demonstrate by prompt and decisive action their position

in the conflict that was impending, and thus, winning the confidence of the administration, the way to "laurels" was opened for them.

To the greater number, however, in both arms of the service, that accident of birth in the Middle States was a clog and an obstacle to all their efforts for distinction and advancement,—efforts, which when simply equaled by those within the radial ring of the administration or whose birthplace chanced to be north of Mason and Dixon's Line, won for them unstinted applause from the northern press and tangible rewards at the suggestion of their political friends in Washington.

The naval profession is one that naturally tends to concentrate one's affections in his country as an entirety, a *single entity*, so to speak. Sailing the world over in the discharge of his duty, his vessel bears the naval officer to the ports of foreign countries, where he flies a flag that speaks to him of his country as an entirety. His one thought is how best to serve that country and to do his duty by her.

I had learned to look upon my duty as owing not solely to the State of Maryland where I was born, nor to the State of Kentucky, from which I was appointed to the naval service, but to the whole United States as being one government; and to me the "stars and stripes" represented not merely one or two states, but the whole Union.

Therefore, in considering as to what my duty required of me in these times I remembered the

oath I had taken on my entry into the service, and determined to be faithful to it, regardless of the pressure from friends or relations.

I could see nothing but disaster to the whole country in the event of a disruption of the states, and did not hesitate to make known, and positively, my purpose of devoting my whole service faithfully to the maintenance of the authority of the general government.

When asked by my brother-officers for my views on the situation, this being the first method adopted in sounding for our sentiments, I always took from my pocket-book and handed them for perusal, an extract which I had copied from a speech of Henry Clay delivered in the United States Senate chamber in 1850, which is as follows :

“ Mr. President, I have heard with pain and regret a confirmation of the remark I made, that the sentiment of disunion is becoming familiar. I hope it is confined to South Carolina. I do not regard as my duty what the honorable senator seems to regard as his. If Kentucky to-morrow unfurls the banner of resistance, I never fight under that banner. I owe a paramount allegiance to the whole Union, a subordinate one to my own state.”

These I declared to be my own sentiments and that sense of duty would always guide me.

It was with great surprise that I noted the apathy existing in the Department as to the true interests of the government and the failure to properly guard those interests by a disposition of our men-

of-war and stores of ordnance and provisions to meet emergencies. As a subordinate officer I, of course, could do nothing but tender to those of my superiors in rank, whose fidelity to the old flag was assured, my services wherever they would be deemed of most use.

In February, 1861, the situation became so grave that the Department considered it necessary to send special instructions to the senior officer of the Gulf squadron; and, it being important to communicate with him before any overt act on the part of the seceding states, I was sent for on the morning of the 5th by the Secretary of the Navy, who entrusted me with secret despatches, which I was directed to bear to Captain Samuel Barron, or to the senior officer of the vessels off Pensacola as speedily as I could travel.

Without even letting my wife know where I was going, I packed my valise and took the earliest train that evening for the South, and on the 8th of February reached Montgomery, Alabama, and thence by a late train ran down to Pensacola, reaching there without any one knowing of my mission. After breakfast the next morning I called upon my old friend Hon. Stephen R. Mallory, whom I had long known intimately, and whose farewell speech upon leaving his seat in the United States senate showed that, whilst obeying the instruction of his constituents, his heart was with the old flag. I asked him to accompany me to General Chase, the military commandant of the place, and aid me in obtain-

ing a passport, permitting me to communicate with the squadron off the entrance of the harbor.

This Mr. Mallory kindly did, but General Chase informed us that Captain Randolph, of the Confederate navy, commanding the Navy Yard at Warrenton, had power to grant such authority, and referred me to him.

Although it was blowing a norther at the time, I soon procured a boat, and with a single man at the oars, was a little over an hour in reaching the Navy Yard wharf, where I was stopped by a sentry; but after a while I was conducted to the office of Captain Randolph, who promptly accorded the permission asked.

The gale was blowing too hard to permit of my reaching the vessels outside in the small boats available, but I met the orderly sergeant, who had come over from Fort Pickens under flag of truce after marketing, and I directed him to request Lieutenant Slemmer to make signal for the steamer "Wyandotte" to come in for me.

In the meantime I accepted the invitation of Mr. Gonzales, an old friend of my coast survey days, and took lodgings at his house.

About 8 a. m., on the 10th, the "Wyandotte," Lieutenant O. H. Berryman commanding, came in under a flag of truce, and sending a boat to the yard I was soon carried on board. It was still blowing too hard for communication between vessels outside, but on the 11th the "Wyandotte" stood out to sea, and, accompanied by Berryman, I went on board of

the "Macedonian" and delivered my despatches to Captain James Glynn, as senior officer in the absence of Captain Barron. Captain Adams of the "Sabine," and Commander C. H. Poor of the "St. Louis," joined us on the "Macedonian." When the return despatches were prepared I took charge of them, and also of the letter bags of the different vessels, and in the "Wyandotte" soon steamed back into the harbor, anchoring off the wharf at Fort Pickens, where, with Berryman, I communicated with Lieutenant Slemmer, commanding the fort.

On the 12th, Slemmer had his despatches ready for me, and in the afternoon we steamed up to Pensacola, under a flag of truce, where I was landed, and after dining with Mr. and Mrs. Mallory, I left at 10 p. m., in the train for Montgomery, having General Chase as a fellow-passenger to that city. Thence I proceeded north by way of the Wilmington railroad, entering the state of South Carolina in a train crowded with recruits of all ages, who were being gathered at Charleston for a contemplated attack on Fort Sumter.

I reached Washington in safety on the 16th of February, and at 2 p. m. I delivered my despatches to the Secretaries of War and of the Navy.

Matters moved on quietly with me for some weeks until, on the night of Thursday (April 18th), I received orders from the Secretary of the Navy, through Commander Emmons, to report at the Navy Department, at 10 o'clock the next morning, for further orders, which I did, and Lieutenants Wise, Johnston, and Bennett, there reported to me for duty.

That evening I went on board of the "Pawnee," at the Navy Yard under the orders of Commodore Hiram Paulding, being joined there by Captain Wilkes, Commanders William M. Walker, T. A. Jenkins, John Rodgers and Alden, and Lieutenants Wise, Russell, Johnston and Morris. Lieutenant Bennett had sent in his resignation that afternoon and did not go with us.

The "Pawnee" steamed down the river and arrived at Old Point Comfort on Saturday, the 20th April, where we took on board a Massachusetts regiment under the command of Colonel Wardroff, and then proceeded to the Gosport Navy Yard, the object of our expedition being to bring out the U. S. S. "Merrimac," "Germantown," "Plymouth," and "Dolphin."

Captain Wilkes was to command the fleet, and to take them to New York. I was assigned to the command of the "Merrimac," Walker to the "Germantown," Rodgers to the "Plymouth," and Alden to the "Dolphin."

We reached the yard at 8 p.m. There we found the "Pennsylvania" with her guns trained upon us, and the "Cumberland" sprung by her hawsers athwart the channel to block our passage, with her large guns trained on us in the belief that we were from Richmond, sent to capture the Yard.

We promptly answered the hail from the "Cumberland;" but our answer, it seems, was not distinctly heard on board that ship, for we heard the officer at the bow gun ask his commanding officer, "Shall I

fire, sir?" at which Captain Rowan of our ship sang out, "*United States* steamer 'Pawnee'!" whereupon, from the "Cumberland" and "Pennsylvania" arose a loud exultant shout from officers and men, who heartily welcomed our arrival.

We were soon boarded by Lieutenants Semmes and Edward D. Donaldson, the latter being in command of the "Pennsylvania" informing us that the navy yard was only occupied by the marines, and that the officers of the yard (excepting Commodore Charles S. McCauley, Commander Livingston, who had only reported the day before, and Lieutenants Donaldson and A. A. Semmes) had deserted their flag and gone over to the Confederates.

In the expectation of the arrival of a large force from Richmond by river and railroad to attack the Yard, the Commodore had determined to scuttle the ships, destroy the shears, and all arms and stores on hand, and with the "Cumberland" to fight their way out.

After some consultation it was determined by Commodore Paulding to burn the ships (which were already fast sinking) together with the ship-houses and storehouses, and to blow up the dry dock.

I was detailed to fire the ships and ship-houses, with Lieutenants Wise and Johnston under my orders to assist me. I sent them to burn the ships, whilst I landed, to give my personal attention to the ship-houses. Commander Alden was ordered to fire the storehouses, and Commander John Rodgers, with Captain H. G. Wright, of the army, were de-

tailed to destroy the dry dock—all of us, at first, to do all we could to damage and render unserviceable the 1400 guns that were in the yard—at which task we were engaged all night.

At daylight or a little before the "Pawnee" was under way, with the "Cumberland" in tow, when she sent up a rocket as our signal to apply the torch, and in a moment everything was in a blaze from the turpentine and cotton waste which had been plentifully distributed and applied to every combustible surface.

The flames from the ship-houses nearly cut off my party from the boat that was waiting for us, under command of Captain Wilkes, but I found on reaching it that all were in, except John Rodgers and Captain Wright. The smoke and flames drove us from our rendezvous, and we were obliged to leave those officers behind, as it was impossible for them to reach us. Our men pulled a strong stroke for the "Pawnee," which, with the "Cumberland," had passed Norfolk and Portsmouth with tampons out of their guns and the crew at quarters, ready to open fire on both towns if a gun had been fired from them.

Our boat and that of Lieutenant Wise's party just astern of us were not fired on as we passed down, but armed men were stationed upon each wharf, from whom we assuredly expected a shot, for the "Pawnee" and "Cumberland" were far ahead of us, and we did not get alongside until nearly up with the bight of Craney Island, where we heard

that there was a battery, as well as at Seawell's Point, which we had to pass.

The secret of their not opening fire upon us can be reasonably traced to the reply of Commodore Paulding to the flag of truce, which came into the Yard from General Talliaferro, who sent to say that he would *accord permission* for us to retire with the "Cumberland" and "Pawnee," if the Yard and the other vessels were not destroyed. To this the Commodore replied that he would hold no parley, and would make no conditions; that he was going when he was ready, and if a gun was fired from the shore he would open fire upon both towns and destroy them!

We passed in safety the obstructions that had been placed in the channel, rounding the stern of one schooner that was just sinking, having only a minute before been placed in position by a tug, which was making its way back to Craney Island.

The "Cumberland" had to anchor and was brought out by the tug "Yankee" during the day. The vessels burned were the "Merrimac," "Plymouth," "Germantown," my *old home*, the "Columbus," the "Delaware," the "New York" (on the stocks), the "Dolphin," "United States," and "Pennsylvania." The two last were not set on fire, but caught from the flames of the ship-houses, which reached them, and through which we had to pull in our boats.

The storehouses near the gate and the offices and ship-house were burned to the ground, as well as

the marine barracks, which caught on fire accidentally in the night.

On Monday the 22d we landed the Massachusetts regiment at Old Point Comfort, and proceeded up the bay for Washington. That night we saw that the light-boat off Cedar Point was adrift and on fire, so we anchored for the night, and the next day steamed up to Washington Navy Yard.

On the 24th I reported to Commodore Paulding, at the office of detail, in the Navy Department, and he was about to order me as executive officer of the Washington Navy Yard, when it was suggested by Captain Harwood, who had been just detailed for duty as Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography, that I would be of much assistance to him in straightening out the business of that bureau, which had been left without a head by the secession of its former chief and other assistants. So I was accordingly ordered to report to him for duty, upon which I entered at once.

Commander James Alden had recently reached home from the Pacific coast, domestic reasons compelling him to come east, and the superintendent of the Coast Survey, A. D. Bache, made application to the Department that I should be sent to the command of the coast survey steamer "Active," and to take charge of the survey of the western coast, and I received my orders to that duty about the end of May, I consenting to take the duty, upon the assurance that its responsibilities called for energy and careful attention to the interest of the

government, and being urged by my friends to accept.*

* Copies of letters given to me as bearing upon my orders to this duty, here given.

U. S. COAST SURVEY OFFICE,
May 16th, 1861.

Sir : * * * The importance is very great to the survey, and to the general service of the government to have a highly-qualified and reliable naval officer in that position. The steamer "Active" is of a class to render great service as a despatch boat, and is fully prepared even to take part in naval matters, as was shown during the Indian war in Washington Territory.

There are surveys on the Western coast called for by military considerations, and others specially asked for by those interested in the growing commerce there, and by the wants of the Lighthouse system, which require experience and attention. A vigilant and highly intelligent officer, who knows the practical operations of the survey, should be selected, and will render a good account at the end of the season, not only of the general surveying work, and of the special surveys for the Lighthouse, military, and commercial purposes, but will keep an eye upon the interests of the Department, and of the government generally. I should especially regret in these times to have to employ a civilian in that region, or an officer not full of experience in the coast survey, and consider that if an officer can be spared for coast survey service at all, this case is one in which he should be supplied.

Very respectfully yours,

HON. SALMON P. CHASE,
Secretary of the Treasury.

A. D. BACHE,
Supt. U. S. Coast Survey.

COAST SURVEY OFFICE,
May 21, 1861.

Dear Sir : I beg leave to bring before you for the vacant command of the coast survey steamer "Active," on the Pacific coast, the name of Commander B. F. Sands, U. S. N. This excellent officer has been attached heretofore to the coast survey, and was distinguished

My two sons, William F., and Preston, were given appointments under me, the former that of acting master, with the duty of executive officer of the "Active," the latter being appointed hydrographic aid; and an order was sent, at my request, to Captain Gardner, who was in command of the Mare Island Navy Yard, to give my new vessel a battery of 32-pounder guns, and such an armament as was suitable for the "Active," with a full supply of small-arms and ammunition, and on June 9th we left home for New York and took passage for San Francisco, *via* Panama, on the 11th, in the old "Northern Light," commanded by Captain Tinkelpaugh.

We reached Aspinwall on the morning of the 19th, and at once took the cars for Panama, where we embarked on the steamer "Orizaba," R. H. Pearson, captain, and were soon bound out to the westward, along the coast of Central America.

Reaching Acapulco, we only remained long enough to coal ship. The vessel had scarce reached her

for his judgment, zeal, and capacity, which are so essential in that distant command, where only general instructions can be given, and that from time to time. In the difficult circumstances of the country, great discretion in the officer will be more necessary than ever, great promptness, thorough knowledge of his duty as an officer, and as a surveyor. The position requires at the present time a first-rate officer like Commander Sands, and I beg you to consider that my urgency results entirely from the anxiety which I feel that the public service shall be thoroughly and successfully carried on.

With great respect,

Yours truly,

HON. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy.

A. D. BACHE,
Supt. U. S. C. S.

moorings when, through the glasses, we could see a line of black objects afloat, gradually nearing the ship, stringing out toward the shore, whence they had started. As they drew nearer we saw that they were heads, and soon the ship was surrounded by swimming natives, who made known their readiness to dive for silver pieces.

A great rush of the passengers was made to the ship's side, old and young, men and women, the youngsters particularly anxious for the sport. The dark bodies of the swimmers were veiled somewhat by the dark blue of the deep water in which the vessel was moored, but as a handful of silver thrown from the deck broadcast cleaved the surface and sank downward, a shriek arose from the lady spectators, who, putting their hands over their faces, shrank back as the swimmers in all directions *up-ended* and dived down, down, down, until we could not see them. But a minute had not elapsed before up they came, holding aloft the pieces of silver which their skill and excellent swimming prevented from being lost to commerce!

So cleverly did they perform the feat that they reaped quite a harvest, and the squeamishness of the ladies faded before their curiosity and interest in the performance, and they were soon lining the rail and throwing silver with the rest.

These swimmers had no fear of the sharks, which, we were told, never attacked these bronze-limbed natives on any occasion.

On July 4th, whilst steaming up the coast of

California in a dense fog, the steamer went ashore about a mile south of Point Sur. The passengers, in all kinds of light garments, sprang from their berths and crowded to the deck, where, after some difficulty, they were quieted down and used trimming the vessel, which was soon backed off in safety; and, with bilge pumps going to keep down the water in the hold, we steamed on up the coast, and reaching San Francisco at 2 p. m., the passengers and baggage were hurriedly landed, and the water gaining fast, the crew cast off lines and steamed up to Mare Island, arriving there just in time to take the dry-dock and save the steamer from sinking.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE WORK OF THE "ACTIVE"—CHECK OF THE SECESSION MOVEMENT AT LOS ANGELES—GUARD THE MAGAZINE AT MARE ISLAND—WAR EXCITEMENT IN SAN FRANCISCO—SURVEY ON THE COAST—SAIL FOR HOME WITHOUT ORDERS—ORDERED TO DUTY PROMPTLY.

ASSUMING command of the "Active," I had her fitted at once with guns, and with small-arms for her crew, Captain Wm. H. Gardner, commandant of the Navy Yard, affording me all the assistance needed.

In those days the news from the East came very slowly to the Western coast. The steamers, arriving only three times a week, brought out the bulk of the mail in letters and newspapers, the pony express bringing but comparatively few packages of mail, because of the expense attending communications by that route. Steamer day was somewhat of a general holiday, and the signal from the hill-top which announced that the mail-steamer was off the entrance sent a stream of people down to the company's wharf, where there was always a scene of excitement attending the landing of passengers,

and eager inquiries were ever made of the new arrivals for the latest news from the States.

For hours before the mail was assorted for delivery, the entrances to the post-office were blocked with an anxious throng, who patiently attended in hopes of letters from the East.

Papers commanded a high price, for the sake of the possible war news in them.

Rumors of all kinds were rife as to the attempts of Southern sympathizers on that coast to get a foothold at some point that would embarrass the general government. At one time it was said that the magazine at Mare Island was to be seized in the night-time by a band of Secessionists, who had held meetings for that purpose, and to meet any such attempt the "Active" was anchored off the lower end of the island, where her guns could command every approach to the magazine, and the crew were constantly drilled and exercised at great-guns and small-arms and soon were in a high state of efficiency.

In August it was reported that there was a plot on foot to annex Lower California to the Southern Confederacy, and General E. V. Sumner, in command of the Department, having made a requisition for the services of the "Active," I steamed down abreast the Presidio, and, sending my boats, took on board a body of troops under Major Ketcham, and carried them three hundred miles down the coast to San Pedro, where they landed and marched to Los Angeles, the point of the threatened attempt

in support of the Confederacy, it being rumored that at that place Major Van Dorn, of the Texas forces, would co-operate with General Johnston, who had been Sumner's predecessor in command of this military department, in the effort to acquire a seaport on the Pacific.

We had Mr. Banning as a passenger with us—a whole-souled generous man of jovial disposition with all that frank *bonhomie* that characterizes the successful men of this land of plenty. He had become anxious about his large interests in vineyards near Los Angeles, and we were glad to have him as a guest.

What excitement there was throughout the coast as the express brought news of the successive early fights of the war. Every skirmish was magnified, and filled us with anxiety about our friends and relatives who, we knew, were in the army of the Potomac.

Ball's Bluff with its reverse to our arms sent a thrill of excitement through the city that wrought the community up to the fever point of anxiety about the welfare of the country.

It was not long, however, before the reading public began to suspect the newspapers of working on the public feelings for their own gain. There were too frequent recurrences in reports, of battles in different sections, east and west, to which denials were published on the succeeding days; so that finally a sentiment prevailed, which was very comforting, that no reported battle was as disastrous as it was at first described to be.

This was a great preventive of panics, yet the news of such battles as that of Manassas made all lovers of the Union on the Western coast anxious, but more determined in their devotion to the old flag. The September elections were full of excitement, but the bearing of the Unionists was such that the Secession sympathizers kept out of sight. The Republicans carried the state, and soon tranquillity prevailed, and I took advantage of this to run up the coast to Tomales Bay, where, with the "Active" my party made a thorough survey of the hydrography of the bay and its approaches and then returned to San Francisco.

I received a letter of thanks from the general commanding for the valuable assistance I had rendered to him in his movement of troops to Los Angeles, the show of force so promptly made there serving effectually to end the hopes of the Confederates in that direction, and in December I received a kind acknowledgment of my services from Commodore Gardner.*

*(Copy.)

COMMANDANT'S OFFICE,
Navy Yard, Mare Island,
Dec. 13, 1861.

Sir: I have great pleasure in sending you copies of all the correspondence which transpired between Genl. Ed. Sumner and myself upon the employment of the U. S. Str. "Active" under your command; and at the same time in expressing my own opinion of the great usefulness of the "Active" in remaining anchored off the Powder Magazine at Mare Island (to guard it), and in other ways assisting in the transportation of troops at the request of General Sumner.

This service in the transportation of troops to a point where the

The news of the capture of Port Royal by the fleet under Admiral Dupont filled us all with delight ; but as the opportunities for distinction increased on the Atlantic coast and in the Gulf of Mexico, I became restless, so far away from the scene of active operations and looked with eagerness for the day when I could go East and make useful to the government my thorough knowledge of the coast on the Atlantic and in the Gulf, obtained in the long years devoted to the close survey of the whole southern coast.

In the meantime, as I felt that I could give the time, I had my parties out surveying in the ship's boats, in San Pablo Bay and Carquinez straits, which were all thoroughly sounded and worked up.

I had the schooner "Marcy" fitted out and manned from the "Active," and she was ready to sail North for the purpose of making a survey of Gray's Harbor, when the loss of my son William, who was to have commanded the party, caused me to forego that expedition. And the "Active" becoming unfit for service through defective woodwork, I was directed to sell her, which I did, and transferred my officers and the best of my crew to the schooner "Marcy," in which I made a trip up the coast to

country was threatened with rebellion was a great saving of time and money.

For these very important services be pleased to accept the thanks of

Your most obedient servant,

WM. H. GARDNER,

COMDR. B. F. SANDS, U. S. Navy,

Commandant.

Comdg. U. S. Str. Active, San Francisco.

Bodega Head, north of Tomales Bay, the survey of which was completed, and then I returned to my anchorage off Mission Bay near the foot of Second Street.

During these months it was a sore trial to me to see from time to time reports of the effective work of my old classmates and shipmates, in service along the Atlantic seaboard. The capture of Fort Hatteras by Flag Officer L. M. Goldsborough in January, 1862; Rowan's work at Roanoke Island in the Sounds of North Carolina, followed in March by the engagements of the "Merrimac" with our vessels in Hampton Road and off Newport News,—all made me eager to participate in more stirring affairs than were now open to me on the Pacific coast, and I made frequent applications to be relieved, but Professor Bache seemed loath to part with my services where I was.

The success that followed the bold attempt of Admiral Farragut to pass the Forts Jackson and Philippi, which resulted in the destruction of the rebel flotilla and ironclad, and in the capture of New Orleans, giving honor and glory to those who participated in those terrific fights added to the envy I entertained regarding the opportunities for distinction, so happily theirs, and I longed more to be with them.

August came and I was still on the Pacific coast. There was no prospect that I could see of an early termination of the war. The movements of our armies along the Potomac and in the west, with the ever increasing record of battles and the wonderful

growth of our improvised navy, with the engagements of our vessels on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts and on the inland waters, when assisting the movements of our armies, assured me that the work of the navy was very far from being ended ; and wearied at last with my enforced idleness I concluded not to wait for orders, believing that, when my motive in leaving my post was known at the Department, my course would not be censured, but that my determination not to be left out of the way when laurels were to be won would be appreciated. So in October, 1862, I telegraphed that I would sail by steamer for home, and with my son Preston took passage on the "Golden Gate," reaching Washington after an uneventful passage, and on the day following reported for duty at the Department, requesting orders to a fighting vessel. To my great gratification I was informed that orders detaching me from the Pacific work had been sent upon the receipt of my telegram ; and so my action was approved, and on 19th November I received orders to the sloop of war "Dacotah," then refitting at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and within a fortnight after my return east I was afloat again and, sailing as convoy to the ironclad monitor "Passaic," soon joined the North Atlantic Blockading squadron under the command of my old friend S. P. Lee, now acting rear admiral. By him I was ordered to sail for Cape Fear River, and as senior officer to take command of the division of the fleet blockading that river, and I relieved Captain G. H. Scott at the Western Bar entrance.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WILMINGTON, N. C., BLOCKADE—OUTLINE OF WORK CUT OUT FOR THE NAVY DURING THE WAR—THE ONEROUS AND VALUABLE WORK OF THE BLOCKADE—THE MERIT OF THOSE DOING THAT DUTY—CHARACTER OF THE WORK—SUCCESSFUL BLOCKADE—INCIDENTS OF THE SERVICE—CAPTURE OF “BLOCKADE RUNNERS”—ESCAPE OF THE “TALLAHASSEE”—ATTACK ON “FORT CASWELL”—THE REBEL RAM—DESTRUCTION OF REBEL SALT WORKS AT MASONBORO INLET—LITTLE “FORT JACKSON” CARTER—INCIDENTS DURING MY COMMAND OF THAT DIVISION OF THE BLOCKADE.

THE condition of our navy at the beginning of the war considered with reference to the vast work which fell to it in the task of suppressing the rebellion speaks the hopefulness and determination of those entrusted with the naval administration. It should stand as the strongest evidence of the confidence reposed in the valor, zeal and abilities of the officers and men of the navy who remained true to the Union, as being deemed sufficient to begin the blockade of the extensive coast line from the capes of the Chesapeake, on the Atlantic, to the Mexican

boundary on the west coast of the Gulf of Mexico, and, at the same time, to train to efficiency, for the purposes of the war, the brave and patriotic seamen, who, from the merchant marine, tendered their services to the government in this emergency ; and who, as the volunteer naval officers, filled so creditably and with such effectiveness the positions assigned them, and won the gratitude of the country by their devotion to their duty which was so well performed.

A glance at the navy registers of 1861 and 1865 suffices to show the astonishing growth of the naval force during the war, both in number of officers and men and in the number of vessels purchased, armed and put in service upon the varied duties of the navy.

The records show that over *five thousand* volunteer officers of all grades were appointed during those four years, and the number of seamen was increased from 7500 in 1861 to 51,560 in 1865. Over 300 steamers and 160 sailing vessels were purchased for the service on the sea-coast and upon the inland waters.

Some of these vessels so taken into the public service, and dignified as "*United States men-of-war,*" were evidently purchased when a pressing necessity required it. As indicative of the nondescript character of some of them an amusing story is told of one, to the command of which Lieutenant Joseph P. Fyffe, was appointed which *se non è vero, è ben trovato.*

This craft had been known as the "Clara Dolson," and was one of those huge flat-bottomed side-wheelers navigating the western waters.

Owing to some confusion in communicating the names of vessels by signal, so many of them being constantly on the move up and down the river, the squadron commander issued a general order, directing that, to avoid the necessity of announcing the vessel by her signals, the name of every "*man-of-war*" should be painted upon her sides in large letters, that might be plainly read at a distance. Fyffe, thinking that to call the craft under his command "a United States man-of-war" was an absurdity, complied with the order in his own inimitable fashion, and electrified the whole fleet by steaming through it with the name "PREPOSTEROUS," upon one paddle-box and the name "OUTRAGEOUS" upon the other in large letters, causing shouts of laughter to arise on every side.

He was not court-martialed for disrespect, the joke being so good; but a quiet hint was given and taken to secure the removal of the criticism upon the order.

Of course for the purpose of battle, whether with the enemy's forts or with other armed vessels, the regular men-of-war were comparatively few in number; but the history of the war tells us that, such as they were, the fighting vessels of the navy were so distributed, as the different important naval battles were mapped out, as to suffice amply, under their able officers, for the accomplishment of the objects aimed

at, and to win for those attached to them an abundance of laurels for brilliant victories obtained and zealous, efficient service performed.

These victories, because of their importance, and because of their being so well timed, concentrated and absorbed all the congratulations and rewards that were bestowed by the country upon the navy for duty well done.

It has always seemed to me that the proper meed of praise and the full reward merited, were not given to those whose days and nights from the beginning to the end of the war were spent upon blockade service, guarding with unceasing vigilance the countless inlets and ports upon that whole coast and so effectively maintaining the blockade in spite of all obstacles,—braving the dangers of a lee shore even in the severest gales and keeping their vessels close to the most treacherous shoals and bars, no matter what the season, or how bad the weather.

They were ready at all times to protect their lines of blockade against the approach of armed vessels from within or without the rebel ports, as was several times attempted at our station; and, although conscious that a great number of their vessels were scarce fitted for going under fire, they often braved it and still kept steadfast to their duty, which was so trying and so wearing, knowing that upon their fidelity to that duty and upon their success therein largely depended the ultimate success of our armies, and that they added to the value of the victories won.

They knew that the failure of the blockade would open the southern ports to all the supplies in provisions and war-materials that the rebel force would need, and so render the task of overcoming them one of greater difficulty.

To these workers and toilers, so patient and persistent in their laborious service, I have longed to see fitting tribute given by some faithful and able historian of that blockade service, the field for interesting narrative being so rich in instructive and entertaining incident, and I regret that I have not seen it in my day.

Fidelity to the promised limits of my story will not permit me to give more than a few sketches of what came under my own observation, and I must confine myself to the scene of my labors.

I was ordered by Admiral Lee to proceed with the "Dacotah" to Cape Fear River, and as senior officer, to assume the immediate management of the blockade there, and carry out his plans. Upon that duty, with the exception of a few brief intervals, I was engaged until the capture of Fort Fisher, after which I was assigned to the command of the Second Division of the West Gulf squadron.

At first, the blockading force was quite small, there being at the beginning of my work there not more than eight or ten vessels on the station at both Inlets, and none of them possessed any speed, such as would give hopes of successful chase when the swift blockade runners were sighted.

Constant appeals to the Department, with demon-

strations of the necessity for the presence there of an increased number of better and faster vessels, did bring to us after awhile a number of converted merchant steamers, with whose aid, great and valuable results were attained. Some forty *odd* gunboats were at different times added to the division under my command, and our record of success on that blockade alone, shows a list of over thirty steamers, twenty-two schooners and one brig captured and sent into port for condemnation; and a large number of swift and costly steamers, with their valuable cargoes were run ashore and destroyed by our shot and shell, whilst for all the fleets the captures made exceeded in number 1000 vessels of all kinds, and 254 were sunk or destroyed.

To our great chagrin, many vessels both inward and outward bound, eluded our vigilance; for there were inlets and river entrances all along the coast, and there was great rivalry in shrewdness, in skill and in daring between the blockaders and the runners of the blockade,—the one seeking to force the passage to the river, the other to seal it hermetically.

Early in December, 1862, I ordered soundings to be made at night, by boat, of the channels at the entrances of the river, the boats doing it thoroughly and well, working so close to the shore that the conversations of men at Fort Caswell could be distinctly heard. With the knowledge thus gained, we were well prepared even for the capture of the entrance fortifications, which would then have been made had the wishes and plans of Admiral Lee

been carried out; and as it was, we could distribute our vessels at night so as to cover every channel entrance, sending in picket-boats well inside of them to give timely notice of any attempts to escape from within.

Great watchfulness was kept up on every side of each vessel, and yet we would occasionally find, as at dawn we steamed back to the day station, that some long, low steamer, painted in pale lead-color so as to make her practically invisible on a hazy night at a distance of a hundred yards, had slipped in between our lines and carried aid and comfort to those within.

Of course language would fail to express our sentiments on such occasions.

As faster vessels were sent down we were able to improve our system, however, with corresponding increase in the number of captures. In addition to the former inside line of blockaders with picket-boats, my plan (suggested at an early date in my service there) was carried out, of having an outside, or off-shore, line of swift steamers so stationed as to course at a distance from the cape as to make it probable that any vessel escaping at high tide over the bar would be within sight of some one of our vessels at the dawn of the morning.

This system, with the captures that followed, brought consolation and some reward to us, and enlivened the tedium of our duty, which was further varied by stirring incidents that opportunity gave rise to.

On February 3, 1863, seeing a large steamer near Fort Caswell at daylight, I signaled the "Monticello," commanded by D. L. Braine, who was one of the most efficient officers on that service, to steam in and try his rifle-gun on her, I following him quickly with the "Dacotah," hoping to destroy the "runner." We were soon under a hot fire, and the steamer hastened up stream out of gunshot. The rebel Whitworth gun sent its shells far over us. Seeing that nothing could be accomplished, we, after two or three hours' exchange of compliments with Fort Caswell and the batteries at Bald Head, returned to our day station, where Captain Braine reported that a Whitworth shell having struck a brass pendulum upon the deck-house of his vessel, a flying fragment had cut the throat of a master's mate, mortally wounding him, but that his vessel was not injured.

After a year of service in command of the "Dacotah," I found that there was little chance of battle service on that station, and welcomed the orders given in December, 1863, to command the U. S. S. "Fort Jackson," a large, swift, ocean steamer, with a battery of nine-inch Dahlgren smooth-bore guns and one 100-pounder Parrott in pivot forward, and I was soon back at my station, where, seeing that all was working smoothly at the Western Bar, I went to the New Inlet entrance and gave personal attention to the service there.

Learning from refugees that back of Masonboro Inlet, seven miles from Wilmington, there were the

extensive state salt works, which were the main reliance of that portion of the Confederacy for meat-packing, I resolved upon their destruction, and organized in April, 1863, an expedition, sending in boats from the "Fort Jackson," "Niphon" and "Howquah," with a force of sixty men under volunteer Lieutenant Breck, of the "Niphon," and Acting Master W. E. Dennison, of my vessel, Surgeon Philip S. Wales (afterwards Surgeon-General of the Navy), going along to attend to the wounded if there should be any.

The boats started in on the evening of April 21, 1864, and crossing the breakers of the bar in safety, reached the mainland about 9 o'clock. There, without being discovered, the expedition surrounded the salt works and captured the whole force there--about 160 men, mostly conscripts--and soon totally demolished the whole plant, consisting of steam pumps and wind-mill, seven large boilers, 200 salt-pans, vats and reservoirs,—the thirty-pound shells thrown into the furnaces blowing them to fragments. Some sixty government wagons were also destroyed.

Hearing that a large force of the enemy were moving upon them, our force withdrew to the beach, having accomplished their mission. Breck took his prisoners with him, and brought off all his boats would carry—some sixty of them—who were taken on board of the commodious "Fort Jackson." One of the prisoners had his wife with him—a tidy, good-looking young woman, about nineteen years of age—the couple having only been

married about eight months, and begging that they should not be separated. When the crew of the "Fort Jackson" found that these conscripts had no love for the Confederacy, they made them comfortable, the young couple being given the boatswain's quarters, and they were liberally supplied by the men.*

An amusing incident, indicative of "Jack Tar's" liberality, was the *finale* of this expedition. It seemed that the sailors learned that this couple (Mr. and Mrs. Carter) were absolutely without means, having but the garments they wore when hurried to the boats by their captors. Their sailor hearts warmed with sympathy for the young wife in her condition, and finding out that they were to be set ashore at Norfolk to begin life afresh, they

* Forwarded May 6th, 1864.

(Sig.) S. P. LEE, A. R. Admiral.

NAVY DEPARTMENT.

May 2, 1864.

Sir: The Department has had forwarded to it by Acting Rear-Admiral Lee, your report of the 22d ulto. and other papers in reference to the expedition recently engaged in the destruction of the valuable and extensive saltworks in the vicinity or at Masonboro, N. C.

I desire to return to you the thanks of the Department for your complete organization of the expedition, which was executed with like skill and attended with such important results.

Very respectfully, etc.,

(Sig.) GIDEON WELLES,

Captain B. F. SANDS,

Comdg. U. S. Str. "Fort Jackson," Secretary of the Navy.
Off Wilmington, N. C.

quietly made up a purse in the fore-castle and just before the conscripts were to be landed the boatswain's mate, a rough old salt, came forward, the crew following closely behind him, and, handing in their name a purse of \$260 to the young wife, said that they all hoped it would suffice to start them well on the way to comfort.

She was a modest little woman and seemed somewhat at a loss to express her feelings ; but, at last, with tears of gratitude in her eyes, she shook the old tar's hand and hesitatingly said that her heart was full of her thanks and appreciation of all their kindness to her, but that she could think of no way to show it, except (in what *we* thought a comprehensive and novel way) by naming her *expected* boy (?) "Fort Jackson" Carter ! This, as she could not give him all the Christian names of the crew, the men thought altogether a lovely compliment and sufficient token of her thanks, and they gave her three hearty cheers, as she blushing went over the side.

In order to enable the vessels blockading to know each other, a system of night signals by flash-lights and colored lanterns was devised, by means of which it was expected that the identity of friends and foes could be established when vessels met after dark. The plan was a good one, but dependent always for its success upon the alertness, the promptness, and the intelligence of the officers on deck when the occasion for their use arose, and want of such readiness and occasional stupidity now and then caused us great annoyance.

One instance I may mention. It was in October, 1864, that the famous Confederate steamer "Tallahassee" made her escape from New Inlet. The fleet were apprised of the fact by shot and rockets from the U. S. "Dumbarton," and I joined in the chase with all speed, steaming in the direction indicated by the signal. The "Fort Jackson" being the fastest vessel there I had strong hopes of capturing the fugitive, when from a vessel, also in chase, which proved to be the gunboat "Aries," a challenge was made and promptly answered by our lanterns. We kept on, when our neighbor opened fire upon us, sending two shells aboard, one of which penetrating the side just above the waterline near the fore-chains, exploding in the paymaster's storeroom, and an alarm of fire in the forehold necessitated our stopping; so we hailed the "Aries," and gave up the chase, which, being continued by the "Dumbarton" alone, the "Tallahassee" succeeded in reaching a neutral port in safety.

The "Boston," the "Thistle" and the "Wando," or "Let Her Rip," were the most valuable prizes of the "Fort Jackson." The chase of the last-named was most exciting and interesting. She had crossed the bar about 9 p.m. one evening in that same October, and we, sighting her shadowy outlines, were quickly in pursuit, but soon lost sight of her in the darkness. Believing that she would go to Bermuda, we steamed out to sea on that course all night at high speed, and at day dawn, there she was just abeam, and we made for her, the old "Fort

Jackson" doing her best, and we gradually overhauled her. The chase several times changed her course in hopes of escaping us, and trusting to the chances that often occur in a stern chase which is so proverbially long, her captain held out long after the shot from our Parrott-gun had his range, and he hoisted the English flag, thinking we might not fire at it. But our shells went after him as fast as we could load and fire, and it was not until over ninety-eight shells had been expended that, finding our aim growing steadily more accurate and the shell bursting over his deck, he hauled down the English flag and threw it overboard, surrendering with his cargo of 550 bales of cotton.

Her captain and his passengers bore testimony (which is on file in the Department) to the efficiency of our blockade, saying that in Wilmington they abused us roundly for the zeal and energy we displayed, which made blockade-running so very dangerous.

Now and then one of those long, low, swift-steaming, Clyde-built vessels (like the "Giraffe") would lead four or five of our best vessels on exciting chases; and its exceeding great speed would enable her daring captain to run the gauntlet in safety, until the falling of the night shut him entirely from sight, and he would escape.

So bold and daring were some of these captains that I have known them when bound in, after the narrowest escapes from capture by our blockaders, which strove to drive them back to sea, to turn at

the first chance and finally slip through our lines in plain sight, taking all the shot we could send, and reach port in safety.

Once the impact of the shell striking the flying blockade-runner was distinctly heard, followed by the agonizing shrieks of the wounded ; but the speed of the vessel and the daring of her captain carried her through in safety, leaving us to lament that those who had the purchasing of our improvised blockaders could not see the propriety of securing vessels of greater speed.

From Little River Inlet up to Lockwood's Folly, above Fort Fisher, the beach was lined with the wrecks of steamers run ashore by our blockaders, and burned or shattered by our shot and shell. The "Hebe," the "Arabian," the "Elizabeth," the "Venus," the "Phantom," the "Douro," being a few whose names I now remember, whose captains carried them along almost on the crest of the surf, so well did they know the coast.

Our blockade became so close that the rebels had iron-clads constructed, which now and then steamed out at nightfall to drive off our vessels, hoping thus to facilitate the entrance and exit of blockade runners. On one occasion, off New Inlet, at midnight, on the 7th May, 1864, one of these rams attacked the vessels of the inside line and exchanged shots with several of them ; but they being weak shells, contented themselves with maneuvering around their big enemy, exchanging rifle-shots with her, until she withdrew, being afraid to wait for daylight

when the low tide would have kept her outside under our guns.

It was in June, 1863, that I was temporarily detached from the sloop-of-war "Dacotah," and sent to take the command of the triple-turreted ironclad "Roanoke," on her trial trip from New York to Hampton Roads. She was the old frigate "Roanoke" razeed and heavily plated on sides and deck, the latter being six or eight feet above water-line. Three monitor revolving turrets protected her heavy battery.

She did not prove a success. Her gun-carriage compressors were so bunglingly contrived that when experimenting with her guns loaded for the first time with shell, the carriage was wrecked and the recoiling gun nearly disabled the turret. When steaming down the coast a moderate gale was encountered, and she proved to be so top-heavy by reason of her heavy armor, turrets and guns that, to prevent her turrets from going over the side in her fearful rolling, they had to be braced with heavy beams.

Her ventilation was so very bad that I welcomed the day when my experimental cruise was over and I returned to blockade duty.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AFTER SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA—FIRST BOMBARDMENT OF FORT FISHER—BUTLER'S FIASCO!

AFTER Sherman's march to the sea, blockade-running was principally confined to the Carolina coast, and we were kept busy. Rear-Admiral David D. Porter, having superseded Acting Rear-Admiral Lee, who was sent to the Mississippi squadron, received from the Navy Department all the facilities which Lee had applied for in vain, and the concentration of iron-clads, monitors, frigates and sloops-of-war at Hampton Roads let us know that fighting days had come to us—the fleet being organized for the capture of the forts at the entrances of Cape Fear River.

On the 13th of October, 1864, Admiral Porter issued his order announcing the formation of three divisions, which were placed under the command of three officers who had not participated in any of our hard work on the blockade. He had mentioned to me personally his intention to do this, and that my vessel would be attached to the 3d division under Commodore Joseph Lanman—whose vessel did not go outside of the capes until she sailed for the attack on Fort Fisher.

I had been until that time the divisional commander on the Wilmington blockade, and as such under the law was entitled to a certain share in the prizes taken by the vessels in my division; so I asked the Admiral if this new assignment was to deprive me of what was mine by reason of the labor and responsibility being on my shoulders. I was assured by him that the order only was intended to apply to the arrangement of the divisions for the contemplated attack on Fort Fisher, and that I was to continue as divisional commander of the blockading vessels until the fighting divisions were organized off the coast for the battle.

Resting content with this assurance, I returned to my work off Cape Fear, and several rich and valuable steamers were captured, and prize lists with my name attached as divisional commander were sent in. To my surprise, I was later informed that upon Lanman's claim my name was stricken out and his inserted, thus taking a clear \$14,000 from my pocket.

Nor could I, afterwards, by any effort procure any relief from this action, which I considered, with justification, I think, a great wrong; and I always have thought it strange that, after the statement of facts which I presented, Commodore Joseph Lanman should have persisted in his claim, when he knew that he had not given an order regarding the blockade service in the discharge of which the captures were made, and could not have told the names of the capturing vessels, so little did he know of them or their work.

It was on the 19th of December, 1864, that the combined divisions of the fleet assembled off Cape Fear to the northward of Frying Pan Shoals—far out of sight of land—for the attack on Fort Fisher.

General Benjamin F. Butler, with his army force in transports, being some distance up the coast, prepared to land and co-operate with the fleet after the bombardment had begun. Captain Rhind and Lieutenant Preston were ready with their monster torpedo, the steamer "Louisiana," loaded with bags of gunpowder, to be exploded *en masse* at a given time by shells distributed through it; and the gallant Roswell H. Lamson, in a small swift steamer, the "Wilderness," was at hand to bring them off in safety after the time fuses should have been fired.

A strong southwest gale was blowing for two or three days, holding the fleet to its anchors, but, moderating on the night of the 22d, the torpedo boat was sent in, and at 1.30 a. m., the next morning, she exploded. It was afterwards ascertained that little or no serious damage was done, by reason, it was supposed, of the fact that, when exploded, the steamer had been anchored with one or two feet of water under her keel, whereas she should have been driven hard on the beach to have communicated the force of the concussion to the land.

At 7 a. m. at the signal to get under way, we fell into our place in line astern of the St. Iago de Cuba, commanded by Captain O. H. Glisson, the rest of the fleet, also getting under way and steaming slowly in towards the land, taking up position according to

the plan prepared by the Admiral, the "New Ironsides" opening the ball to get the range, when the monitors followed suit. We anchored ahead of the "Juniata" and commenced firing, our nine-inch shot falling short and our rifled Parrott-gun scarce reaching. Fortunately our anchor dragged, which gave me good excuse to weigh it, and cutting the spring hawsers, I steamed to a better position, when our senior Captain Glisson signaled to me to follow him, and we went down the line and taking position near the iron-clads opened fire again upon the fort, which we maintained until sunset, when at the signal from the flagship we retired.

At the beginning of the bombardment the fort answered our fire very briskly; but this sensibly slackened, until we began to retire, when they again fired more rapidly from the fort. Shot fell all around us, but my vessel was not hit.

On Christmas morning, my vessel, being detailed to take north the men killed and wounded by the bursting of the heavy Parrott-guns on the "Ticonderoga," "Juniata" and "Yantic," did not form in line, with the others. Our boats, however, were sent to assist in the landing of Butler's forces, over 3,000 men going ashore and marching down the beach with skirmishers ahead, the gunboats shelling the beach in front and in their rear.

We stood along the shore in four and a half fathoms, and could see the scattering of the rebels with their field-pieces, as our shells fell among them. Towards dark the army had approached to within

range of the outworks of Fort Fisher, and with my glass, from my station on the starboard paddlebox of the "Fort Jackson," I could see a party enter one of the abandoned outposts and afterwards come down to the beach with a rebel battle-flag in their possession.

The ridges of sand hills were at once occupied by the troops, the monitors in the mean time, with their heavy shells, making the sand fly in clouds in the bastions and traverses of the main fort, cutting away the second flagstaff.

At dark large volumes of smoke rising from within the fort told us that their buildings had been fired by our exploding shells.

The next morning General Butler declared that the fort was impregnable, not having been injured by our bombardment, and announced his intention of embarking his troops, which he did in spite of Admiral Porter's protest; and he withdrew, thus terminating the attack without anything being achieved to compensate for the vast amount of ammunition expended, and to the great disappointment of the officers and men, who were bitter in their denunciations of Butler's ignorance or cowardice.

I was ordered to tow the monitor "Mahopac" to Beaufort, N. C., where the fleet was to rendezvous, and steaming slowly I reached there on the morning of the 27th of the month, and sending in the dead for burial, left the "Mahopac" to steam in alone, and proceeded with the wounded northward for Norfolk, Va.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SECOND BOMBARDMENT AND CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER—LAND ASSAULT BY THE NAVY—GREAT GALLANTRY OF THE ARMY—SCENES FROM THE “FORT JACKSON.”

THIS failure of his plans filled Admiral Porter with indignation, and he did not hesitate to express his mind strongly and openly about the cause of it, knowing that his whole fleet shared his views.

He was determined upon success, as he always was through life, his indomitable pluck and energy forbidding his standing still a moment; and he earnestly applied to General Grant for proper co-operation, which that officer, filled with confidence in Porter's skill and ability, gladly and promptly gave him, sending a new force under General A. H. Terry to unite with him in his task.

So it was that on January 12th, 1865, the fleet, which was concentrated off Beaufort Bar, got under way and steamed down the coast in line of battle. The “Fort Jackson” had the “Mahopac” in tow, the “Vanderbilt,” “St. Iago de Cuba,” “Alabama” and “Rhode Island” towing the other iron-clads. The army transports followed behind the fleet.

It was a grand sight to behold that fleet of forty-

two men-of-war and seventeen transports in array steaming down towards the fort. We reached New Inlet Bar at 9.30 p. m. that day. The next morning all the vessels sent boats to assist in landing the troops, (8,000 men) with field-guns, ammunition and provisions. Whilst the iron-clads, having resumed the positions they had occupied at the first bombardment, opened fire on the fort, our line of vessels shelled the sand hills and woods in advance of the army until they had selected their lines and had firmly entrenched themselves, when we felt they could take care of any enemy approaching from Wilmington on their rear.

At 4 p. m. signal was made for the 1st and 2d lines to join in the attack, and the troops on shore could be seen advancing as we steamed down to our position, a beautiful sight being presented by that mass of "boys in blue" who covered the beach, following our first line of gunboats.

The firing from the frigates was beautifully done, the shells fairly showering over into the fort and the bombardment being maintained by the whole force. Even such little steamers as the "Gettysburg" with her one 30-pounder Parrott popped away with the rest until after dark, and it was a magnificent sight! When we had accomplished our individual work of clearing the beach for the army we had nothing to do but to look on, and it was truly inspiring to see our sailors, in the very best of spirits, standing to their guns, and the officers waving their caps as they passed close to us to take up their positions close in

to the fort. When they opened fire it seemed to *rain* shells, and, as the night drew over the scene its veil of darkness, it seemed one grand pyrotechnic display as the guns flashed brightly and shells exploded in the air.

During the night the iron-clads kept up a regular fire at intervals to keep them stirred up in the fort. At dawn on the 14th, from our position protecting the flank of the troops ashore, we could see that they had not been idle but had gathered in corral quite a herd of cattle on the beach. Our fleet and the iron-clads were doing some beautiful marksmanship, landing their shells between and in the enemy's traverses, throwing up clouds of sand and driving the rebels from their guns. I saw several alight near a gun, between a couple of traverses, and the men kept on loading their gun and were training it on the fleet, when another shell exploded right over them and cleaned them away entirely, that gun not being fired afterwards.

During the day we could see the rebel gunboat "Chickamauga" and another, the "Virginia," firing at our pickets from above Reeve's Point. The fort and batteries kept up a brisk response to our guns.

The army pickets by nightfall had advanced to within half a mile of the fort, and after dark a line of camp-fires lit up the long stretch of beach.

At 8 a. m., on the morning of the 15th of January, from the flagship "Malvern," signal was made to send armed boats ready for landing, and fifty sailors and sixteen marines, under the command of Lieu-

tenant S. H. Hunt and Acting Master Coney, were sent from my vessel. Joining the numerous boats from the other vessels of the fleet, they pulled in for the beach through the surf, and the naval brigade soon landed, and we could see them being formed into divisions as they reported to their commanding officer.

At 9, signal was made for the fleet to form line of battle and await further orders; and the first and second lines began soon to move slowly past us to the attack, the "Ironsides" and the monitors with their fifteen-inch guns being the first to engage the fort. At 10, our line was signalled to take up its position, and we were soon off the bar where at high water there was only four-and-a-half fathoms' depth.

The "Fort Jackson" passed ahead of the "St. Iago de Cuba," and, anchoring with spring kedge astern and port bower anchor, we were scarcely in position when from the heavy guns on the "Mound" and its adjacent batteries a sharp fire was opened upon us. The "St. Iago de Cuba" soon afterwards dragging, or for some other cause, dropped out, and the other vessels of the line not coming up we were left alone to receive the undivided attention of the Mound and the three next batteries. They made it very hot for us for a while, the shot and shell falling thick around and over us and coming most uncomfortably near, one shell exploding just above my head, the pieces cutting the paddle-box near me and the deck in several places, without wounding a man.

This continued for a short time, when the other vessels, coming up into position, took off a portion of this fire from us. One shell, whilst this maneuver was going on, striking short, ricocheted over our deck and entered the side of the "Osceola," commanded by my friend J. M. B. Clitz, that was passing outside of us, exploding and setting her on fire near her magazine; but the blaze was safely extinguished.

In the mean-time, from my post on the paddle-box I could see the formation of our naval brigade on the shore and their march towards the fort; their halt for rest near the fort at the water's edge where they threw themselves down to await the signal from the "Malvern." The monitors sent their huge shell over the column at the fort.

Knowing that my son Preston, who was an acting ensign on the "Gettysburg," and my son Hoban, an ensign in the regular navy on the "Shenandoah" were in the assaulting column ashore, my eyes were naturally turned to the beach whenever I could turn for a moment from the work of my vessel.

At this time a perfect hurricane of shot and shell was poured upon the whole fortification to disable as many of its guns as possible before our land party should move to the assault, and when at the opportune moment three sharp signals from the steam-whistle of the flagship directed us to change the line of our fire down towards the "Mound," we could see our sailors jump to their feet and, with their boat-flags flying, go charging towards the face of the fort.

As the fire on the main fort slackened, the enemy evidently discovered quickly the attack, and we could see their force gathering in large numbers from the adjacent batteries. Forming in force on the parapet fronting our column, they opened from great-guns and small-arms a terrible fusilade upon our sailors and marines, whose bodies we could see falling like ten-pins and strewing the beach as the column swept forward.

Our men were unable to pass the high palisades in the face of this terrific fire, and we could see them halt there close to the fort, stand awhile inactive, and then suddenly turn and retreat *en masse* back up the beach. The heavy guns from the Mound battery with grape hurtling against the rear of our retreating column dropped the men like sheep and hurried them on their retrograde movement.

Whilst the rebels, so concentrated in all their force on the sea front, were thus checking and sweeping back our sailors and marines, in the belief that it was the main attack of the combined army and navy forces, General Terry with his brave soldiers, bravely led, had passed the shattered palisades on the other flank of the fort unresisted, and, before its defenders could turn their attention from our sailors, had gained six of the traverses on its north face.

There the heaviest hand-to-hand fighting began, for the brave Colonel William Lamb met our soldiers at the seventh traverse, and foot by foot contested the way; but we could see our soldiers press

on and the Stars and Stripes move on from traverse to traverse as they were won.

Then the Mound battery and the square casemate battery on the extreme point opened fire upon that part of the fort where our flag was flying, and the Admiral signaled to us to open fire on the Mound, which was silenced just as the sun was setting by the concentrated fire of all the vessels in range. With my glass I saw the shell strike and explode, whilst the gunners were loading their guns on the Mound, and they were swept from their pieces, leaving the rammer still in the muzzle of one of the guns.

At 10 p. m. great cheering amongst the vessels, the bursting of rockets and the shrieking of steam whistles throughout the fleet told us that the Admiral had heard that the whole fortification was in our possession. I took my gig and went on board the flagship "Malvern," to congratulate my friend Porter on his great victory, when Lieutenant Wm. B. Cushing rushed up to me in the cabin and told me that my sons, who had done good service ashore, were both safe; that he had found them, with their men, working back to the fort, after the defeat of our column, with a view to rescuing those who were cut off under the palisades; and although they had advanced until again under fire from the rebels on the sea-front of the fort, he had been compelled by the request of General Terry to stop their contemplated movement, and to order them back to the army lines to relieve the engineer brigade, and guard the rear from any

attack; and that they had formed their men, and with flags flying had coolly marched down the beach to their places in the intrenchments, where they were then on duty.

This great cause of anxiety to me being removed, I could gladly enter into and enjoy Admiral Porter's gratification, and could appreciate his loud praises of General Terry and his brave soldiers for the victory so stoutly fought for and won. My anxiety during the assault would have been greater had I known that our naval brigade had advanced over a number of heavy torpedoes buried in the sand by the rebels, who intended to explode them and annihilate the attacking force; but a fifteen-inch shell from a monitor had cut the wires at the angle of the fort leading to the casemate containing the battery, and so had disabled the torpedoes. My son Preston the next morning obtained a good piece of the wire where it was so cut, and brought it to me as a trophy, as he now considers it.

Whilst I was on the flagship a message came from General Terry, stating that the enemy was massing on his rear, and gunboats were sent to shell them away.

At daylight on the 16th of January it was a grateful sight to behold the Stars and Stripes flying over the fort, the whole of Federal Point in our possession, and light-draft gunboats steaming in over the bar.

I thought that at last, for the first time in three long years of service there, I could indulge myself, and undress at night for a comfortable sleep in my

bunk,—a treat I had not permitted myself during my whole service on the blockade. The wear and tear of this loss of rest, with the anxiety attending the responsibility upon me, had told severely upon my strength and health.

At 8.30 a. m. there was a terrific explosion of the magazine of the fort, which killed hundreds of our soldiers. But my son Preston wrote me that he had just left the fort to go to his wounded captain on the "Gettysburg," and so escaped, whilst two of his brother-officers remaining there had been killed.

At 10. a. m. the wounded of the fleet were sent to the "Fort Jackson," and I was directed to take them to Norfolk, which I did, and taking in a supply of shell and ammunition for the fleet returned to the scene of action.

It was a great source of amusement for us to read at that time in the daily newspapers that General Butler had been before a committee of the House of Representatives, explaining the solid reasons for his withdrawal after the first bombardment, and was demonstrating the entire *impregnability* of Fort Fisher, when the despatch was handed in and read announcing that Porter and Terry were in possession of it.

On the 28th of January, the "Rhode Island" came to New Inlet, with Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant and my old friend G. V. Fox, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and I ordered the "Emma" to take them in over the bar to Admiral Porter, and then signaled to General Terry to meet them on board of the flagship "Malvern."

CHAPTER XXX.

ORDERED TO COMMAND THE 2D DIVISION OF WEST GULF BLOCKADING SQUADRON—BUSY WORK—FLAGS OF TRUCE—NEGOTIATIONS FOR SURRENDER—TERMS OF FINAL SURRENDER OF THE LAST FOOTHOLD OF THE CONFEDERACY AGREED TO AND SIGNED IN THE CABIN OF THE U. S. “FORT JACKSON” ON JUNE 2D, 1865—I TAKE POSSESSION OF GALVESTON AND HOIST THE “STARS AND STRIPES” ONCE MORE—CORRESPONDENCE WITH GENERAL J. BANKHEAD MAGRUDER, COMMANDING THE REBEL FORCES—PROMOTED TO RANK OF COMMODORE.

OUR work being done at this point, I received orders to steam for the West Gulf squadron, and I left Cape Fear on February 1st and reached Pensacola on the 14th of the month.

Admiral Henry K. Thatcher gave me the command of the second division of the squadron stationed off Galveston, which, in March, was made the third division, and I promptly sailed for my new post and soon had matters running after the fashion of our northern blockade.

I found that frequently our blockaders would stir the people ashore up by dropping shell into houses, by way of target practice; but deeming it cruelty and unnecessary to thus endanger the lives of those not actually in arms against us, I forbade the practice, and directed closer attention to the necessary duties of the blockade.

This coast presenting now the only inlets for blockade-running, we were kept exceedingly busy, and the runners, being so much swifter than the lame ducks of my division, frequently got in; but we made many captures. On one occasion a long, low steamer went boldly in along the beach, taking our broadsides which fairly ripped her sides, but she escaped capture.

From the flagstaff on the custom house at Galveston the flags of truce were now often flying, and communications made with us. On the 16th of April the steamer "Arkansas" brought us news of the capture of Richmond, and the "New London" ten days later steamed in with news of the surrender of Generals Lee and Johnston with their armies. I had salutes fired from all our vessels, which dressed ship amidst great rejoicing, and I at once sent the news in to Galveston by a flag of truce.

Upon the receipt of the news of Lincoln's assassination a thrill of horror went through the fleet, and we mourned the loss of our distinguished president.

General Magruder sent word that he had arrived in Galveston. On the 21st of May, I sent in the

“Seminole” to the bar to take in General Wilcox and other paroled prisoners who were to be landed at Galveston under a flag of truce, and the boat meeting ours brought word that General Magruder desired to negotiate for peace, and I sent Lieutenant McKay to Admiral Thatcher with the communication.

At 2.30 p. m., on the 25th of May, 1865, I received the following communication from General Magruder :

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT TEXAS, etc.
HOUSTON, MAY 24th, 1865.

To CAPTAIN B. F. SANDS,
Comdg. U. S. Fleet off Galveston.

Sir :

The restoration of peace in this District is the object and I believe will be the result of the commission I am sending through your courtesy to New Orleans. With the sincere view of facilitating this desirable end I have the honor to propose an armistice between the naval forces on the coast and the troops under my command, to continue until the results of the conference are known, or until you may receive instructions from the U. S. authorities in New Orleans.

Colonel Ashbel Smith of the Confederate army and Mr. W. P. Ballinger, by whom this communication is sent, are the commissioners appointed by me to proceed to New Orleans and are also authorized to arrange the terms of the armistice. They will take

on board an officer or officers, who will bear me your answer.

I have the honor to be, Captain,
Very respectfully your Obt. Servt.,
J. BANKHEAD MAGRUDER,
Major-Genl. Commanding.

To this I sent by the officers this brief response :

U. S. STR. FORT JACKSON,
Off Galveston, Texas.
May 25th, 1869.

MAJOR-GENL. J. BANKHEAD MAGRUDER,
Comdg. District of Texas.

Sir :

I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your communication of yesterday's date, and will be pleased to forward to New Orleans your commissioners, Colonel Ashbel Smith and Mr. Wm. P. Ballinger, by a steamer this evening.

The question of armistice I cannot consider; but my prompt acquiescence to your request to convey the commissioners should be sufficient guarantee for my acts.

I have the honor to be,
Very respectfully, etc.
B. F. SANDS, Captain,
Comdg. 3d Division W. G. Squadron.

By the steamer "Antona" I sent the commissioners to New Orleans, and I sent that same day a

report to Admiral Thatcher at Pensacola, informing him of the propositions made. He wrote me that he would go to New Orleans at once, and approved my course.

Pending these negotiations in New Orleans I received the following communication from General Magruder.

“ By State Telegraph Line,”

Via Galveston, May 27th, 1865.

HD-QRS., DISTRICT TEXAS, N. M. & A.

HOUSTON, May 27th, 1865.

TO CAPTAIN B. F. SANDS,

Comdg. W. G. Squadron off Galveston.

Captain :

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 25th instant, with which I am satisfied. It may be desirable to remove some troops from Galveston Island and substitute others, but I have to assure you that there will be no increase or diminution of the garrison of that place, and I have given the order to Colonel Mann commanding at Galveston to impress upon his men to do no act to disturb the present relations existing between the fleet and the garrison.

I have left small garrisons at Sabine Pass and the mouth of the Brazos.

I would suggest, in the same sincere spirit which you manifest, to settle those momentous difficulties between the State of Texas and the United States, that you give orders without delay to the com-

manding officers of the blockading squadron off Sabine Pass and the mouth of the Brazos, to preserve the status which at present exists, until the termination of the present negotiations, or until you have received other instructions from the U. S. authorities, and I enclose you copies of orders to the commanding officers at Sabine Pass and at the mouth of the Brazos, which I beg leave to request that you will send by steamer under flag of truce as addressed.

They are left open for your perusal. The delivery of these two orders will, I think, insure the continuance of the present status.

The frankness with which I submit these orders to you is the best evidence of the sincerity of my intentions to act in perfect good faith.

I had been notified already of the evacuation of those points, by report from the officer stationed there, and I wrote to General Magruder, informing him of that fact, and at the same time stated that, with a desire of preserving the existing condition of things, I had not taken possession of them.

As I had notified my Admiral, the people of Texas and the army there were very much excited and divided in regard to the negotiations in progress, and I was obliged to be very cautious so as to avoid acts that might interrupt or disturb the situation.

I received an answer from General Magruder, which I give :

HEADQUARTERS, DISTRICT TEXAS, ETC.,
HOUSTON, May 13, 1865.

COMMODORE SANDS,

Commanding U. S. Fleet, off Galveston.

SIR:—I have just received your note of the 29th inst. I assure you I appreciate highly the delicacy of the course you have pursued towards me.

I was not aware of the evacuation of Sabine Pass and Velasco, when I gave the order alluded to, otherwise I would not have given you the trouble of communicating with these places.

I am, Commodore,

Very respectfully,

Your obt. serv't,

J. BANKHEAD MAGRUDER,

Major-Genl. Comdg. District, etc.

Upon the arrival of Brigadier-General E. J. Davis, on the 31st May, representing General Canby, the fact was communicated to the authorities in Galveston, and on the 2d of June Brigadier-General E. J. Davis, U. S. Army, accompanied by General J. Kirby Smith, commanding the trans-Mississippi forces of the Confederacy, and Major-General J. Bankhead Magruder, commanding the District of Texas, with Captain Mead and Dr. Yandell of their staffs, came on board my vessel, the "Fort Jackson," and discussed the articles of agreement for the surrender of the last armed forces of the rebellion. I had invited Commander A. G. Clary, of the U. S. S. "Seminole," Commander Thomas H.

Stevens, of the U. S. S. "Oneida," and Commander John Downes, of the U. S. S. "Grand Gulf," to witness the ceremonies, and in the presence of those named, at 5 p. m., in my cabin, the articles of surrender were signed by General J. Kirby Smith, C. S. A. By sunset I had the U. S. S. "Albatross" and "New London" under way for the stations up and down the coast, with copies of circulars signed, some by General Magruder for the ports and batteries along the coast, and others by myself to the commanding officers of the blockading vessels, to notify them of the agreement to put an end to hostilities, and to secure the public property for the government.

The signing of the articles of surrender was an occasion of great gratification to us all, and the termination of hostilities that immediately followed was a source of relief to us who had so long been engaged upon the arduous duties of the blockade.

On the morning of June 5th I hoisted my divisional pennant on the U. S. S. "Cornubia." I crossed the bar at the entrance to Galveston Harbor, and in company with Commanders Stevens and Downes and Lieutenant-Commander Wilson, with my orderly and Chief Quartermaster Knight, I landed in Galveston, and was met upon the wharf by the Mayor of the city, Van Horten, who conducted us to his office, followed by a large number of the citizens.

Arriving at his office the Mayor made an address to the assembled citizens, informing them that I

had come ashore to hoist the flag of the Union over the public property, and expressing the hope that good order would be preserved and continued.

I then spoke a few words to them, expressing my hope and confidence that nothing would thenceforth occur to disturb the harmonious feelings that should now prevail, and that, the surrender having been made, we were all once more together under the old flag, which it was my pleasant duty to hoist again over Galveston,—a ceremony which it would be their duty to carry on in the future. We then proceeded to the custom-house and there hoisted our flag, which now, at last, was flying over every foot of our territory, this being the closing act of the great rebellion.

After strolling around the city for a while we returned in the "Preston" to the fleet outside.

It was late in July before I was relieved from my duties in that division of the Gulf squadron; but the 2d of August saw my vessel at anchor at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and I was soon afterwards detached and then was placed on duty as executive officer of the Boston Navy Yard. There I remained until the fall of 1866, being then detached and placed on waiting orders, the cold climate having been too trying for me after my many years' service in warm latitudes.

I had been promoted on July 25th, 1866, to the grade of Commodore.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DETACHED FROM BOSTON NAVY YARD—APPOINTED SUPERINTENDENT OF U. S. NAVAL OBSERVATORY—MAY 1867—SKETCH OF THAT INSTITUTION AND ITS WORK—ATTEMPTS OF CIVILIANS TO CHANGE ITS CONTROL—PROMOTION TO RANK OF REAR-ADMIRAL.

UPON being detached from the Boston Navy Yard, I returned to my home in Washington, where I settled down for a good rest, being for the first time in many long years without any duty to occupy me. I was beginning to enjoy the comforts of home life when, in May, 1867, the necessities of the service required the detail of Rear-Admiral C. H. Davis to the command of the South Atlantic squadron, thus creating a vacancy at the Naval Observatory.

I was at the time at the Norfolk Navy Yard, on duty as president of a court-martial, and one day at the table of my friend, Captain (now Rear-Admiral) C. Raymond P. Rodgers, he mentioned the fact that it had been intimated to him that the place was open for him if he desired it, but that he had declined it, not caring for the duty. He remarked, "Sands, that would be the place for you!" But I

also stated that I thought I was not suited for the work there, and thought no more of it at the time.

Upon returning to Washington, however, I was approached by a friend at the Navy Department in regard to this duty, and I was asked if I would decline if it was offered to me. I replied that I was seeking duty, and could not afford to decline any orders given to me, and on the next day May 7th, 1867, I was ordered to succeed Davis as Superintendent of the Naval Observatory, and relieved him on the day following.

I had been rather diffident about undertaking this duty, but resolved to perform it to the best of my ability.

The Naval Observatory was the outgrowth of the South Sea Exploring Expedition, in the "Depot of Charts and Instruments," created, when that expedition was being organized, for astronomical observations in connection therewith. The office was in possession of instruments used in the rating of chronometers, which were suitable also for the observations required. Lieutenant J. M. Gillis was placed in charge in a part of the house on the Capitol Hill, in which resided the family of Lieutenant Wilkes, to whom had been given the command of the exploring expedition.

The "Depot" was afterwards removed to the west end of Pennsylvania Avenue, for more roomy quarters, which were necessitated by its growth under Lieutenant Matthew F. Maury.

In the mean time Hon. J. Q. Adams had obtained

from Congress an appropriation for an Astronomical Observatory, with suitable instruments, to be built upon *University Square*, its present location. It was still styled "The Depot of Charts and Instruments," for Congress did not, at that time, seem disposed to create new institutions.

Lieutenant Gilliss had this work in charge, and when the new buildings were finished, in September, 1844, and the instruments mounted in their places, they were turned over to Lieutenant Maury for his charts and instruments. In his absence I, as the next in rank of the officers attached to the "Depot," transferred the chronometers, instruments, and charts, to the new buildings.

Under Maury the work of the Observatory gradually increased its scope, as has been detailed in a "Memoir of the Founding and Progress of the United States Naval Observatory," collated with great care and research under my instructions, by Professor J. E. Nourse, U. S. Navy, in the latter part of 1872, and published by the Government, giving, as far as it goes, an interesting narrative of the institution and its work.

At the outbreak of the rebellion, Commander Gilliss succeeded Commander Maury, who had "joined his fortunes with those of his native State." He was devoted to astronomical studies, almost the whole of his duty in the navy being in such pursuits. He had been one of the first who had charge of the Observatory in its infancy; under his supervision the building had been constructed. He had been

sent to Europe to procure the instruments for it, and had commanded an astronomical expedition to Chili. When he entered upon his superintendency, the work of the institution was confined more strictly than under Maury to the legitimate astronomical work, and it was making rapid strides toward pre-eminence when, unfortunately, death carried him off.

Rear-Admiral Davis succeeded him, and continued in command until ordered to sea, as I have mentioned. Under him the astronomical work was continued, making a long stride upward, and under his efforts was procured the addition of probably the best transit instrument that could be obtained. He was drawn aside from this work to undertake such side issues as the compilations of the "Isthmus Canal Investigations," and "Arctic Exploring Expeditions," for which, however, he had not volunteered, but these works, called for by the provisions of resolutions of Congress passed at the instance of third parties, being entrusted to him, were undertaken and completed with care and thoroughness.

When I assumed command, I found but one officer on duty with whom I had been acquainted before,—Professor Ferguson,—having been associated with him when on the Coast Survey, under Mr. Hassler. To his assistance, in the way of advice, I looked with confidence, and was much gratified at his prompt and cordial co-operation with me; but to my great regret, and to the great loss of the Observatory, he lived but a few months after I assumed charge.

I found serious obstacles meeting me at the outset in my new labors. As I have intimated, in the growth of the Institution, owing to outside influences or to the bent of individuals, it had begun to expand its work into spheres of usefulness not strictly pertinent to the object intended in its establishment: the duties of a hydrographic office were added, and meteorological observations undertaken, to be extended to the giving of storm signals along the coast and even to the *location* of "peach orchards!" so that astronomy became not simply and purely its sole province. The frequent changes of officers appeared also to militate against its interests in preventing that uniformity in its work that was so very essential to its success; consequently, astronomers and other scientists began to murmur at the misapplication of its functions.

This may be called the beginning of the opposition to a naval administration of its affairs—an opposition which met me at the threshold of my work.

Thrown upon my own resources by the death of my friend Ferguson, I made a quiet but careful study of the workings of the Observatory, its past management, the personnel of its permanent staff of officers and the departments of scientific work most agreeable to the tastes and talents of each, and I finally determined upon a plan of my own which I thought would obviate all difficulty and end in the advantage of the institution as being most likely to be productive of valuable astronomical work.

I noted that the annual reports of the work done at the Observatory in preceding years were all narrated at length over the signature of the superintendent, who, whilst giving a list of the officers attached to the Observatory, seldom accredited to them their own special work. This I thought somewhat hard upon the Professors, and, therefore, calling them together I assured them that I was not there to rob any man of the work of his brain; that in the future every officer should receive full credit for whatever valuable scientific work he did; that I should exact a report from each over his own signature, thus giving each full credit and due responsibility for his work; that these reports should be published with the annual volume; and that any credit that should come to me would be *reflective* and not by *absorption*.

My sole idea was the well-being of the Observatory as a naval institution devoted to astronomical work, and this action seemed to clear away all doubts of fairness toward them as scientists and gave free play to their ambition. The result is shown, and that my plan worked well is manifest, in the volumes of observations annually published and in the position to which the Naval Observatory rapidly advanced amongst the astronomical institutions of the world. "All hands" united their energies for the advancement of the work upon which they were engaged.

The Professors had been almost all demoralized by the idea that the naval officers were making

capital out of other men's brains ; but now they felt that they were laboring for their own benefit, whilst at the same time raising the character and standing of the Observatory to which they were attached.

By constant intercourse with them I ascertained the special bent of each individual and his capability, and made a programme assigning them to duties severally, following as nearly as the work of the Observatory would permit, my idea of their favorite train of thought and study. I intimated that any change upon which they could mutually agree would be gladly made, so that I could have them at duties most congenial to each individual and most promising as to the good results I anticipated.

Thus was all *intramural* difficulty entirely done away with, and our work went on smoothly and successfully, the administration of the affairs of the Observatory and the guarding of its interests, the mapping out of its future work and attending to its resources, taxing my attention, and the correspondence with other kindred institutions and astronomers all over the world keeping my time abundantly and busily occupied.

As the years passed away thus harmoniously the reputation of the Institution for its valuable work most rapidly advanced. I was at one time particularly pleased with the encomiums brought to me by Professor Peirce, superintendent of the Coast Survey, upon his return from Europe,—from the combined expeditions sent out from the Coast Survey office

and the Naval Observatory to observe the eclipse of the sun,—when he said that our Professors were received with high honors by their *confrères* in Europe, and that everywhere deference was shown to them as coming from our Naval Observatory which had attained to a position on the plane of the highest and most celebrated in Europe!

He assured me that our astronomers were no longer in the leading-strings of European observatories, but were among the leaders in astronomy, and he reached the climax of his compliments by saying that I ought to be proud of being at the head of such an institution.

This from the chief of a department of science which I had always thought covetous of the control of the Observatory was praise indeed, and I appreciated it cordially.

Although I had overcome the obstacles in my way within the walls, I still encountered now and then some annoyance, proceeding from certain envious scientists outside, who thought that such an institution should be in their hands. But one particular instance need be mentioned, as it may serve as a case in point in the future.

A young New England professor, who had for a short period served at Polkowa Observatory, and not succeeding very well there, returned home and applied at the Bureau of Navigation for such scientific duty as could be given him. He was referred to me, and he was assigned to duty as an "aid" at the Observatory, and shortly afterwards receiving an offer

from the Cincinnati Observatory, accepted it and resigned his place with us.

That his work there might receive all the assistance possible from us, he was given, for the library of that Observatory, duplicates of astronomical works from our library, and we loaned him chronometers.

He had not been on duty at his new post long when I discovered that he was stirring up antagonism towards the naval administration of our Observatory by sending out circulars to the directors of the several astronomical observatories, great and small, throughout the country, with a view to getting up a petition to Congress to change the naval administration of this Institution, and to appoint none but scientists of recognized and eminent abilities to the superintendency!

He thought the time was ripe to utilize the envy of those scientists who might dislike seeing any institution of such eminence independent of their control, and thought that now that such position had been reached by the Naval Observatory, they would prove eager to get control of it, and would fall in with his proposition, he to receive credit for thus taking the initiative in case his move proved successful.

Such a move by this *ci-devant* "aid" was certainly lacking in good taste, particularly in view of the favors we had granted him in a hearty spirit of good-will for his own success.

However, one of the astronomers to whom he

wrote, who was one of the ablest and most distinguished in the country—Professor Peters—notified me of the move *sur le tapis*, and gave me a portion of the reply he had sent to the “young and ambitious” astronomer, in which he advised him to leave such questions to older heads, telling the young gentleman that he was entirely wrong; that the Naval Observatory was conducted under the then superintendent (myself) in the best interests of astronomy, and that it was much better as it was than it would be under the auspices of scientists, who would be always squabbling for place and the maintenance of individual opinions: whereas in the naval administrations, the Department could select officers of known administrative ability to conduct its affairs, which it certainly had done at that time with eminent success; that the astronomer would soon be merged into an administrator, and his scientific attainments lost in the sphere for which he was best adapted; and that in making the superintendent, an *astronomer* would be lost to the scientific world, for one could not attend to both duties with full justice to each.*

* This same wise conclusion has been reached by the French government, which (after seeing that the Paris Observatory was falling backward by reason of the demands upon the valuable time of its astronomers, Leverrier, Arago, and others, which curtailed their scientific work), made an experiment after our present system, and put its observatory under the charge of Admiral Mouchet, of the French navy, for a fixed term of five years, and the success of the management has been such that his superintendency has been continued beyond the term of his original appointment. (F. P. B. S.)

So this attempt failed, and the Cincinnati director had the grace to make the *amende honorable* by subsequently informing me by letter of his movement and of its failure, admitting that he had been mistaken in his idea as to the wishes of the prominent astronomers, and enclosing copies of their letters to him upon the subject, as being due to me, and I have preserved them.

That professor soon afterwards became dissatisfied with his position at the Cincinnati Observatory and left it, returning to Washington and obtaining employment in another branch of science, into which, according to his proclivities, he is occasionally interjecting researches entirely irrelevant to the duties of his position—really in interference with the duties and studies of others in the discharge of their legitimate work.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MY ADMINISTRATION OF THE OBSERVATORY AFFAIRS—THE TRANSIT OF VENUS COMMISSION—THE ECLIPSES OF THE SUN—THE GREAT EQUATORIAL—THE ORIGIN OF THE “WEATHER BUREAU”—VALUABLE WORK OF THE OBSERVATORY—MY RETIREMENT FROM ACTIVE SERVICE—AN END.

AS I have intimated, in the discharge of the duties of my superintendency, the study necessarily compelled by it was congenial to my tastes, and I soon became wrapped up in the welfare and success of the Institution, to which I remained attached and in charge of whose work I continued for a period of seven years, being promoted in May, 1871, to the grade of Rear Admiral serving and until 1874, when, by operation of law—having reached the age of sixty-two—I was retired from active duty.

During my incumbency of that position many events occurred which, absorbing the attention of the whole world, gave our scientific corps opportunities of which its members availed themselves to the lasting credit of the Institution and with distinction won for themselves for the result of their labors.

There was the observation of the Total Eclipse of the Sun in August 7th, 1869, the reports and discus-

sions of which by the naval observing parties under my direction formed an exceedingly interesting quarto volume of 217 pages, with twelve illustrations.

Believing that the experience of our Professors in the observation of that eclipse should be availed of in the further elucidation of the subjects involved in such phenomena, I applied to the Navy Department for such authority as would enable our Professors to take observations of the Total Solar Eclipse of December 22, 1870. My efforts were promptly seconded by the Secretary of the Navy, who detailed Professors Newcomb, Hall, Harkness and Eastman for that purpose, and a very large edition of the reports of their work was published under the auspices of the Observatory.

With a desire to advance the standard of this Observatory by adding so to its equipment as to enable its Professors to pursue special investigations with facilities not surpassed by other similar institutions, I applied for an appropriation for the purchase of a refracting telescope of great size and power. Urging upon the authorities of the Navy Department the advantage of it, I obtained a recommendation that Congress should grant the request. This I followed up with all the influence I could bring to bear upon the proper committees in Congress through the scientific associations throughout the country, and secured the necessary sanction, and in time the appropriations therefor.

This enabled me to contract with Messrs. Alvan Clark & Sons, of Cambridgeport, Mass., in August,

1870, for the construction of a refracting telescope of good definition, and of 26 inches clear aperture, mounted equatorially.

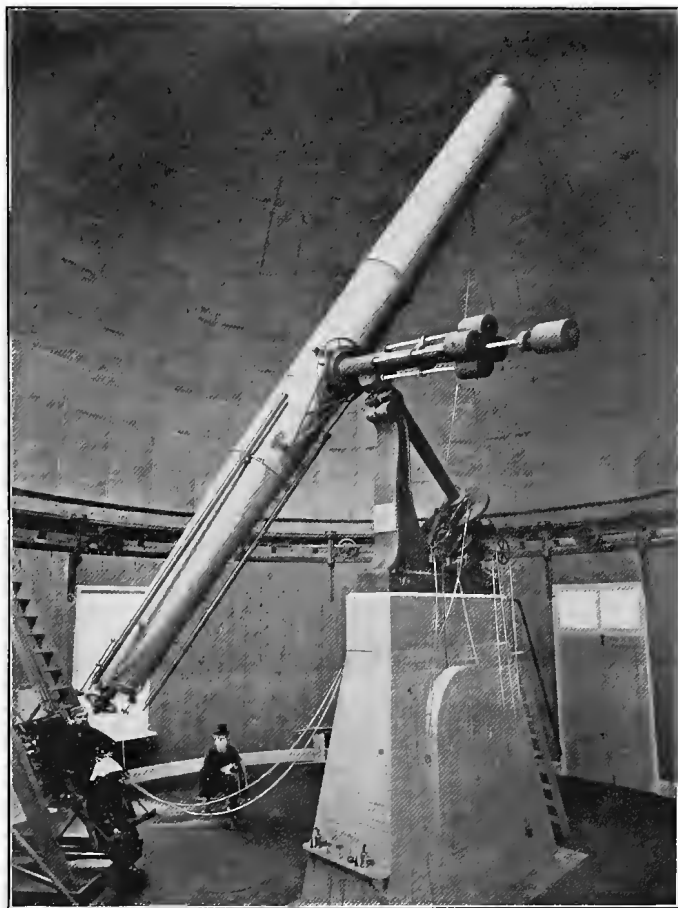
The glass for this great instrument was ground, polished, and completed in November, 1872. And the great equatorial, complete in all its parts, mounted in the new dome erected south of the main building, was delivered by the contractors on the 20th day of November 1873.

This instrument was placed in the charge of Professor Newcomb, who at once began his observations. I being sure that the best results would follow under this distinguished astronomer.

The occasion of its inauguration was duly celebrated at the Observatory and made the opportunity for congratulations to the makers, who were present at the entertainment, and who appreciated the compliments paid to this triumph of American skill and mechanical attainments. Whilst to those whose aid had been so cordially given to our efforts to secure the great equatorial, the thanks of the astronomers present was given with sincerity. One of the strongest friends of the Observatory in this case, was Senator Charles D. Drake, who worked earnestly and successfully for this great instrument, and saw to the passage of the bill by the Senate.

He was, upon leaving the Senate, made Chief Justice of the U. S. Court of Claims, and attending the entertainment on this occasion, expressed his delight at having been able to aid in the good work done.

In 1871, I communicated with the Department



ADMIRAL SANDS AND THE GREAT EQUATORIAL.—Page 292.

regarding the propriety of our taking part in the observations of the Transit of Venus, which was to occur on December 8, 1874, and soon obtained authority to expend the sum of \$2,000 in experimenting upon the best kinds of instruments to be used in the observations of that phenomenon. In the bill making this appropriation there was a provision creating a commission to be charged with the conduct of these experiments and the direction of all the parties organized under the act to make the contemplated observations. The commission was composed of the superintendent of the Naval Observatory, the president of the National Academy of Sciences (Professor Joseph Henry), the superintendent of the U. S. Coast Survey (Professor C. Peirce) and two professors of mathematics from the Observatory (Professors Simon Newcomb, U. S. N., and William Harkness, U. S. N.)

The commission met at the Observatory and completed its organization, I being chosen to be its president. Frequent sessions were had ; parties of observers were organized, and equipped with perfect instruments ; and detailed instructions were, after thorough study and discussion by the commission, formulated and adopted for the guidance and control of the observing parties.

The papers published and issued by the commission in connection with this subject were most interesting publications and were eagerly applied for by scientific institutions and students of astronomy throughout the country.

Eight photographic stations were selected, four in the Northern Hemisphere, in China and Japan, and four in the Southern Hemisphere, in New Zealand, Queensland, Tasmania and Kerguelen Island.

The Navy Department furnished transportation of the parties to their stations, and they departed on their mission.

During my term of service, and in its earlier days, I was requested by M. Leverrier and M. Buy Ballot to co-operate with the European observatories in simultaneous observations throughout our country, with a view to the collation of meteorological observations such as would enable us to predict the beginning and the paths of storms. This proposition I was compelled to decline, stating my reasons as being: first, that the Observatory made no meteorological observations other than such as were incidental to our astronomical work; second, that we had not the force nor the means for such extended observations over our vast territory. This response brought a letter from M. Leverrier, expressing surprise that such a country, and such an Observatory, should decline to co-operate for the benefit of science, in such a laudable undertaking.

I, thereupon, conferred with my friend, Professor Henry of the Smithsonian Institution, asking him if he could not make a favorable reply and take this work to his institution, since I had at an early date informed him that my policy was to separate the Observatory from all that was not incidental to its legitimate province of astronomy—a policy which

he thought was wisely adopted ; but he said that he had no funds for such work as Leverrier proposed ; and, although such observations were from some points forwarded to the Smithsonian Institution gratuitously, still he had not the means to make them public or useful.

I then bethought me of the Signal Bureau, which had telegraphic communication with all the military posts, and I suggested to General Myer, then in charge of it, that he should enter upon the work, and, after talking over the matter with him, I wrote to M. Leverrier, and suggested that he open correspondence with General Myer in regard to his proposition.

From this may date the rise and progress of the vast work of the " Weather Bureau," which is now so useful in its workings all throughout the country and such a protection to the craft engaged in our coastwise commerce, which receive thus timely warning of threatened changes in the weather.

To the important work of the Observatory specially mentioned already—as in addition to the regular work of the Professors, which was kept up as shown in the annual reports issued—I can claim that to my efforts were due such good results, during my administration, as the fixing of its province as purely an astronomical observatory and the plan of awarding to each individual due credit for his independent work with responsibility for any errors to be found in his scientific work.

I was instrumental in securing for the Professors

of mathematics their proper relative rank in the Navy, with corresponding increase of pay on the basis of longevity of service, so that they received, on retiring from age, more pay than they had on the active list at the time I took charge. I aided elevating of the standard of the "aids" or assistants, by an increase of their pay, and in establishing the requirement of a strict examination, before appointment, by a board of the Professors of the Observatory.

There was during my term an increase in the quantity of matter in the annual volumes of observations, with the resuscitation of records of observations made in the early days of the Observatory (which had been buried amongst the manuscript archives of the work of the Institution) and their publication in their proper place among the annual volumes.

The sending out over the world expeditions for the observations of eclipses, and the Transit of Venus,—securing by strenuous and earnest efforts the appropriations for making them successes,—was a subject of pride with me, and I believe I had the good will of the whole Observatory staff upon my retirement, since, without my knowledge, someone had introduced into Congress a bill, looking to my being exempted from the operation of the general retiring law and to my retention at the head of the Observatory until the close of the work and the publication of the report upon the Transit of Venus.

But my strength had been failing under the

malarial influences of the flats and marshes back of the Observatory grounds, and I felt that rest would prolong my life. I thought, moreover, that there should not be any exceptions to a rule of that kind, whose operation was felt from the oldest to the youngest officer in the service, and that to make a precedent in one case would lead to frequent applications for the same benefit, backed by the favoritism of those then in power ; so I declined the intended compliment and requested my friends to stop the move, and on the 12th February, 1874, was retired by operation of law, having reached the age of sixty-two years, and having been over forty-seven years on the active list of the navy.

The occasion of my retirement from active duty prompted the officers of the Observatory, with whom I had been associated for seven long and happy years of service, to give kindly expression to their regrets at my leaving them, Professor Yarnall being chosen as their spokesman.

It was a source of gratification to me, thus to find that they appreciated the efforts I had made for their advantage and for their happiness. The respect of talented men, such as were the Professors attached to the Observatory during my term there, with their continued friendship since my retirement, has pleased me sincerely.

Numerous letters from my old associates and brother-officers came to me when my retirement was announced by the Navy Department, and I treasure them for my children's sake, as well as for their

contents, that in after years they may from them learn what of success has attended their father's efforts in following out the line of conduct he had resolved upon, in the earliest days of his career ; that they may understand how precious to those advanced in years is the consciousness of duty well done ; and that they may see why I am so much attached to those old comrades of my youth, of whom they have heard me so often speak, whose friendship I have preserved and strengthened during my long career, and whose association, in these, the declining years of my life, brings me such pleasure as I revive thus the happiness of those days long gone, the very memory of which, with all the joys of a happy domestic life, keeps me still young at heart, although the days remaining to me are few in number.

May they all know the happiness that is mine !

NOTE.—I deem it pardonable in me to add here, as a fitting close to the last chapter, two of the many such letters to which my father refers, which I found amongst his papers, as indicative of the sentiments of esteem and affection entertained for him by those who knew him, his attainments as an officer, and his character as a man.

BUREAU OF YARDS AND DOCKS,
NAVY DEPARTMENT.

WASHINGTON, 27 Feb., 1874.

MY DEAR SANDS :—

In putting off your harness you have good ground to be happy, for you look back on a long career in the navy, without a stain upon its record ; and you take with you to your retirement the respect and affection of a host of sincere friends among your old associates.

Your administration at the Observatory has been able and kind, and altogether excellent, and I congratulate you with all my heart upon your successful and good service. I return the papers you have

permitted me to read, and I share, as your brother officer, in the honest pride with which you allude to the good work you have so ably directed.

Wishing you long life and all happiness, I remain, my dear Sands, always faithfully yours,

C. R. P. RODGERS.

REAR ADMIRAL SANDS,
U. S. Navy, 15th Street.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES,
WASHINGTON, March 1st, 1874.

DEAR SIR :—

On the occasion of your retirement from the Observatory and the Transit of Venus Commission, I beg leave on behalf of the latter as well as of the National Academy of Sciences, to express to you the high appreciation entertained of your services in the cause of astronomy.

Two events have occurred during your administration of the Observatory which will ever connect your name prominently with the history of this establishment, viz., the erection of the great Equatorial, the largest refracting telescope in the world, alike creditable to the intelligent liberality of the Government of the U. S., as to the skill of an American artizan; and the appointment of a commission with a liberal appropriation to provide for the observation of the Transit of Venus.

Both these events have been largely brought about by your energy in properly placing their importance before our government, and by your unwearied attention to the duties which devolved upon you in connection with them as the executive head of the Observatory.

For these services, although in the retirement of private life, you will be held in grateful remembrance by the lovers of astronomy, not only in this country, but in every other part of the civilized world, where this noble science is cultivated.

Very respectfully yours, etc.,

JOSEPH HENRY,

Pres. Nat. Academy of Science.

ADMIRAL SANDS, U. S. N.

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